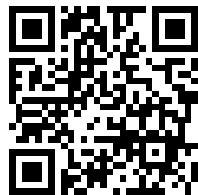
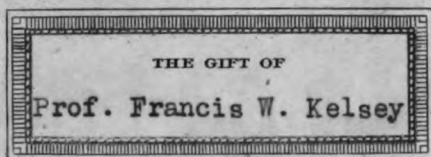
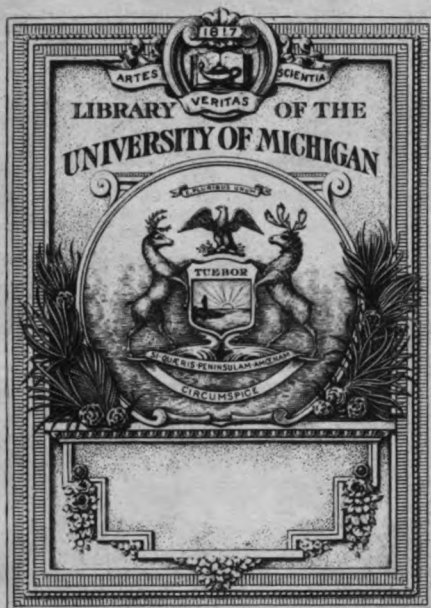

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G O D E Y ' S
L A D Y ' S B O O K,
AND
L A D I E S ' A M E R I C A N M A G A Z I N E .

EDITED BY
MRS. SARAH J. HALE,
MORTON M'MICHAEL AND LOUIS A. GODEY.

MISS C. M. SEDGWICK, MISS E. LESLIE, AND N. P. WILLIS,
REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS.

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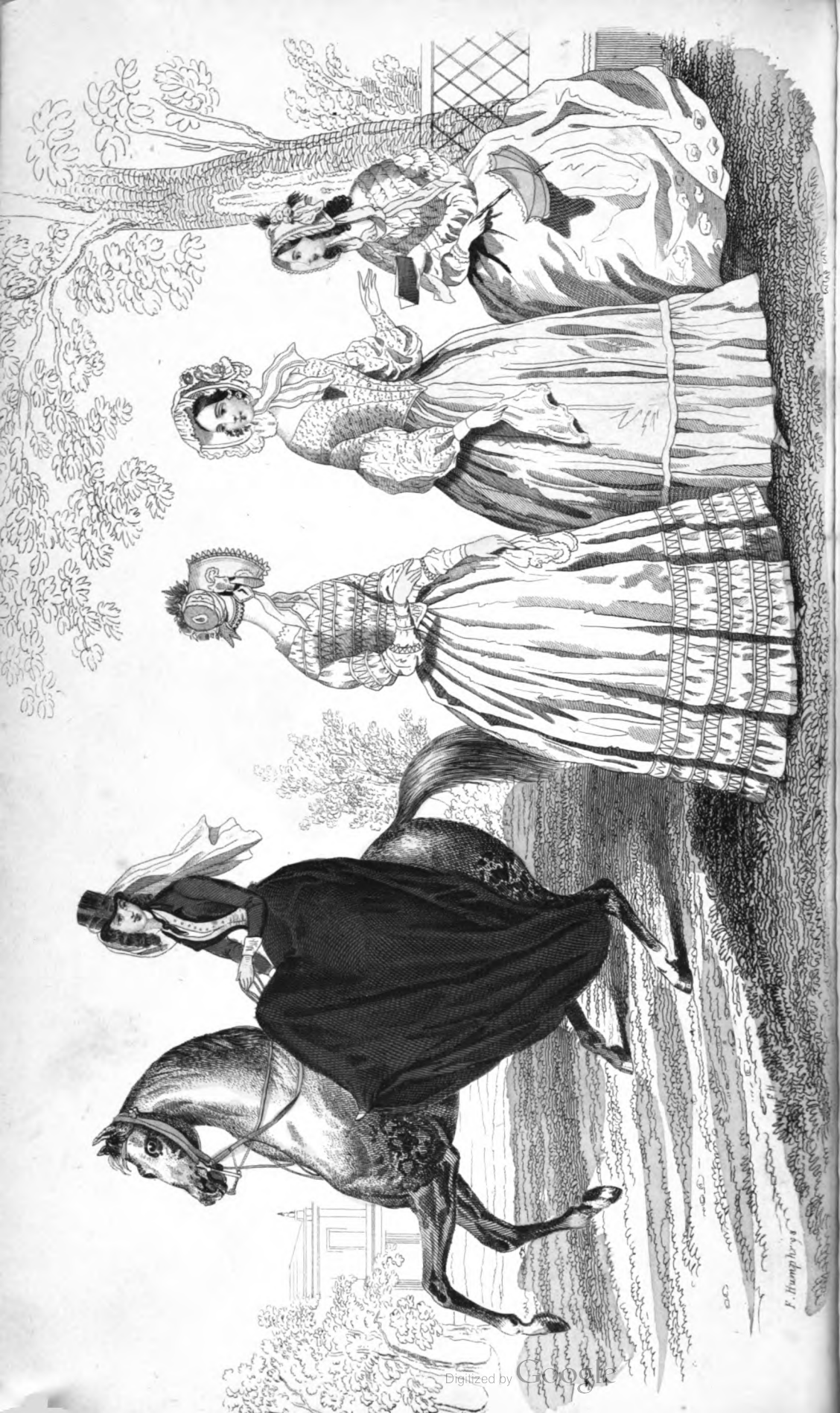
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The Poetess

Engraved Expressly for Moody's Letter Book



G O D E Y ' S

L A D Y ' S B O O K .

JULY, 1843.

THE BOUDOIR; OR, THE MODERN CIMON.

BY PROFESSOR FROST.

(See Plate.)

BIRON MOODIE was one of those unfortunate young gentlemen whose education had been woefully neglected. Left at an early age an orphan, with a splendid estate in Delaware, he fell into the hands of certain sporting gentlemen, and addicted himself so exclusively to shooting, fishing, fencing and other pursuits of a similar description, that at the age of nineteen he was still so utterly uninstructed in the "humanities," as to be what is called in common parlance a "cub." He was very unfortunate in another respect. Some one of his associates, in an evil hour, had told him that it was a fine manly thing to be a *woman-hater*; and so the boy, who was entirely dependent on the kindness of his aged grandmother for every remnant of comfort, neatness or respectability which still clung to the old mansion-house, and who would have been as unmitigated a sloven in dress as he was a rowdy in principle but for the sedulous attention of the same worthy personage to his wardrobe, was heard holding forth every day to companions still more ignorant than himself, against the whole female sex, declaring that he hated and despised them, and only regretted that they had not been wholly omitted in the original economy of the creation! Sensible people may consider Biron's case anomalous; but we can assure them that it is by no means so rare a one as common sense and reason, without extensive observation, would lead one to suppose. There is quite a con-

siderable number of blockheads about the country who affect to be woman-haters.

Biron, however, to use the language which he would have applied to one of his own untrimmed and unbroken colts, had "good points." In the first place he was a perfect Antinous in form and feature; and his exercises in the field had rendered him active and strong. He was naturally good-natured and generous, and though certainly uncourtly as well as unlettered, he was by no means addicted to low vice. Of the higher kind of intellectual cultivation, however, he was totally destitute.

Among the guests whom it was his custom to entertain at the mansion-house, was a certain person styled Count Aupaussum, a native of England, who managed by means of counterfeit broken English, to pass for a Frenchman, and by a superior knowledge of the world, and a ready conformity to the sporting tastes of his companion, to fasten himself upon Biron for a whole season. It was in the company of this worthy, that Biron, on a certain pleasant summer afternoon, being on a visit to Philadelphia, was taking a ride in a gig in the environs of the city. The gig was drawn by two spirited horses, harnessed after the fashion technically called *tandem*, and it was the pride of Biron to show off his superior skill at the whip in their management. Having visited a place of public entertainment, a few miles from the city,

played a few games at ninepins, and quaffed a few glasses of wine, the young men were driving gaily into the southern suburb of the city, when, just after they had come upon the pavement in Second street, Biron interrupted a lively conversation, by exclaiming,

"Count, what will you bet, now, that I can't take that fly off from the left ear of the leader with my whip?"

"I will lay you one grand basket of champagne," replied the Count, "that you no touch his ear nothing at all."

"Done!" said Biron.

"Very vell," said the Count.

"Now, you shall see," said Biron; and crack went the whip, while the Count held up his eyeglass to assure himself that there was no mistake.

It was a decided hit. The fly disappeared. The horse shook his ear, and the Count consoled himself for the loss of his wager by resolving to borrow the money of Biron with which the champagne was to be purchased.

But the sport did not end there. The leading horse, probably supposing that the hint conveyed by the whip was intended for himself, and not for the fly, set out forthwith upon a furious gallop, in which he was heartily joined by his follower. For some minutes Biron did not attempt to check them; but as they advanced into the city, the obstacles to their progress became rather formidable; and the manifest danger of doing injury to some innocent persons began to alarm the driver. He would now gladly have moderated their speed; but his first attempt to pull up, gave him convincing proof that he had lost all control over them. They ran faster than before. The wheels struck fire from the pavements; people ran in terror from the street into the neighbouring houses and alleys, or stood at their windows, staring aghast at the terrific speed of the "tandem team." A wheelbarrow, carelessly left in the street, was dashed to atoms, nearly overturning the gig by the contact. As they approached the market-house, they were met by a drove of pigs, and dire was the squealing of the animals and dreadful were the execrations of the drivers, as the gibbon Jehus passed through the herd. But all this was "mere cakes and gingerbread" to the scene which ensued when they came into the narrow pass, by the market-house itself. Such an overturning of vegetable baskets, such a rolling of melons and peaches, such demolition of chickens and fixtures, such screaming of market-women and smashing of light vehicles, Second street never witnessed before. Still, by dint of strict attention to their centres of gravity and Biron's steadiness of hand, the young sparks were able to keep their seats and pass quite through this dangerous defile, without being overturned or interrupted in their course, notwithstanding sundry attempts of certain public-spirited butchers to catch the leader by the head.

On they went full tilt, clearing the streets of

little children, pedestrious idlers and walking gentlewomen, till they reached the corner of Spruce street, when Biron, giving a desperate pull, broke the reins, and the horses turning to the left, dashed away towards the setting sun. They had not gone many hundred yards in Spruce street before they encountered a heavy wagon in the act of passing a coal cart, which had just deposited its load in the street. In attempting to clear these obstacles, the near wheel of the gig came with a violent concussion against that of the wagon; the lighter vehicle was overturned; the Count was buried in the heap of coal; and Biron pitched headforemost down the area of an elegant mansion, through the basement window, and landed on the kitchen floor, with an accumulation of capital and bodily contusions which left him in a state of glorious insensibility to all worldly misfortunes and cares.

It was full three weeks after this affair, before Biron recovered his consciousness; and when at last he waked up from his "long oblivion," he found himself lying upon a sumptuous bed in an elegant chamber, the furniture of which gave ample indications of wealth and taste in the proprietor of the mansion. Rich damask curtains attached to the bed and windows, French china, cut glass and gold upon the wash-stand and dressing table; a very dark, almost black, mahogany wardrobe, sofa, tables, and chairs, and family portraits by Kneller and Copley, representing respectable and portly gentlemen, with ruffles, wigs, broad-skirted coats, and silk stockings, attested the fact that he was in the residence of some old and wealthy family. When Biron opened his eyes upon the scene, he observed his friend Count Aupaussum and another of his city acquaintance, that elegant dandy, Captain De Kantor, seated upon a sofa on the opposite side of the room, apparently keeping watch over him, and conversing in a low tone.

"This is aw mighty dull music, Aupaussum," drawled the Captain, as he slightly changed his reclining position, and daintily pulled up the corner of his collar, "here is this aw young individual, whom aw we have aw condescended to call our friend, has been in aw state of positive aw delirium for some aw* twenty days —"

"Yes," replied the worthy Count, using, for the first time in Biron's hearing, unbroken English, "and a precious loss of time it has been too. By introducing him at our private rooms, we might have had him regularly done up by this time."

"How much is he worth, Aupaussum?" inquired the Captain.

"Our register," replied the Count, "in which all the young heirs in this neighbourhood are re-

* This expletive occurring between every two words of the captain's conversation the reader's imagination will supply.

gularly booked, you know, makes his estate worth two hundred thousand; and out of all this money you have only won two thousand, and I, by dint of borrowing, have barely succeeded in obtaining a beggarly thousand. It is too bad!" and the excellent Count really sighed at the recollection of this unparalleled injustice of fortune.

"You are an exceedingly ill used young individual, Aupaussum. That is an indisputable fact. That spilling of your incontestably fine person into the coal heap was perfectly atrocious. You certainly owe our soft-headed friend a pigeoning on that particular score."

"I wish," replied the Count, irritated at this allusion,—*"I wish, De Kantor, you would leave off that abominable affectation, at least while we are alone, and talk like a man of common sense."*

"Really," replied the Captain, in the same drawl as before, *"Aupaussum, you are making yourself so excessively agreeable, that the pleasure of your company is altogether too exciting for such excessively hot weather. I will therefore bid you a good morning,"* and, having thus delivered his sentiments, the exquisite Captain raised himself slowly from the sofa and left the apartment, while the Count remained behind, muttering *"curses not loud but deep,"* on the affectation of one of his particular friends, and the delirium of the other.

But the delirium of Biron was already past. He had sufficiently recovered his self-possession to comprehend the whole of the recent conversation, not a word of which would have been uttered, if it had been supposed that he was awake and in his right mind. He was discreet enough to counterfeit sleep till his grandmother came into the room and relieved the Count from his watch. When Biron heard the door close after him and a soft step approaching the bedside, he ventured to open his eyes once more; and the indignation which he had felt at learning the plans of his late associates, instantly gave way to a softer feeling, as he read the varied expression of solicitude, affection and hope which beamed from the mild countenance of his venerable relative, as she was bending over him.

"I know already," said he, *"that I have been very ill, and I see by looking at my hands and arms that I have lost flesh; but I cannot make out where I am or how I came here."*

"My boy," replied his grandmother, *"you have had a narrow escape."*

"Ay, thank Heaven, in more ways than one," ejaculated Biron.

"The hurts you received in falling from the gig brought on a violent fever and delirium, and you have been for three weeks very carefully attended in the house of an old friend of your father, Mrs. Danby—"

"Mrs. Danby—Mrs. Danby," said Biron. "I never heard of her before."

"I dare say not, and more's the pity. She is one of the worthiest gentlewomen I ever knew;

and if you had been her own son, she could not have shown you more affectionate care than she has through this terrible illness. I hope you will be better acquainted hereafter; and, by the way, Biron, there are many of your father's old friends and mine, who would make better associates for you than some you have had."

"Like enough," said Biron; and with this modicum of reformed opinion the good lady was obliged to content herself.

"Slowly and sadly" did the youth recover his strength. Many puzzling thoughts and half-formed resolutions wearied his mind, while his constitution was gradually recovering from the severe shock it had received. At length he was able to leave his chamber, and having made the acquaintance of his kind hostess, who had already discussed in a tone of pleasant banter his rather uncereceremonious introduction into her mansion, he had received an invitation to come down and dine with her and his aged relative.

Having dressed himself to the best possible advantage, he was shown by a servant into the dining-room, half an hour before dinner-time, and there left to his solitary meditations. As he had little curiosity to examine the numerous richly bound volumes with which the book shelves were stored, he soon began to find the time hang heavy, and seeing that at the farther end of the room there was an open door, leading into a conservatory well filled with flowers, he was fain to stroll into it for amusement. The conservatory overlooked an extensive garden, and as Biron stepped forward to look out upon it, his attention was caught by the prospect through an open door on his left.

It was such a prospect as had never chanced to bless his eyes before—a young lady of surpassing beauty, seated in her boudoir, surrounded by all the evidences of fine taste and elegant pursuits—books, flowers, writing and drawing materials, and a harp. She was seated with a half-closed volume in her hand, as if her reading had been interrupted by his approach; and she was gazing upon his pallid features, and elegant but attenuated form, with an expression of compassion and interest that went straight to his heart.

Poor Biron! in the presence of Grace Danby he was a woman-hater no longer. An emotion instantly shot through his frame, which was destined to form a new era in his life; and, to tell the truth, the fair lady herself, who had that morning returned from a long visit in the country, and heard of the errors and misfortunes of the young gentleman, when she saw the severe penalty he was suffering, and the remarkable beauty of form and feature by which he was distinguished, had already begun to feel a touch of that peculiar kind of pity which is so near akin to love.

A week has passed.

They are standing in the conservatory. It is late in the evening. They look out on the garden

where the moonbeams are sleeping on the clustering vines that cover the arbour. They have conversed long and earnestly on many subjects till he has learnt something of the variety and richness of her mental stores, and she has become thoroughly aware of his deficiencies; and yet there is a sympathy that draws them together; and before they part he ventures to press her hand very fervently between both his own, and say,

"Pardon my very great presumption, dear Grace. I know that I am rude and ignorant compared with yourself; and yet I have the sense to know also that you are a million times the most lovely of your sex. May I not hope that——"

"Now, I know what you are going to say. But hope nothing from me till I can recognise you as my equal, if not my superior, in all respects. I will not deny, Biron, that I am partial, perhaps too partial to you; but I will never be the victim of an ill-assorted match. I must respect the man who——"

"Ah! I see how it is. You can never love such an ignorant boor as I am," interrupted Biron bitterly; and he threw himself into a chair and buried his face in both hands. His whole frame shook with the violence of his emotions.

Very tenderly did the lady approach him, and said, laying her hand kindly upon his shoulder, "Now, Biron, you are distressing yourself very unnecessarily. All depends upon your own firmness and perseverance. Make yourself what you know you ought to be."

"I'll do it!" said he, springing up with an energy which showed that the resolution was really taken. Love had breathed into him the breath of an intellectual life.

The time would fail me to tell how that courtship went on. The lady was highly educated, proud and sensible. She knew her power, and exercised it with the most salutary influence on her lover's character and habits. She made him a willing votary to science, a laborious student, until he had superadded to the manly exercises in which he was already proficient, the more liberal accomplishments of knowledge and art; so that at last, his lengthened course of attentions being crowned with its rich reward, as he stood at the altar, he fervently blessed the day when an auspicious somerset turned a sporting clown into a gentleman.

THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

"There's wisdom in the grass, its teachings would we heed."

THERE knelt beneath the tulip tree,
A maiden fair and young;
The flowers o'erhead bloom'd gorgeously,
As though by rainbows flung,
And all around were daisies bright,
And pansies with their eyes of light—
Like gold the sun-kissed crocus shone,
With beauty's smiles the earth seemed strown,
And love's warm incense fill'd the air,
While the fair girl was kneeling there.

In vain the flowers may woo around,—
Their charms she doth not see,
For she a dearer prize hath found
Beneath the tulip tree—
A little *four-leaved clover*, green
As robes that grace the fairy queen,
And fresh as hopes of early youth,
When life is love, and love is truth;
—A talisman of constant love,
This humble clover sure will prove!

And on her heart, that gentle maid,
The severed leaves hath press'd,
Which through the coming night's dark shade,
Beneath her cheek will rest;
Then precious dreams of *one* will rise,
Like love's own star in morning skies,
So sweetly bright, we would the day
His glowing chariot might delay;—
What tomes of pure and tender thought,
Those simple leaves to her have taught!

Of old, the sacred mistletoe
The Druid's altar bound;
The Roman hero's haughty brow
The fadeless laurel crown'd.—
Dark superstition's away is past,
And war's red star is waning fast,
Nor mistletoe, nor laurel hold
The mystic language breathed of old;
For nature's life no power can give,
To bid the false and selfish live.

But still the olive leaf imparts,
As when, dove-borne, at first,
It taught heaven's lore to human hearts,
Its hope, and joy, and trust;
Nor deem the faith from fully springs,
Which innocent enjoyment brings—
Better from earth root every flower,
Than crush imagination's power,
In true and loving minds to raise
An Eden for their coming days.

As on each rock, where plants can cling,
The sunshine will be shed;
As from the tiniest star-lit spring,
The ocean's depths are fed:
Thus hopes will rise, if love's clear ray
Keep warm and bright life's rock-strown way;
And from small, daily joys, distill'd,
The heart's deep fount of peace be fill'd—
Oh, happy they in whom are blent
The soul of faith with pure intent!

THE KINGSBURYS.

A SKETCH.

BY MISS LESLIE.

AMONG the passengers that arrived one fine morning from England, in the Great Western, was Denham Kingsbury, who had been absent from America about nine years, eight of which he had spent in India, from whence he returned over land; afterwards devoting a year to visiting some of the principal places in Europe. On landing in New York, he repaired almost immediately to the counting-house of his friend, Edward Lamberton, with whom, during his residence in India, he had been connected in a very successful and lucrative business. From him he learnt, with much satisfaction, that all was going well with the mother and sisters whom Kingsbury had left in his paternal mansion at one of the villages on the banks of the Hudson, and whom he had duly apprised of his having taken passage in the Great Western a month before she was to leave Bristol.

"Here"—said Lamberton—"is a letter which arrived this morning from Thessaly, addressed to my care, and which is, of course, intended to meet you immediately on your landing, and to set you completely at ease by giving you the very latest intelligence of the health of the family."

"It is Rosella's hand"—said Kingsbury—"dear girl! how thoughtful to provide against my having to endure even one hour of suspense; though they must all be certain that I would proceed up the river this very afternoon. Excuse me a few minutes, while I read her most welcome letter."

He broke the seal; and his friend Lamberton watched with some anxiety his countenance, after seeing a slight cloud pass over it as he perused the contents of his sister's missive. On opening the sheet there appeared within it a small folded paper, which Kingsbury, after glancing for an instant at its interior, hastily refolded, and slipped into his waistcoat pocket. Miss Kingsbury's letter contained the following words:

MY DEAR BROTHER,

Understanding that it is about the time for the Great Western to arrive, and that she is always punctual, I write this to meet you in New York, where I suppose your stay will be very short, merely till you can get your trunks out of the vessel. Therefore, as no time is to be lost, I wish you to match some crewels for me, according to the samples inclosed, and to bring them up with you to Thessaly, as, till I get them, I cannot finish the piece of worsted work on which I am now engaged. If you are unable to find the precise

colours at Brown's, perhaps you may obtain them at Green's; or if not at Green's, in all probability they can be had at White's; but you will observe that all the twelve shades must be exactly matched, without the slightest variation from the pattern. I want at least four skeins of each. But, on further consideration, it will be safest to get two extra skeins (six in all) of the second shade of cherry-red, two more of the third shade of celestial blue, and three additional skeins of the lightest shade but one of the yellow-green. I think also, it may be well to have two extra skeins of the fourth shade of red-lilac, and two more of the full cinnamon-brown; one of the primrose-yellow, and one more also of the bird of Paradise. You may likewise get four skeins of royal purple, for which you will not need a pattern, as you must have seen so many kings in the course of your travels.

Minetta desires me to say that if, while in the city, you should meet with any quite new models for worsted work, she will thank you to bring her some, with all the proper crewels, which you can easily select by comparing them with the colours in the prints. Dogs, parrots, leopards, and indeed most animals, are rather out of fashion. Flowers and fruit are quite gone by. All Thessaly seems to have taken chiefly to people. Nothing else will go down. Napoleon and Victoria are worked by the same persons, without distinction of party.

We are expecting you with great impatience. If you do not arrive within a few days I shall have to stop short with my Grand Turk, and Minetta will have finished her Greek Captive, and have nothing else to do. We often thought during the last year, of asking you to supply us with crewels and models from Europe; but you have been rambling so inconveniently from place to place, that we never knew exactly where letters of importance might find you. And, besides, we could not wait; and we could always send down by any of our friends that were going to New York, and sometimes we went for the purpose ourselves. In the hope of seeing you very soon, I remain

Your affectionate sister,

ROSELLA KINGSBURY.

P. S. We have just heard that a new model has come out called the Scott pattern. Will you ascertain whether it is Sir Walter or the General, and if it is pretty. I wish it may be the general, for he would require the handsomest colours, and make the best show, being, of course, in uniform. But I rather think none of our own American

great men have yet been done in worsted; all the models coming from Europe. If you should chance to meet with a good pattern of Dickens, pray get it for us, with plenty of red for his waistcoat. I fear, however, the waviness of his locks will be rather unmanageable in cross-stitch.

I forgot to tell you we are all well.

"What in the world has gotten into the girls?"—exclaimed Kingsbury to his friend Lamberton—"Rosella has sent me a paper filled with bits of party-coloured yarn, and gives me a host of incomprehensible directions about matching them with browns, and greens, and whites. Then she says that animals are old-fashioned in Thessaly; that flowers are out of favour, and that nothing goes down there but people. And she talks, at the last, of stitching up the wavy locks of Dickens. What does it all mean?"

"It means"—replied his friend—"that the mania for worsted-work, which has fortunately subsided in the large cities, (at least among the best classes,) is now epidemic in the provincial towns, and unhappily your sisters have been seized with it. Has it not shown itself in any of their former letters to you?"

"It is more than two years"—answered Kingsbury—"since either of them has written to me. They were such mere children when I left home, that the family correspondence having commenced between my mother and myself, seems always to have continued so; the letters of the girls being few and far between, and very juvenile. As I said, for the last two years neither of them has written at all; my mother always excusing them to me on the plea of their time being so much devoted to their needles. So I thought they had become very notable, and were doing all their own sewing, and perhaps making garments for the poor."

"If they are under the influence of the worsted mania"—observed Lamberton—"I doubt if they find leisure to do any of their own sewing, much less to work for objects of charity. My wife had a touch of it when we were first married. But, being a reasonable woman, she soon perceived the folly of wasting time and money in such an absurd occupation; and of stultifying her mind by devoting her whole attention for hours together to counting threads and arranging stitches of worsted, in silence that admitted of no interruption; not to mention the uncouth and absurd things which were the product of all this waste of eyesight, waste of attention, waste of time and waste of money; for I understand that the articles used in worsted-work soon mount up to a much greater cost than is at first supposed. Also, my observation being awakened to this folly, in all its bearings, while my wife continued under its influence, I have noticed much of its effects among the ladies belonging to families whom we visit. I have seen how uncompanionable it makes them, how uneasy (and sometimes how petulant) when

interrupted; how it deadens and stupefies their conversational powers, and also how idle it renders them; for to throw away time in work that is neither useful nor ornamental, is the worst sort of idleness. But, fortunately, worsted-work is now exploded in the most fashionable circles of our community; and being abandoned by them it will gradually recede farther and farther, and sink lower and lower, till it dies out somewhere about the purlieus of the Rocky Mountains, that region which, for a few years longer, must still be regarded as the *Ultima Thulé* of our country."

"Well"—said Kingsbury—"I am really very sorry to hear all this. What am I to do about executing my sister's commission?"

And he took out the paper of worsted patterns and looked at them in despair.

"And yet"—continued he—"since the girls seem so earnest in this business (foolish as it certainly is) I can scarcely find it in my heart to disappoint them. On returning home after so very long an absence, I shall be sorry to cause them any vexation, or to seem unkind, or regardless of their little fancies and gratifications. When we are better acquainted, I hope to open their eyes to the folly of this worsted-work. But, for the present, I think I must indulge them in complying with their request."

"You will not have time, if you go up the river this afternoon"—said Lamberton. "Matching crewels is a most tedious business, as I know by the experience of having once accompanied my wife on such an expedition, (you may be sure it was *once only*,) and, till I found the cost would be so great, I was for buying 'at one fell swoop' all the worsted in the shop, and having it sent home *en masse*, that Louisa might compare every possible shade, and match them at leisure. But, give me the bits of patterns: I will send them up to my house, enclosed in a note, requesting my wife to go out and match them for you. She will do it *con amore*, and it will give her a chance of gratifying any little remains of a secret hankering after worsted affairs, which may yet hang about her. Go, now, and get your baggage out of the vessel, and put things in train for your departure this afternoon. At three o'clock come up to my house, and dine with Louisa and myself; and at five I will escort you to the boat that is to convey you to Thessaly."

"A thousand thanks"—exclaimed Kingsbury, shaking his friend warmly by the hand.

"A thousand thanks are nine hundred too many merely for an invitation to a family dinner"—observed Lamberton, with a smile—"even when backed by an offer of walking with you down to Barclay street wharf."

"I must confess"—said Kingsbury, laughing—"that this vivid outpouring of gratitude was chiefly elicited by your most considerate offer of relieving me from the task of worsted-matching. And, now that the first burst is over, allow me in a quiet and gentlemanlike manner to express my acknow-

ledgments for the offered pleasure of two hours more of your society, and for the honour of an introduction to Mrs. Lamberton, whose considerate kindness of heart, is, I am well persuaded, quite equal to that of her husband."

Denham Kingsbury then gaily departed; and soon dispatching his business with the custom-house officers, he made his arrival known to a few of his former intimates; and, exactly at three o'clock, found himself at the well-ordered dinner table of the Lambertons. After they adjourned to the drawing-room, Mrs. Lamberton put into his hand a package containing the worsteds, and a roll of engravings, comprising half a dozen new models. She joined in the risibility they excited in the two gentlemen, particularly on displaying the thing that was called Sir Walter Scott, with his face and hands apportioned into square stitches, and the strange, hard, stiff expression given to what seemed his countenance. "If you think this delineation of the immortal Sir Walter so very ludicrous"—said Mrs. Lamberton—"I can assure you it will be 'worse by and bye,' when transferred to canvas and roughened all over with worsted stitches. I can speak feelingly on this subject, for, in my days of folly, I too was a worsted-worker. But, thanks to the representations of my husband, I stopped short before I had wasted much time, or disfigured much canvas; most heroically leaving unfinished a Mary Queen of Scots, which Edward and several other gentlemen pretended to mistake for Dame Quickly."

At five o'clock, Lamberton took leave of Kingsbury on Barclay street wharf, the North River boat being just about starting. As long as daylight permitted him, our hero enjoyed once more the beautiful scenery of the Hudson. The wind and tide were both favourable; the boat was of celebrated rapidity, and about half past ten Denham Kingsbury found himself in Thessaly, and at the door of his mother's house. Another boat that had left the city but ten minutes after the arrival of the Great Western, had already brought the news; and Mrs. Kingsbury and her daughters were prepared to greet that night the return of the long-absent wanderer. Rosella and Minetta had more than an hour ago laid aside their worsted-work, finding that the stitches and shades were going wrong in their impatience to see how their brother Denham would look after nine years' absence. Though now in his thirty-second year, they were surprised to find him so little changed, and still appearing so young. The truth was, that temperate habits, and a careful adaptation of his manner of living to the peculiarities of the climate had preserved his health, even under the burning sun of the Indies; and he had returned home unbroken in constitution, and improved in person. He rejoiced in observing that time had passed lightly over his mother. His sisters, who were children when he left them, had now grown into two very pretty young ladies, with very long curls, very small waists, and dresses rather in the ex-

treme of the mode, as is frequently the case with provincial belles, even if they live but within a few hours distance of the metropolis. *Par parenthèse*, why do fashions travel so slowly. Unaccountable as it may seem, it generally takes a year for a novelty in dress to find its way from New York to Philadelphia.

The first emotions of meeting having somewhat subsided, Rosella Kingsbury inquired of her brother if he had received a letter she had sent to the city to meet him on his arrival. He replied in the affirmative; and when he produced from one of his trunks the crewels and the new models, her delight was unbounded, and she kissed him again, and called him the best brother that ever lived. Minetta also expressed her joy at the commission having been so satisfactorily executed, and said that she should hurry with her Greek Captive, being all impatience to begin Sir Walter Scott. The two sisters then held a long consultation in a low voice about the new patterns, while Mrs. Kingsbury talked with Denham concerning his voyage home, and the last year of his absence. They then all adjourned to the back-parlour, and partook of a very inviting little supper, which had been prepared under the superintendence of the careful mother, who continued in conversation with her son till long after the girls had become sleepy and retired for the night.

Next morning, Denham Kingsbury having enjoyed an uninterrupted repose, was down stairs early, and finding himself alone, walked about, and took a view of the parlours which had been newly furnished within the last three years. On the preceding evening he had observed what he supposed to be pieces of coarse low-priced calico laid over the tabourets and the music-stool, as he supposed, to keep them clean. He now found that these were permanent covers of worsted-work, representing figures evidently intended for those of human beings. There were also, immediately under each of the pier-glasses, one of the low divans on which nobody is ever to sit, decorated with flower-pieces in worsted work, that looked almost as well as Brussels carpeting. Kingsbury, however, came to the conclusion that the flowers were far preferable to the figure pieces; the designs of which from their awkwardness of outline, and their glaring defects of light and shadow, he vainly endeavoured to make out. And besides, they were so coarse, so clumsy, and so confused with the thick heavy back-ground, which in needle-work is always as prominent and as highly coloured as the figures or the fore-ground, and frequently more so.

"Ah! Denham!"—exclaimed Rosella—"you seem to be admiring our worsted-work. Don't you think we have been industrious, Minetta and I. Besides the four tabourets, and the music-stool, and the two pier-divans, we have done two pair of fire-screens, which are now at the upholsterers getting mounted with stands; and Minetta is just completing her foot-stool, and mine is more

than half finished. And we have done slippers and bags by the dozen. And we have been thinking some time of commencing new covers for the ottomans in the recesses, with a different figure-piece on each cushion. The patterns you brought us last night will do exactly, unless some that are still newer come out before we get through. Minnetta is going to begin with Taglioni in the Sylphid, and then she will do Sir Walter Scott, and then the Pope of Rome. I have chosen first the May Queen, next Columbus, and then Lady Macbeth. Mamma, to be sure, rather discourages this undertaking. Indeed she is always persisting in the strange idea that all these articles of furniture looked better with the original covers of crimson damask."

"No doubt they did"—said Denham, glancing round at them all.

Both the sisters seemed startled at his saying so.

"Oh! Denham!"—exclaimed Minnetta—"have you also a prejudice against worsted-work?"

"I am afraid I have"—was the reply.

"That is because you do not understand it"—resumed Rosella. "You can have no idea how fascinating it is, and how completely it chains one down. Like chess-playing, one gets so completely absorbed in it as to be lost to every thing else in the world."

"So much the worse!"—said Denham.

"Have you examined these tabourets?"—inquired Minnetta. "You must acknowledge they are beautiful. This Laertes and Ophelia was worked by me."

"Ophelia and Laertes"—said Denham—"I really thought it was Reuben Butler and Madge Wildfire."

"Pho! nonsense!"—said Rosella—"you thought no such thing. And here is my Byron, standing by a rock on the sea-shore."

"Now, I mistook that for Robinson Crusoe"—said Denham.

"Really, Denham, you are too bad!"—exclaimed Minnetta. "Now, here is my other tabouret. This is Young Lochinvar galloping off with the bride of Netherby."

"Indeed!—I supposed it to be Tam O'Shanter with the witch of Alloway behind him."

"Oh! shame—shame!"—exclaimed both sisters.

"Well!"—persisted Denham—"I have had three tabourets satisfactorily explained. Now, what is number four?"

"That!"—said Rosella—"is Ivanhoe's Rebecca in prison."

"I am glad to hear you say so; for I imagined it Margery Daw, who sold her bed and lay upon straw."

"Why, Denham!"—exclaimed Rosella—"is it really possible that all these beautiful things do not speak for themselves, and tell their own stories?"

"Not one of them!"—replied Denham. "The

original designs may have been intelligible, but by the time they are parodied into patterns for worsted-work, and then burlesqued still farther by being stitched with coloured yarn upon canvas, they are so transmogrified and vulgarized that their identity is lost. Excuse me, my dear girls, if I speak too severely. But I have just come from visiting those master-pieces of art with which Europe abounds, and therefore it grieves me to see genteel women—to see young ladies—to see my sisters throwing away their time, and spoiling their taste in this contemptible occupation."

"But you cannot expect worsted-work to look like painting"—said Minnetta—"or even like embroidery."

"Why then do it at all? The same time devoted to drawing or to embroidery, would make you very clever at either."

The conversation was now interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Kingsbury, and the family placed themselves round the breakfast table, at which a constant attendant was a large white cat, called Moses, whom Denham had left as a pretty playful kitten, and who had always been much petted and pampered. He came regularly every morning for a saucer of milk, which he was accustomed to take by the side of Mrs. Kingsbury's chair; and if she did not set it down for him before she began to pour out the coffee, Moses was much offended; and whined impatiently, and scratched at her dress to remind her. As soon as he had finished his milk, he repaired always to the music-stool, on which he had a habit of stationing himself for his morning nap. On this morning he jumped down from it, the moment after he had leaped up, looked much dissatisfied, mewed and pawed at the music-stool, and then went to Minnetta, and mewed and pawed at her.

"Minnetta!"—said Rosella—"you have forgotten, this morning, to put the chintz cover on the music-stool. You know very well that Mose will never settle himself to sleep, unless he finds the smooth chintz beneath him."

Minnetta then rose, got the chintz cover, spread it over the worsted-worked top of the music-stool, and immediately Mose sprang up, and composed himself to a comfortable slumber.

"You must know, Denham!"—explained Mrs. Kingsbury—"that Mose, more than two years ago, made choice of the music-stool as his after-breakfast reposing place. It was then covered with damask. But Minnetta afterwards worked for it a worsted cover, with a musical trophy of a harp, a guitar, a trumpet, and a clarionet, which device our purblind neighbour, old Dr. Glimmering, mistook for a gridiron, a frying-pan, and two ladles. Now, the very morning after the music-stool first appeared in its new garb, when Mose, as usual, bounced up on it, to take his nap, he found himself grievously incommoded by the roughness of its canvas-and-worsted surface, and he would not be pacified till it was cased in chintz



Painted by D. Milner

Engraved by E. O. Hume

THE BLIND FIDDLER

for his special accommodation.* And as we have continued to indulge him, he has continued to require the indulgence. He will not remain for a single minute on any of the tabourets. He seems to have an antipathy to worsted-work."

"A most sensible grimalkin"—observed Denham. "I honour that cat."

But seeing his sisters look much displeased, the heart of our hero smote him for opposing so severely their favourite occupation, and for ridiculing the elaborate productions of their needles, particularly as he had just returned to them after a long separation. So he said, good-humouredly,

"Well—well—girls—amuse yourselves in the way you like best—I will endeavour to 'consider it not so deeply.' And it is not only in looking at worsted-work that one subject may be mistaken for another, but in painting also. I recollect being in Philadelphia, once, when a new drop-curtain was exhibited at the Chesnut street theatre; and this drop-curtain was universally regarded by the spectators as a scene from that chapter of *Gil Blas* in which the carriage of Don Alvar is attacked by Rolando's troop of robbers, Don Alvar killed, and his wife Donna Mencía dragged forth in a fainting fit. The newspapers made laudatory mention of this new drop-curtain, as a well-painted subject from *Le Sage's* novel; and the people admired it, as such, for many successive nights, till they were undeceived by a communication from the theatre, implying that it was intended to represent the murder of Archbishop Sharpe. And it was then discovered that the figure which every body had taken for *Gil Blas de Santillane*, was in reality Balfour of Burley, the supposed Don Alvar being in truth the old archbishop, and the fainted lady his grace's daughter."

The Miss Kingsburys were restored to smiles by this little anecdote, the truth of which can be corroborated by many Philadelphians who must recollect the *Gil Blas* drop-curtain.

Denham Kingsbury then changed the conversation by inquiring after certain families whom he had formerly known. And the two girls, as soon as they quitted the table, repaired to the front parlour, and sat down with determined faces to their worsted-frames.

"By the bye, Denham"—said his mother—"your old drawing master Alan Stanford, who instructed you when we lived in the city, is now in Thessaly. Soon after you sailed for India he went to Europe to improve in his profession. He remained there six or seven years, became an excellent water-colour artist, and also painted miniatures exceedingly well. He made London his head-quarters; but a severe winter in that damp heavy atmosphere destroyed the health of his wife, and she died there in a rapid consumption. After her death, he longed to return to his own country, and he came home, expecting to make a good living by his water-colour designs from

works of fiction. In this the unfortunate man has been sadly disappointed; and he was willing to paint miniatures or teach drawing, or employ his pencil in any way by which he could decently support his daughter and himself. But finding no opening for him in either of the other cities, he returned to New York, and hearing that many rich people were living in Thessaly, he has come up here to endeavour to get a class of pupils in drawing, and to obtain some miniatures to paint. I at once employed him to take mine, and when I show it to you I am sure you will consider it excellent. I wish both the girls to sit to him, but they say they have at present no time; and, for the same reason I cannot persuade them to take lessons of Mr. Stanford in drawing."

"I will sit to him myself"—said Denham, starting up—"Where does he live? I will go to him at once."

Mrs. Kingsbury gave her son a direction to Mr. Stanford's, and added—"He has his daughter with him; a very lovely girl about eighteen, who must have been a child when you went away."

"Is it little Clemira?"—said Denham—"I have seen her often, and recollect her perfectly. A sweet lovely creature she was."

"And is still"—pursued Mrs. Kingsbury—"She is beautiful, modest, intelligent, and clever at every thing. And she does all in her power to assist her father. She even copies music, translates from the French, and corrects proof-sheets. She not only draws charmingly, but she embroiders in the most exquisite manner; and indeed she excels in every sort of needle-work both plain and ornamental. And then having no false pride, she makes no secret of her earnest desire to turn her numerous talents to profitable account. She is truly a most extraordinary girl."

Denham Kingsbury now concluded that he would not go to Mr. Stanford's till he had made some improvement in his dress. And running up to his room, he spent rather a long time at his toilet, his hair being more difficult to arrange than usual. This important business accomplished, he soon found himself at the lodgings of his ex-drawing master, who had apartments in the house of a small private family at the upper end of the town. Having sent up his name by a boy that came to the street-door, Kingsbury was received at the head of the stair-case by his old friend Stanford with open arms, and ushered into his little front-room, where the ever-industrious artist had been engaged in finishing a drawing, and where his daughter sat near the window occupied with some embroidery. Her father introduced her as Clemira Stanford; and she began to put up her work preparatory (as Kingsbury feared) to leaving the room. But on his begging that he might not interrupt her, she bowed her head in acknowledgment, and quietly resumed her needle.

While her father was talking of England, and of English artists, and of the delight of gazing by the hour on fine pictures, the eyes of Kingsbury

* Fact.

wandered towards the beautiful girl. She was yet in half-mourning for her mother. Her elegant and symmetrical figure was attired in a plain black silk, with a clear muslin chemisette which had a very becoming lappel collar trimmed with a narrow pleated frill, and slightly thrown back from her white and finely-formed neck. Her smooth and glossy dark chesnut hair, wreathed in a plat behind, and fastened with a long pin or bodkin of jet, was parted on her noble and intellectual forehead; and as she bent her graceful head over her work, her clustering ringlets half-shaded a cheek which was delicately rounded, and delicately tinted with that exquisite blending of rose and lily that art can never equal. Her features were classically beautiful, her eyes when she raised them to speak, (and she spoke only to reply when addressed by Kingsbury or her father) beamed with that light of the soul that can never be mistaken. She was embroidering a scarf of dove-coloured silk for a lady to whom Mrs. Kingsbury had recommended her. The eyes of our hero rested upon it, and he saw that Clemira Stanford's needle-work was such as could only be done by a woman that was a proficient in drawing. Her embroidery was indeed painting with the needle, and exquisite it was, with its rich and glossy silks, and its almost imperceptible stitches blending into each other. The flowers were elegantly arranged, both in form and colour, and were of a far more *recherché* description than those that are usually introduced into embroidery. It was easy to see that originally they had been taken from nature. Kingsbury thought of the worsted-work of his sisters, and it seemed to him worse than ever.

The visit of our hero had extended to an hour before he supposed it to have exceeded fifteen minutes; and he was only apprised of its real length by the striking of the church clock. It was not till he had risen to take leave that he recollected the business on which he had come, that of engaging Stanford to paint his miniature. It was soon arranged that the first sitting should take place next morning, Stanford giving lessons at the boys' academy in the afternoon. He had no female pupils in drawing, and his daughter could obtain none to instruct in embroidery: all the young girls of Thessaly being devoted to worsted-work, which is so far easy as to require neither taste nor talent, but exactly the contrary.

Next day Denham Kingsbury's miniature was commenced: and it proceeded so rapidly as to be finished in a week. To the great disappointment of our hero, Clemira Stanford never entered the room during the sittings. And yet he liked her the better for it. But he found that she and her father took a walk together every morning before breakfast; and he immediately discovered that an early morning walk was the best possible preservative of health, and that though perfectly well at present, it would be right and prudent in him to take precautionary measures for continuing so. Therefore, he set about rising always at daylight,

and he always contrived to join the Stanfords in their walk; and then he soon fell into a habit of spending every alternate evening with them.

At home, Denham Kingsbury had little society but that of his mother, who was always much occupied with household affairs, (her daughters being entirely useless to her,) with visiting the sick, with procuring work for the indigent, and with dispensing her charities to those who were unable to assist themselves.

Rosella and Minetta Kingsbury were no companions for their brother or for any one else. They sat all day in silence over their frames with their patterns before them, and their crewel balls beside them, scarcely allowing time to make an occasional visit to any of their friends: all those friends being equally infected with the worsted-working mania. The Miss Kingsburys had read nothing for the last two years, alleging that they had no time for reading. The numerous new books were all unknown to them, and they had forgotten their old ones. If spoken to, they looked up annoyed at the interruption, answered abstractedly, and in a moment their heads were again bent over their canvas. Mrs. Kingsbury had grieved from the beginning at this misapplication of time and attention: yet she found that she could not check it but at the expense of witnessing perpetual dissatisfaction and frequent poutings on the part of her daughters; therefore she left them to take their course, consoling herself with the hope that the thing must in time go out of fashion, or that the fancy would go off of itself. The ridicule from which their brother could not always refrain, only served to irritate them, and to render them more resolute in persisting. In a short time, Denham Kingsbury spent *all* his evenings with the Stanfords, enjoying their bright and amusing conversation, and almost forgetting the personal beauty of Clemira in admiring the graces of her mind. His sisters showed no inclination to cultivate an acquaintance with the artist's daughter, and had no desire to see her embroidery.

At the end of a month, Mrs. Kingsbury accompanied her son on a visit to the Stanfords, for the purpose of expressing to Clemira her pleasure at the prospect of that young lady shortly becoming her daughter-in-law, an event which this kindest of parents had wished for from the time of Denham's return to his own country. And Denham presented his affianced bride with the miniature which her father had painted of him. It was now beautifully set as a locket.

The Miss Kingsburys awoke as out of a dream when they understood that their brother was going to be married to Clemira Stanford, and neither of them worked another stitch for at least half an hour. When they resumed their needles, Minetta extended the blue of Sir Walter's eyes far down into his nose, and Rosella carried the white of Columbus's ruff far up over his mouth. Finding themselves totally bewildered with the idea of having Clemira Stanford for a sister-in-law, and

very much discomposed, they tacitly concluded to put away their frames for that day, and then they talked to each other, quite fluently, about Denham's extraordinary taste in choosing a wife. But having heard and remembered that the more the marriage of a brother is opposed by his sisters, "the more he won't mind," the Miss Kingsburys wisely agreed to consent with a good grace to what they knew would inevitably take place, whether they consented or not.

In a few weeks, the union of Denham Kingsbury and Clemira Stanford was solemnized at an early hour in the principal church of the village, in the presence of their relatives only. The same morning the whole party embarked for the city, where Kingsbury had taken a very handsome house, and, with the assistance of Mrs. Lamberton, had prepared it for the reception of his bride. Mrs. Kingsbury and her daughters, by earnest invitation, passed a month with the new-married couple, partaking of the civilities that were shown to Denham and his wife by many of the principal families in New York. In this circle no worsted-work was seen or heard of; and the Miss Kingsburys began to find that they *could* exist without it. They now became very fond of their sister-in-law, whom indeed it was impossible to know intimately and not to love and admire; and her well-directed influence wrought insensibly a speedy improvement in their tastes and habits. It was arranged that they should spend the next winter in the city, and take lessons in drawing from Mr. Stanford. Kingsbury relieved his father-in-law from all necessity of farther exertion as an artist, and gave him a delightful home at his house, the walls of which were soon decorated with the beau-

tiful productions of Mr. Stanford's pencil.

On the next visit of Denham and Clemira to Thessaly, they found the tabourets, &c. covered once more with damask, the worsted things having all been taken off and consigned to an old chest in one of the attic closets. The proposed disfigurement of the ottomans being abandoned, the cushions were allowed to remain in their original state. The new patterns, with their appropriate crewels, were divided between the daughters of the baker and the daughters of the butcher, after hearing that those young ladies had taken tremendously to worsted-work.

To the great delight of their mother, Rosella and Minetta Kingsbury begin to evince a desire of acquiring some knowledge of household affairs, and under her guidance they cannot remain very long deficient in this important part of the female character. The worsted mania having passed away from them, their minds, no longer pressed down by one senseless object, seem to have recovered their spring, and to be capable of better things than was generally supposed when all their powers were devoted to counting stitches and arranging shades; and when their eyes did nothing but glance alternately from a coarse and ridiculous picture on paper to one still coarser and more ridiculous on canvas.

Now that the Miss Kingsburys have found time for reading, and for mixing in society, they feel better, think better, and talk better. The beaux (having hitherto kept aloof) begin now to come about them. And this being the case, it is morally impossible that our two young ladies will ever return to the unsocial stupidity of time-wasting, sense-dulling, taste-spoiling worsted-work.

THE BLIND MOTHER.

BY MARY E. LEE.

It was the brilliant morning hour,
When Phœbus, from his eastern bower,
Rose, like a labourer all unspent,
To brush from the extended tent
Of the blue ether, every cloud
That hung its light and cobweb shroud
Upon the canvass wide, that spread,
Like a gay curtain, overhead:
It was the hour when stem and leaf
Shake off the tokens of night's grief,
And bird and insect flutter free,
As if all life were revelry.

But it was not to watch the sun's glad play
On the bright streamlet that roam'd away,
Like a silver thread, the vale between

Making a carpet of living green;
'Twas not for the flowers, on either hand,
Blooming, like guests from a better land,
Nor for the music of bee and bird,
Whose tireless notes were everywhere heard,
That the lady reclined at her cottage door,
As if viewing the living landscape o'er.

Alas! to her, the illumined wall
Of the sky seem'd black as a midnight pall,
And the countless blossoms, so passing bright,
Save for their perfume, gave no delight;
And the insect-tribes seem'd but spectre things,
As they roam'd the air on enchanted wings,
For the mirror of thought to the inward mind,
The light of her eye, was quenched and blind.

Mournfully sad did her face appear,
As she stood in the glow of that morning clear;
So still that it look'd like some sculptur'd stone,
Where the soul had been, though the soul was gone;
And the snowy robe and the braided tress,
All hung with a very lifelessness,
As the yellow sunbeams enwrapt each fold,
And bathed every hair as with liquid gold.

But a sudden sound on the stillness broke,
An echo of mirth, and her spirit woke
From its dreamy trance, while each feature caught
The magic touch of electric thought.
Her fair boy, bounding like a wild gazelle,
Came with wealth of blossoms from hill and dell,
His cheek, lip, forehead, all one rich glow,
As the sweet word, "Mother," came quick and low,
Till he laid them down, as an off'ring sweet,
At that best of earth's shrines, his mother's feet.

Some moments more, and on her breast
The glad child lay in rosy rest,
While she a flowery fetter wove
To bind his little playful feet,
Though oft her fingers slight would rove
From task so idle and so sweet,
To trace once more with trembling touch
That face ne'er seen yet loved so much;
And as she bent her head and listen'd
To the true beatings of his form,
And felt how every feature glisten'd
With health's rich rose-tint, pure and warm,
Hot tears gush'd forth, and love's excess
Was told in words of tenderness.

My own one! my own one!
Thou'rt lying on my breast;
Yet thy mother's heart throbs wildly,
With yearnings unrepent;
For life is spent in one sad dream,
Oh! would that it were past;
And that I could but gaze upon
My beautiful, at last.

They say, thine eye is bright
As dew-drop on the rose,
That thy cheek is deck'd with dimples,
When waking from repose;
That the very waving of thy hair,
Is a perfect joy to see;
Alas! alas! why is it then
Reveal'd to all, save me?

Do not I love thee more,
Far more than others can?
Has not thy shadow fill'd up all
Affection's lengthened span;
And yet thy glance uplifted,
Must quickly from me turn,
Since this darken'd vision can give back
No love, howe'er it yearn.

Oh! smile upon me, boy!

My idol! as thou art;
Love has but left my eyes, to sink
The deeper in my heart;
There, like a sparkling fountain,
It knoweth no control,
But pours in a free torrent through
The inmost depths of soul.

E'en now, I strive to form
Some outline of thy face;
The polish'd cheek—the ruby lip—
The brow of matchless grace;
The tremour of thy closing lids,
The lashes, dark and long,
All, all are painted on my mind,
Say, is the portrait wrong?

Ah! 'tis a hapless lot,
A mockery of bliss,
To call it mine, a priceless flower,
So beautiful as this;
While, shut within a dungeon cell,
I feel my life exhale
In secret longings, all untold,
Until the heart grows pale.

Yet patience; oh! my God,
Forgive the rebel thought,
And make me own how blest I am,
And how each day is fraught
With some new favours from that Hand
That smiteth but to cure,
And hung this curtain o'er my sight,
For purpose just and sure.

Perchance thy Wisdom saw
That earthly love and pride
Might grow so strong, it would consume
All other love beside;
And that in gazing on the vase,
I'd give it all my care,
And quite forget the treasure lock'd
Within the casket fair.

Sleep on! sleep on! my boy,
Why start at my embrace?
'Twas but a loving kiss to seal
The vow my heart would trace,
That I will keep unsullied,
Thy spirit's pearl-like gem,
Till death shall come and bear it back
To heaven's own diadem.

And as she spoke, the mother prest
The sleeper closer to her breast;
And while her ruby lip moved fast,
With the hushed eloquence of feeling,
And from the shut lids, big drops past,
Unutterable thoughts revealing—
A sunbeam flitting o'er her face,
Disclosed such new, mysterious grace,
It seem'd that to her prayer was given,
An answer from the court of heaven.

THE PROUD LADYE.

BY MRS SEBA SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

Leave, if thou would'st be lonely,
Leave nature for the crowd;
There seek for one, one only,
With kindred mind endowed.—HOFFMAN.

THE world is coming to an end. Of this there can be no doubt. A close observer of life and human events cannot fail to arrive at such a conclusion. Let him not go to the prophecies of Daniel, nor attempt to lift the veil of the dread Apocalypse in confirmation of this faith—a stronger is before him, even like unto the handwriting upon the wall at the feast of Belshazzar. Men have been weighed in the balance, and love has been found wanting. Love has ceased to be.

Indeed, how could it be otherwise? Love becomes a puny weakling in the midst of luxury and sloth, and the bantling dies outright, when consigned to the hands of the pains-taking. He is a robust child, nourished by mountain airs, and strong in the wild haunts of wood and water. What is there now to foster his growth? He is rocked in the whirlwind, vigorous in peril, dauntless where peals the shrill clarion of battle, and unshrinking amid pestilence and death. How shall we seek now the test of his faith, the proof of his constancy? Where is the knight to put spear in rest for "Ladye love,"—where the "Ladye" to keep her "troth plight" "seven twelvemonths and a day?"

Such things must have existed—there is the argument of tradition in their favour; and yet they seem like creations of the fancy. Times have changed. The love of the olden time, the tried and the true, has ceased to be. Women divide their affections now between pleasure, fashion and dress, and love comes in the shape of a fine establishment, with a retinue of dangling coxcombs, and artificial commonplaceisms. Men pull a love letter and a price current at the same moment from their pockets, and read each with equal interest, and one serves as well as the other to light a cigar, there being no difference in their combustibility.

The god who gave inspiration to the poet, who nerved the soldier, and folded his wings in lady's bower, whispering of faith and valour, and thus wiling the long, long days of exile, has ceased to be—and what have we in his stead? What is the divinity of modern times? Alas for the little burly imp, with twinkling eyes and tinsel wings, wings too small to be of any earthly service

either for approach or escape, and alas for the votaries of such a divinity! Cupid and the divine Psyche, love wedded to the soul, seek in vain for a human shrine. They have taken their departure. Woe is us; for the end of all things must be at hand. Love is the bond that holds the very universe in harmony. It binds the material together, atom by atom, and to the spiritual it is the spark snatched from the altar of the Eternal—it is the one principle of conservation—it is the light in the midst of darkness—it is the ark upon the deluge of life. Woe to the heart from whence it hath taken its departure.

It is the separation of holy writ. It is the being consigned from the right to the left hand in judgment. It is the removal of the seeming good, leaving the blackness of despair. It is to put out the candle of the Lord in his own temple of the human soul.

Let us, while the memory of Love's existence is yet spared us, recall a legend of the olden times,—those times of robust and manly attachment, of earnest constancy and knightly faith—those days of womanly tenderness, of womanly devotion, and proud womanly self-respect, when falsehood was dishonour, and fickleness a crime.

It was a marvel to the gallants of the time that Lady Blanch, with wealth, beauty, and sole mistress both of her fortune and herself, should adhere to a life of entire maidenly seclusion. Rarely was she seen either at tilt or tournament, though when there, no maiden won more admiring eyes than Blanch of Instetten. She was an orphan, her mother having died at the moment that made her such, and from that time the little Blanch became the one sole object of attachment to the bereaved father.

She became his pet, his companion, the motive for existence. He directed her studies, shared her sports, and himself inducted her into the accomplishments of hawk and hound, careful always to infuse a noble reserve, that made the fair girl receive knightly service from himself only. Thence it was that the Lady Blanch was early called the "proud ladye;" and when it was rumoured that the inheritor of broad lands and ancestral beauty disdained the gentle passion, many were the admirers who sought to awaken the latent tenderness believed to be lurking in her heart.

Blanch received them with proud courtesy, and it may be that her lively wit, her goodness of heart, her gentle yet noble bearing, deepened the very passion she cared not to inspire. Many were the lances broken in her honour, and many the

gallant knight who coveted death, but found renown upon the battle field, in his vain efforts to forget the haughty smile of Blanch of Instetten.

If Lady Blanch's was a proud, hers was by no means a cold nature. Her voice breathed the very soul of tenderness, and there were times when her dark eye became liquid with its concealed wealth of womanly sensibility. She was ever alive to all gentle appeals, and her soul dwelt amid all that was pure and beautiful.

It may be that she received admiration as a right, homage as her due, and thus failed to perceive the obligation—but then one smile from Blanch was worth a thousand of those lightly bestowed, and one gentle word of sympathy from one so full of truth and earnestness was a thing never to be forgotten.

Blanch was not too proud for love, but then she had never loved. The gallant and the gay knelt at her shrine, but their offerings were calmly rejected, not because they were unworthy, but because she had never felt the want of an oblation. She sat in her maidenly bower, perhaps the only one content with its seclusion; for, sooth to say, her maidens yawned and wished their lady less of a saint that they might join in other devotions.

At length the Baron of Instetten was gathered to his fathers, leaving Blanch sole inheritor of his title and estates; and leaving her also with no protector save her own innocence and womanly discretion. Blanch wept long and fervently the loss of her only friend, and her hitherto haughty bearing became touched with a grace of gentle tenderness, a half appealing softness blending with her pride, that made her beauty far more dangerous than in the days of her untouched gladness of heart. It may be that new yearnings were born of this, her first grief, a new perception of the worth of the affections, and a new and strange loneliness pressed heavily upon her heart.

Her palfrey neighed in his stall, her hounds crouched listlessly at her feet, and the keen eye of the falcon grew tame as he pecked the silken jesses that held him from the blue sky; yet Blanch hummed an idle lay, touched her harp with careless fingers, or looked sadly from the battlements where her broad lands lay beneath her, solitary, and with no stirring signs of life.

How she wished she had a brother, who might share and direct her amusements. Never was maiden so isolated and forlorn. Her very freedom became an annoyance, fettered as it was by a pride that admitted of no compromise. Then the prosy and puzzling accounts of the old steward—satisfactory to the last degree, for he would have periled life sooner than his fair mistress should be defrauded of her patrimony;—these and other details of her estate became exceedingly irksome to her.

Another maiden might have bethought herself of a lover, but Blanch thought of a secretary. Lovers were to be had in abundance, the more now that the Baron of Instetten could no longer

usurp knightly privileges; but on this subject Blanch was proud as ever, scarcely deigning to allow her admirers the privilege of holding her stirrup while she mounted, or even to fasten the jesses of her hawk on her slender wrist. Sooth to say, the decorum of the castle was severe to the last degree. The old priest had a holiday in shriving, for never were maidens with less upon their consciences, and never was lady better content so to be.

No sooner did Lady Blanch think of a secretary than she wondered she had not sooner thought of the same thing. She wondered she could so long have lived without one. She accordingly wrote a letter to Sir Ralph, an old friend of her father's, explaining her views, and craving his assistance.

In a marvellously short space of time, the messenger returned, bearing an epistle from the worthy knight, in which he fully approved her plan, and most fortunately it was in his power immediately to second her. The son of his gamekeeper, having been an invalid in early life had imbibed a fondness for books, and other gentle accomplishments unsuited to his condition. This he had heretofore been led to regret, but now that he could be of service to so estimable a lady, he rejoiced in the circumstance. On the morrow he would appear ready for all honourable service.

CHAPTER II.

Far better one unpurchased heart,
Than glory's proudest name.—TUCKERMAN.

Lady Blanch, with a woman's ready fancy, completed the picture slightly sketched by Sir Ralph. She imagined a pale, slender youth, timid and distrustful, shrinking from observation, and nervously alive to even the slightest appearance of neglect or ridicule. He was of course a little awkward, but then he was quiet and respectful, and she thought how sad, how miserable it must be, to live on with a soul and a body at odds, a mind adapted to loftiest aims, and a condition debased to the meanest.

Blanch's sympathies were all enlisted. She even read a homily to the ladies of her household, in which she cautioned them to observe the greatest courtesy with regard to the young secretary; to treat him as far as possible as one of gentle blood, for nobility was after all but the external symbol of an inward grace, and woman, of all others, should be ready to recognise the sentiment.

Blanch was seated in the midst of her maidens; a favourite hound, Solway, crouched at her feet, and her fingers were playing amid the cords of her harp, when the secretary was announced. She did not raise her eyes till he had advanced nearly to the centre of the room, when she arose courteously to greet him.

One glance, however, revealed what sad antics the fancy will play, and how unlike were her illusions to the reality. Blanch hesitated—coloured slightly at first, and then more deeply as her proud eye detected the smile lurking about the lips of her maidens—and then the homily flashed upon her recollection, yet she received him with gentle breeding, and motioned him to a seat.

Instead of the pale, abashed youth she had anticipated, she beheld a tall, almost athletic stranger, of quiet but assured bearing, his short curly hair and abundant moustache looking more suited to the knightly beaver than the light, graceful cap of velvet which he now held in his hand, together with a scroll of parchment as the insignia of his profession. The closely fitting garments revealed limbs little in accordance with those of an invalid, and the small horn of ink, with its silver chain and mountings, looked half incongruous upon the broad chest that seemed better adapted to shield and cuirass.

Notwithstanding the wave of Blanch, the stranger preserved his standing attitude, firm and manly, with his eyes bent upon the floor, and not till a slight movement of the lady's, revealing that she had finished reading a letter he had brought from his patron, did he alter his position, and then as he met her smile of approval, he knelt gracefully upon one knee, saying he was most happy to be in the service of so fair a lady.

Blanch was abashed, her fair colour rose to her cheek, and yet the subdued fire of those strange eyes, the respectful manner, and more than all, the rich, manly voice, had in them nothing to offend.

"Sir Secretary," said the lady, willing to relieve the embarrassment, "a string has just snapped from my harp, let me beg you to replace it."

"I will, lady, and then if it please thee, will sing thee a song, an humble one of mine own making."

Blanch smiled assent; the stranger sank upon one knee, adjusted the harp, and then sang the following song, in a voice of thrilling melody:—

SONG.

Distrust me not, mine own,
My sighs are all for thee—
On thee I think alone,
Whate'er my fate may be.

Then smile, beloved smile,
Dispel these maiden fears,
I would not thus beguile
Thy tenderness to tears.

If others be as fair,
What are their charms to me,
I neither know nor care,
For thou art all to me!

The words were exceedingly simple, yet their

import did not in the least promote the interest of the secretary in the eyes of his fair auditors. They seemed to imply that his troth was plighted, and that he was most chivalrously faithful to his fair ladye.

Now though either maiden would have spurned the imputation of being willing to appropriate the stranger, yet when he came among them, and thus early announced his preference elsewhere, a decided prejudice grew up against him; a determination to be chary of smiles and courtesies so little likely to be appreciated; for every woman knows, that although she may be entirely indifferent to a man herself, yet her vanity is always slightly piqued when she finds another is about to win him from her. A broad avowal of a preference she regards all but equivalent to an insult—as half cautioning her to beware of the hazards of his own seductiveness, and a hint that it is all over so far as she is concerned.

Had the stranger been a knight of birth or renown, the whole artillery of female coquetry and rivalry might have been brought to bear against him; but a poor secretary, the son of a game-keeper, and he presume to be in love, and to be constant too—the idea was preposterous. How they would like to see the Dulcinea—see her "winnowing grain," a rank country wench, no doubt, and then came the pretty toss of the head and curling of the lip, and the bridling air which women only use.

Even Blanch scrutinized the stranger with new interest, not displeased certainly, at the probable state of his affections, yet she could not help canvassing his claims to so much fidelity and so much devotion. Her sympathy was undoubtedly lessened by the circumstance; but then she half blushed that she should have given the subject a thought, and then she raised her eyes, and encountered those of the secretary fixed earnestly but respectfully upon her face. They were instantly withdrawn, but not till she felt the blood rush tumultuously to her temples.

Never was secretary more assiduous in his duties, and never was one more versatile in his accomplishments. Hawking or hunting, feats of arms or trials of strength, in all he was equally at home, and never did gentle minstrel sing sweeter madrigals in lady's bower, or beneath her casement pour forth more impassioned love-notes than did Roland the secretary to the ears of the fair Lady Blanch. Yet they were not for her; his allusions were to one away, who possessed the very soul of tenderness, and who was worthy the devotion of a tried and true heart. If passion dwelt upon his lips, or spoke in the flashes of his eye, it was for the absent, the beloved. If his voice sank to the low tones of earnest and soul-breathing tenderness, it was still for the fond heart from which his fate had exiled him.

Blanch listened and sighed, and smiled her approval of his constancy. She even forgot her

pride, and heard him describe charms such as exist only in the fancy of a lover. Always thoughtful and high-toned in her feelings, she grew grave. She wondered at the strange fascination that now grew about that simple word, *love*, hitherto disregarded by her. She wondered at the crowd of pleasant fancies that now gathered around it, and the sweet, tender images it suggested, and then she glanced at the handsome secretary, and thought that had she been lowly born, Roland were indeed a being to be loved. She would beg the history of his love, she would take the fair girl into her own service, and be a gentle sister to her.

She hinted her plan to Roland. A strange light beamed from his eyes, and he knelt to kiss the fair hand she had extended towards him. Blanch trembled and withdrew it, but then his eyes met hers, and surely they expressed but grateful homage, and she half repented her coldness.

"The lady of his love was proud, even as herself. He was doomed to perpetual banishment."

His voice was low, and the colour forsook his cheek.

"But she loves thee."

"It may be, lady, but she has exiled me, and for ever; she would not debase her ancestry by wedding the base born."

Blanch drew herself up, as at the conscious blood of her own veins. Roland beheld the movement, and one slight shade of sadness crossed his brow; and then his manner was cold, even proud, notwithstanding its gentle courtesy.

Blanch's eyes were fixed upon the green lawn that sloped beneath them, and the secretary slightly apart, looked down upon her clear brow, and the ringlets that swept her neck and bosom, and read thoughts that even pride may not repress.

"Shall I sing a madrigal, lady, one to which gentle ears have before deigned to listen?"

"An it please thee, but I hope it may prove grave and thoughtful, for meseems thy songs are wont to dwell too much upon the vain conceits of lovers."

After a few preluding notes upon the harp, he sung the song of

THE LOVE OF LADY ANN.

In her bower the Lady Ann
Wept her love apart,
"Why so much of pride, ladye,
With a loving heart!

Broad and fertile are thy lands,
Stately is thy hall,
But a faithful heart, ladye,
Far outweighs them all.

Thou may'st choose thy gilded bower,
Nursing grief within,
And thy lover will forget
Love he failed to win.

Thou may'st sit in gilded bower,
I the free woods roam;
Never should a lingering bride
Share with me a home.

Truth of heart and strength of arm,
These I bring to thee;
But thy pride hath spurned the gift—
Fare-thee-well, ladye."

On the latchet is his glaive,
Scarce he deigns a sigh;
But the maiden's gushing tears
Tremble in her eye.

In the stirrup is his foot—
Thus do lovers part—
He to bear his pride alone,
She a breaking heart.

Trembling, doubtful, Lady Ann,
Half in fear arose,
Then with beating heart she sped,
And her arms she throws,

Clasping him with wild embrace,
Pride and home forgot,
She hath left her stately towers
For a lowly lot.

Blanch listened with a slight curl of the lip, and spite of herself the colour went and came upon her cheek, as thought after thought crossed through her mind.

"I fear my poor song hath failed to please thee," murmured the secretary in a low voice.

"I will commend the manner most willingly, Sir Secretary, but as to the matter, it is that of a bold and reckless damsel, with a taste ill befitting her gentle breeding."

"The accident of birth either in hall or hovel, Lady, cannot affect the soul—that may be noble, though the muscles and sinews be base born."

"It may be so, but it is unseemly for a maiden to debase her gentle birth by an alliance therewith."

A sharp expression of pain crossed the face of Roland—he went on—

"Love, Lady, levelleth all distinctions. There is neither base nor noble there—the strong arm, the true heart; ay, Lady, the heart ennobled by one pure passion, is more truly gentle than that which beats beneath the proudest blazonry, and is yet incapable of the sentiment."

The eye of Blanch fell, she turned aside, and then her proud heart kindling at its own consciousness, she bent her head slightly and withdrew.

Reaching the library, she gave one look around the large quaint room with its rude ornaments and strange devices; the light streaming through the stained glass fell in softened shadows upon the tasselled floor, mellowing all things to a soft and tender melancholy. A sense of loneliness, a wild

and undefined yearning grew upon the heart of the proud girl, and she threw herself into a chair, and leaning her head upon both hands, and these upon the table, she wept abundantly.

Raising her eyes, she perceived the glove of the secretary lying upon the table beside her; scarcely conscious of what she did, she pressed it to her lips.

"Blanch," exclaimed the secretary, and he was at her feet.

One moment he showered kisses upon her unresisting hand, she even murmured his name in one low whisper, then she drew herself up, and motioned him to rise.

"Nay, Blanch, you love me. I have long felt it, and you, you are the idol of my idolatry."

"You have the secret of a weak maiden's heart, Sir Secretary, but little will it avail you," she added almost bitterly, as her native pride returned.

"I can bear your scorn, Lady," said the secretary, rising respectfully to his feet, "but wherever I may go, the memory of this one moment of bliss will be more than a reward for years of exile, years of suffering. The base born secretary hath won the heart of the proud Lady Blanch."

She would have recalled him, she would have uttered one word of kindness, but it was too late—he was gone.

CHAPTER III.

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so wholly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.—LONGFELLOW.

Two years were past. The haughty Blanch had become the gentle, sympathizing, meek-hearted woman. A touching sadness lingered about her air, almost hallowing her singular beauty. The duties of her high-born station were duly performed, and she shared the amusements of the time with a quiet grace that told neither hope nor fear were at variance in her heart. No troublous nor discordant motion disturbed her serene composure.

At first she shrank to confess even to herself the love she bore the noble-minded secretary. But as time wore on, and all the many proofs of his magnanimity, his gentleness and manliness of character came home to her memory, she grew even proud of her love; proud that she had that within herself to perceive and appreciate such qualities in whatsoever station, and then she grew proudly grateful even for the love of the poor secretary, she who had hitherto slighted that of knight and baron bold.

Love, in whatsoever shape, is allied to religion. Most fervently did she kneel at the shrine of

the Virgin, and bless her for these beautiful emotions that carried her out of self, and gave an elevation and freedom to her existence. The consciousness of having awakened the holiest emotions in one high and manly heart, from henceforth invested her with a new and almost religious dignity. A beautiful enthusiasm mingled with the sentiment. She would devote herself to this one ideal. She would hazard no other attachment, but in maidenly seclusion live upon the images the tenderness of this presented. Indeed her proud heart recoiled from all other associations.

The love of a gentle and confiding woman, with its perpetual appeals to tenderness and protection, must be dear, very dear to a manly heart; but then it too often lacketh that exclusive and earnest devotion which imparts a last touch of value, its sympathies are too readily excited, and the images of others, faint and shadowy it may be, yet still images, too often sit side by side with the beloved.

But the love of a proud woman with its depths of untold tenderness, rarely stirred, yet when once awakened, welling up a perpetual fountain of freshness and beauty, its concentrated and earnest faith, its unmingled sympathies, its pure shrine, raised to the beloved, burning no incense upon strange altars, and admitting no strange oblations, the love of such an one should invest manhood with tenfold dignity—should make him feel as a priest in the very presence of the divinity.

Blanch had no one to whom she might appeal either for counsel or aid in her solitary life. Sir Ralph was engaged in the wars of that unsettled period, and his pertinacious silence in regard to Roland annoyed and surprised her. His communications were brief, and she felt with pain that an air of coldness pervaded them. He had been her father's friend, and though bluff and somewhat stern, he was brave as a lion, and upright even to romance.

Occasionally he spoke of a nephew of his, who shared with him the perils of war, and touched upon his gentle qualities with a sad and yet earnest interest. In reply to an epistle from Blanch, in which she gently hinted the pain she felt at his estrangement, the baron replied in a vein of half playful severity:

"I am an old soldier, Blanch. I never knew what fear or dishonour meant. In battle or in principle there is but one way with Ralph, and that is, advance, but when it comes to a woman, by all the saints in the calendar, I never know what is the way. Here is the proud daughter of my best beloved friend, never deigning a smile upon the gallants of the age, and yet deprecating the coldness of an old man like me. Blanch, Blanch, I am no carpet knight, or I might have wild dreams. But I know better. My noble, my generous, my brave nephew, you must see him, Blanch, and yet no, he shall never endure the scorn of any woman. I would have him shun the cold, haughty Blanch, as he would the evil eye.

"I give thee my blessing, child of my friend, and only regret that when beauty was given thee, a heart was withholden. I shall visit thee shortly, and Roland, thy whilom secretary, will be with me, unless his shyness should prevent it, in which case my nephew claims the gentle privilege of seeing thee."

The last paragraph drove the blood from the face of Blanch. A thousand thoughts rushed upon her brain. She would see him only once—she could control her emotions—he would feel that the illusion was over—he might not come—she would forbid him her presence. Then came the wild thrill of pleasure at the thought she should once more hear the tones of his voice, meet the glance of those dark, love-lit eyes. Her reverie closed by a flood of tears.

Not many days after, the warder announced the approach of Sir Ralph and his train. Blanch and her maidens descended to the great hall to welcome her old and faithful friend. One glance amid his retainers showed that the secretary had refrained his visit, and she moved onward with a sense of relief.

The greeting of the baron was as cordial as his age and long friendship would seem to justify, and then he begged her courtesy in behalf of his nephew. The stranger raised his visor, and Blanch suppressed a cry of surprise. But the cold self-possession of the quondam secretary called into action her maidenly pride, and spite of her varying colour she ushered the way to the audience room with her ordinary composed grace.

Sir Ralph was puzzled—he was convinced that each was absorbed in the love of the other, and

he could not understand so much of stately punctilio.

After the first ceremony of reception was over, Blanch stepped upon the terrace that she might find relief from her almost suffocating emotions. Roland approached her, but she did not lift her eyes, or betray tokens of consciousness.

"Blanch, I have had dreams, wild and romantic dreams of womanly tenderness and devotion, such as I may never hope to realize. A mere boy I put spear in rest for you, and was rewarded with your coldness and scorn. I loved you still wildly, passionately. As a base-born dependant I won the love, ay, Blanch, it is true, I won the love of thy proud heart, and yet was an exile. And now," he had taken her passive hand in his, "I come not again to encounter scorn, for I feel that I am dear to thee."

Blanch bent her head, and the tears gushed to her eyes—she would have retired, but he gently detained her.

"Blanch, I may have been wrong. It may be that thy high-born pride, that spurned a base alliance, was worthy thy high-souled taste. It may be that I expected too much for love, and would have debased thee in thine own eyes by my selfish romance. It may."

Blanch buried her face in his bosom.

But why detail more. He who had won the proud maiden's love as an humble secretary could not fail to retain it as a brave knight and true. And the legend saith Sir Ralph retracted his reproach that the fates that gave Blanch beauty denied her a heart.

ON THE EVENING PRECEDING COMMENCEMENT IN ——— COLLEGE.

For four long years in union sweet,
We've often met, and kindly ever;
To-morrow—and again we'll meet
And part again, but part for ever.
Asunder torn, at random tossed,
Some hopes preserved and many lost.

O for a hand aside to fling
The veil that hides futurity;
To show events that time will bring,
To show the men that we will be,
The joys, the sorrows we will have,
How spend a life, where find a grave.

Woes may await us: cares perhaps
More dark than any youth has proven:
But oh, the robe affection wraps
Around our hearts is firmly woven;
Its threads are feelings closely knit,
Too close for cares to sunder it.

However bright, however drear,
May be life's coming changeful weather,

The friends of youth will still be dear,
And dear the hours we spent together.
Hope's wishes die, love's tendrils sever,
But memory's stores are hers for ever.

As once of old a Grecian sage,*
Seeing the shield his arm had bore
In battles of a long-past age,
Remembered all he was before,
And in the Samian he was then,
Recalled the Trojan he had been.

So in life's course should we ever meet,
With those we loved when we were young,
Whose features pictured kind and sweet,
In memory's temple we have hung,
How would their faces bring to view
The scenes, the joys that boyhood knew.

* Pythagoras, who supported the doctrine of metempsychosis, affirmed that on entering a temple of Juno and seeing a shield hung on the wall, he recollected himself to have been Euphorbus, who had borne that shield during the Trojan war. P.

THE COUSINS.

A TALE.

BY MISS MARY DAVENANT.

THERE is no being upon whom the blight of sorrow falls more fearfully than upon a young, enthusiastic woman. To find the bright morning of life suddenly overcast and clouds and darkness shrouding its beauty; to feel the warm sun of affection withdrawn, and the heart wither in the dreary night of desolation, is bitter indeed to all. But man soon forgets affliction, and seeks to do so, while to woman it seems a sacred treasure, and the memory of the dead is dear to her as her own existence.

From the deep stupefaction—for it can hardly be called sleep—which is the refuge of exhausted nature under sorrow, Louisa Hargrave opened her swollen eyes upon a bright spring morning. She was among strangers; for they had conveyed the orphan from her desolate home to the house of a kind neighbour, where she was to remain until the arrival of the relative, selected by the father she had just lost, to supply his place. The distance of the village where she now was from the metropolis in which her uncle resided, and its remoteness from any of the great routes on which the traveller is conveyed with such rapidity from one part of our Union to the other, had rendered it impossible to delay the funeral of her father until the arrival of his brother-in-law, and she had been left dependent, upon the kindness of those who were aliens to her blood, in the first dreary days of her bereavement. Three years before, Louisa had been deprived by death of an affectionate mother, and, as she had the misfortune to be an only child, she had been the sole comfort of her father in his widowed state. Isolated as they were from congenial companionship, for the section of country in which they resided had few inhabitants of their own condition of life, a more than ordinary affection had subsisted between the father and daughter; and when, after a short illness, this sole object of her love was borne from her to the house appointed for all living, she was left alone in the wide world with no nearer relative than an aunt, to the guardianship of whose husband, her father had consigned her. It is vain for us to attempt to withdraw the veil and enter the sanctuary of filial sorrow. Louisa could seldom weep, for the fountain of tears is soon exhausted, and a deep overwhelming grief has few outward manifestations common to lesser woes. She was passive in the hands of those about her, and hardly knew she was quitting the home of so much love, when she was placed in the carriage

and conveyed to the house of the physician from the neighbouring village who had attended her father. Here she was kindly cared for, and left to the free indulgence of her grief, for the good people who were about her had sorrowed themselves, and knew by experience that nature will have her tribute before the voice of consolation can reach the wounded bosom.

On the third day after Mr. Hargrave's funeral her uncle arrived, and when he tenderly embraced the stricken orphan and imprinted a parental kiss upon her forehead, she felt less desolate, and thanked Heaven for sending her such a friend.

Louisa knew but little of her aunt's family, for she had not seen them for many years, and her recollections of them were those of a very young child; but with these she was not now occupied, and her future destiny was as nothing to her. It was soon decided by her uncle that after the time it was requisite he should remain to look into the affairs of Mr. Hargrave, Louisa should accompany him home and become a member of his family. While Mr. Delford and his niece are accomplishing their tedious journey, we will take the liberty of conveying our reader rather more rapidly, and take a peep at his domestic circle before the arrival of the travellers.

Miss Caroline and Miss Susan Delford were seated *en robe de chambre* by the fire in their own room, engaged in that confidential chat in which sisters occupying the same apartment so often indulge just before retiring to rest. They expected their father and cousin the next day, and the subject under discussion was the reception of the new inmate of their family.

"I wonder what sort of a being she is," said Miss Susan, a young lady of about nineteen years. "Papa with his usual regard for our curiosity says nothing about her, but that she is in great affliction. Of course she must be vulgar, brought up as she has been among country bumpkins, and seeing nobody but her father, who, according to all accounts, must have been a very odd sort of a genius."

"It is likely she is unpolished enough," replied her sister, "but she must be made of rough materials indeed if we cannot rub her down a little."

"I must say," said Susan, "I think it a most quixotic notion in papa to undertake to bring another inmate into the family without consulting his own children. There are enough of us here without her."

"But if the poor thing has no other home?" said Caroline.

"She could very well be put to boarding school for a year or two, as she is but sixteen. Some of us may be married by that time, and if she must come here at last she will then be a more presentable person than she now is, fresh from the wild woods. Heavens! I shall die with mortification at her exhibiting her gaucherie before our friends."

"But she may not be so very bad after all. The blood of the Hargraves you know—"

"Spare me the blood of the Hargraves! If you come to that I have done, for it is mamma's unanswerable argument, and is I believe the only one that would have induced her to take this girl into the house. I wish with all my heart her father had not taken it into his head to die, and inflict his precious daughter upon us. I know I shall hate her."

"Heaven help the poor thing if you undertake to hate her! I am sure I wish as much as you do that our uncle had not died just at this time, when there are so many parties. It is very hard we are to be kept in for a man we hardly knew, but I suppose a few weeks seclusion is all that will be required of us."

"I don't mind the seclusion, for I have had gaiety enough for one season," said Susan. "It is hard for you, I confess, for a few more brilliant appearances might possibly fix the chains of Mr. Etheredge, your sage admirer, indissolubly."

"Susan, how you talk," said her sister, "as if I would accept Mr. Etheredge, a man more than twice my age."

"And thrice your wealth. Let me see—he is but about forty-five, the prime of life in the opinion of some folks. Swear you think it so, and let it get to his ears. He is then yours for ever, for he is possessed with a fixed idea of youth."

"Is it possible, Susan," said her sister, "that with my advantages I need stoop to solicit the admiration of any one, much less of such a man as that? You forget yourself strangely."

"I humbly crave the pardon of your royal highness. I had forgotten that royalty commands, never solicits. Caroline, you are supremely ridiculous when you assume these airs to me, of all people, who know you so thoroughly. But come, we will not quarrel now, for I want to talk about this girl. What shall we do with her?"

"Do with her? Why nothing. Let her alone, and she will take care of herself, or leave her to mamma. She can manage her well enough."

"I don't suppose she will have much fortune. My father writes that the estate is smaller than he thought, and the income will be barely enough to cover her expenses. Heigh ho! I am getting sleepy. Caroline, you must do the consolatory part—bend gracefully over the mourner, drop a sympathizing tear, &c. You are so consummate an actress you can get through the part to perfection, while I would bungle it sadly."

"Susan, you are too bad. Have you really no compassion for her?"

"Assuredly I have—just as much as you—not more, nor less—good night." So saying, these amiable sisters retired to their repose.

Their mother, Mrs. Delford, was one of those perfectly selfish persons, numerous, I fear, in every condition of life, though they are less repulsive when their egotism is concealed by the polish of conventional refinement, than when we look upon it in its native ugliness without that silver veil. She was courteous and polite, not that she might gratify others, but that they might be pleased with her. As a girl, she had been spoiled by her parents, and admired by the world, and after her marriage to a kind and affectionate husband, her selfish vanity only enlarged its sphere, enclosing all that immediately concerned herself, in one magic circle in which alone perfection was to be found. Her house and her furniture were vastly superior to those of her neighbours. Her children were the most gifted, the most accomplished, the most healthy (for even this, instead of a source of gratitude to Heaven, was converted into an occasion for boasting) of any family of her acquaintance. No mother was half so devoted, no father half so distinguished. So far the hallucination was only ridiculous, not offensive. But when it led her to decry others, to dilate upon the deficiencies of their establishments, the inferiority of their children, the humbleness of their origin, the defects of their character, the scantiness of their means, it became positive sin; and had she not possessed the tact to discriminate between those to whom such detraction is acceptable, and that smaller class who seek the good instead of the evil in their neighbour's portion, she would soon have appeared to all in her true colours, instead of being considered, as she generally was, "a very agreeable woman, a little vain, perhaps, but knowing the world." The effect of this character on her family was just what might have been expected from their having been reared under the firm impression of their superiority to the rest of the world. Her eldest daughter, Caroline, now about twenty-one, was very beautiful, but ignorant, selfish and vain. Susan was plain in her appearance, possessed more talent than her sister and more ill-nature, and the younger children (for there was a wide difference in age between Susan and the brother next herself) were spoiled and troublesome. Fortunately for Louisa Mrs. Delford's egotism included, though of course in a minor degree, the relatives most nearly connected with her. She had seen but little of her only brother, Mr. Hargrave, for many years; still his child was *her* niece, and as such, when she welcomed the sorrowing orphan on her arrival, she felt pleased she could offer a home to one so young and desolate. Her reception by her cousins was less cordial, but Louisa was too much agitated to observe it, and, as she was immediately after attacked by a tedious illness, the result of

sorrow and fatigue, she was for many weeks unable to mix at all with the family. Mrs. Delford prided herself greatly on her skill as a nurse, and was devoted to the invalid. Caroline and Susan were as little with her as they could decently be, but as they came now and then to inquire how she was, and Louisa was not of an exacting temper, she saw nothing amiss. After her recovery, however, she began to perceive by little and little the real state of their feelings towards her. Her aunt began to criticise one thing, her cousins another, and all blamed the indulgence of the grief she regarded as a sacred tribute to her father's memory; a totally different standard of right was exhibited to her, and she felt as in a kind of uneasy dream from which she hoped she might soon awake, and find her faculties relieved of the chain that was weighing upon them. Her father, a man of superior education and sincere piety, had been anxious that his only child should combine the graceful attributes of womanhood with strength of character and devotion to duty. But man can poorly estimate the peculiar trials to which woman is most frequently subjected, and his error had been, that he encouraged rather than repressed the extreme sensibility and ardent imagination of his child, and while he felt the charm they threw around his own existence, forgot that these same endowments might one day be productive of misery to herself. The Miss Delfords were greatly surprised to find in their country cousin a grace and refinement of manner that was seldom surpassed by their fashionable associates, and as she had seen nothing of the world, and had never learned to dance, they were quite at a loss to know how this polish had been acquired. Their mother said it was to be ascribed entirely to the Hargrave blood, and with this explanation, for want of a better, they were obliged to be contented. Still they did not like her. Susan, in particular, true to the prejudice she had taken up before seeing her cousin, was not at any pains to conceal how little she was pleased with the addition to the family circle. Louisa felt this keenly, and finding her cousins would not let her love them, would fain have turned towards her aunt, and poured forth upon her the affection her heart was yearning to bestow, but any exhibition of it was repelled by the cold and polished exterior from which it would glance like the reflected sunbeam. Her uncle was always kind and considerate, but he was much absorbed in business, and she was consequently but little with him.

The three months seclusion which Mrs. Delford required from her daughters had now passed, and the glowing brightness of summer was sending the fair and fashionable from the heated town to the still more heated rooms and crowded halls of the different watering places. The Miss Delfords were allowed to join a party of friends who were visiting Saratoga, and here the beautiful Caroline riveted the chains of her admirer, Mr. Etheredge, and on her return engaged to marry

him during the ensuing autumn, notwithstanding her repeated assertions that she would never think of him. Susan had apparently made no conquest, and the asperity of her criticisms upon more successful belles was not abated. She knew she was not handsome, but she thought her wit, fashion and consequence more than compensated for that defect. Unfortunately for herself, her temper displayed itself rather more plainly than she was aware of, and frightened away those who might have been attracted by her other advantages. She fully appreciated the motives that induced her sister to accept Mr. Etheredge's addresses, and though she gave out to the world, as is usual on such occasions, that she was delighted with the match, yet in private she uttered many a bitter jest upon disinterested affection, the charm of a first love, &c. &c., which were any thing but agreeable to her sister. Mrs. Delford was really pleased, for the gentleman was wealthy and of good family; that he was rather old and personally uninteresting was Caroline's concern, and as she never dreamed that *her* daughter could do wrong, she took it for granted she loved him quite as well as was necessary. Mr. Delford, who, though a sensible man, saw with his wife's eyes, and heard with her ears, was entirely satisfied, so that preparations for the marriage were immediately commenced.

But what a contrast did the gay excitement that now pervaded the family afford to the dark and desolate feelings of the orphan, who was among them though not of them. With no one about her who noticed her sadness but to chide its indulgence, none with whom she could, as it were, live over again the happy past, by dwelling on its brightness, her heart seemed frozen within her, and had it not been for her trust in Him who is the Father of the fatherless, she would have sunk entirely under the chilling influences that surrounded her. A portion of her father's well chosen library had been, by her own request, sent after her, and among them were some of his favourite religious authors, which she now read with great profit. In all the books were many passages marked by his own hand, and these seemed to speak to her as if from himself. Still, though religion may shed her heavenly light upon the mind, and the gifted dead may speak to us through their glowing pages, the human heart sighs for human love and the sympathy of the living, and pines and languishes without it. But Louisa did not allow her own sadness to prevent her being as useful as she could be to her aunt and family on this great occasion, and she soon found that she gained more of their good will by the interest she was forced to feign (for she could not feel it), in dress and fashions, and her really exquisite taste in furniture, decorations, &c., than she had done since she had been with them.

Caroline's wedding was indeed a brilliant affair, and most amusing was the account given of it by Susan to Louisa (who had not been present) after

the company had gone, and the bride departed for the splendid mansion of her husband.

"Oh, Louisa," she said, "if you could but have seen poor Mr. Etheredge when Dr. Oxford asked him for the ring, and he could not find it, first feeling in one pocket, then in another, and when Caroline was ready to faint at the ridiculous figure he was making, and he trembling with fright, thinking he could not be married at all, there it was in his own glove, where he had put it to have it *handy*. And then his aunt, old Miss Etheredge, who is about seventy years old, and has not been in company this century, with such a cap! and a velvet dress that looked as if it had walked out of some old picture, it was so forlorn and old-fashioned, and yet she had a splendid pair of diamond ear-rings, and a Sevigné that really dazzled my eyes. She really looked as if she had no business with them, and I hoped every moment to see her take them out, and present them to the bride, but the stingy old thing never thought of it, and no doubt considered them vastly becoming. Then there were old Mrs. Griscom and Miss Griscom crying as if their hearts would break, and that odious Mary Trefoil that Caroline delights in, and I hate, with her gorgeous embroidered satin, looking ready to die with envy that she was not getting married herself, yet so very sentimental that she could take no supper from her excess of feeling; and that booby, Charles Spencer, who did nothing but throw himself into attitudes, and say 'yes,' 'certainly,' 'assuredly,' to every one who had the sense to make a remark, a sin of which he was never guilty in all his life. And Mr. Lomond, with his finished elegance, flourishing, complimenting and bowing until I was really afraid he would break in two, paying the same compliments to every lady, and when he had gone all round, he began again with me, and said the very same things over again. I have affronted him for ever, for I could not help letting him know that I had heard it all before, and you never saw a man so crestfallen in your life. I cannot tell you how I enjoyed his confusion." So ran on Susan, with her usual good nature, and with much more in the same strain, which we have not time to repeat.

After the wedding there was of course the usual gaiety, which continued almost without interruption through the winter, and two more springs and summers passed away, and Mrs. Delford's family were still engrossed in the same round of heartless dissipation, bearing no record of well-spent hours in the advancement of either their moral or intellectual culture. Not so, however, with Louisa. From the timid, sensitive girl, she had now ripened into the lovely and intelligent woman. The discipline she had undergone in her aunt's family, by stifling the growth of the affectionate feelings of her heart, had thrown her the more upon the resources of her intellect, and in its cultivation the happiest hours of the three long years since her father's death had been passed. The en-

thusiasm of her character seemed to find an echo in the bright creations of genius, and from the vapid frivolity and selfish vanity that surrounded her, she turned with delight to the companionship of those master minds, who by leading her to the contemplation of all that is great and good, elevated her thoughts above the world and the paltry interests that absorb so many of the immortal souls within it. Time had its usual blessed influence in moderating her grief, but the wound was too deep to be entirely healed—the memory of her father was still enshrined as the dearest object of her affection, and her sense of his loss was undiminished.

About this time a young lady from another city, a distant relative of Mr. Delford, came to pay a visit to his family, and had not been with them many days before she began to feel a strong interest in Louisa.

She was the daughter of a very distinguished man, and as such, independent of personal endowments, was entitled to, and received great attention. But few could associate with Mary Egerton without discovering that she was one of those who adorn their station much more than it can adorn them. She was handsome, accomplished, intelligent, highly cultivated and amiable—not what the world calls amiable, which is a term too often applied to vapid dullness which seems too indolent to rouse itself to opposition, but possessed of amiability in its highest sense—one who loved her friends with ardour, and was dearly loved in return, but who had the independence to think for herself, and to utter her sentiments without fear, when they might benefit another, even to her own injury. She was now about twenty-five, old enough to have considerable knowledge of the world, in which she had mixed largely; and her quick powers of observation enabled her to discriminate those shades of character which are so often kept out of view by the uniform disguise of conventional politeness. Though highly gifted and greatly admired, she was still unmarried. Why, she perhaps can tell—I will not.

The kind attention Miss Egerton bestowed upon Louisa seemed to awaken within her powers she had before been unconscious of possessing. In the society which usually frequented Mrs. Delford's house, she had learned to think she must be of quite an unsocial temper, as she could take but little interest in what was going forward. But now, under the magic wand of Mary Egerton, it seemed to have changed its character; a few superior people were added to the circle attracted by the guest, and a new tone was immediately given to the whole. Powers and faculties which had before been held in abeyance, now started into life, and Louisa was astonished to see many from whom she had formerly heard nothing but insipid chat, now sustaining their part with credit in instructive and delightful conversation.

The quick eye of Miss Egerton soon discovered the position Louisa occupied in her aunt's family.

Her generous feelings were at once interested for her, and she determined if possible to try to inspire her with a confidence in herself that might place her above the necessity of submitting to the selfish impositions of the family, particularly of Susan, who would avail herself to the uttermost of Louisa's good nature, and frequently repay her kindness with taunts and contempt. With this view she insisted upon it that Louisa should return home with her, and Mrs. Delford, though disappointed that Susan was not included in the invitation, finding that Louisa was very anxious to go with her friend, gave her permission to do so. Miss Egerton had for several years been at the head of the establishment of her father, who was now advanced in life, and had long been a widower. She was his youngest child, and the others being either married or established at a distance from home, she was the presiding genius there. "Now Louisa," she said to our heroine soon after her arrival, "I am going to establish you completely as one of the family. Whenever you are tired of papa and me there is your own little room, where I have put some books I know you love, that you can retreat to and be as unsociable as you please. But I insist upon it that whenever our friends are around us, or you and I are out together as we shall often be, that you must not be as you were at home, ashamed of the sound of your own voice when a stranger is present."

"Oh dear Mary, you know I never go into company," replied Louisa, "and here it is so much pleasanter to listen than it was at Aunt Delford's that I am afraid I shall be more silent than ever."

"But I intend you shall go into company, and enjoy it too," said her friend. "You are now nineteen, and absolutely require a little association with the world to make you feel your own consequence. You say you are like another being since you have known me. Now there are a hundred people in this town that are just as clever as I am in whose society you will enjoy a great deal of pleasure, provided you will let them see what you really are."

"If there are so many here it is strange there should be so few at home," said Louisa. "I have heard Aunt Delford, Caroline and Susan talk of almost every body in society there, and it always seemed to me they must be a very disagreeable set, and I never saw any thing that led me to alter my opinion except while you were with us."

"Well, you will not have Aunt Delford to judge for you here, so you must find out for yourself. You are a good girl, and have been too much used to obedience to dispute my sovereign authority, and I say that you can and must go wherever I want you to go, and we will soon see how you like it."

Louisa loved her too well to think of resisting, and as Mary had foreseen the simple dignity of her friend's manners, the intelligence of her conversation and the loveliness of her appearance

soon attracted attention in the refined circle to which she was introduced.

"Do you think Mrs. Delford and Susan would like the people here any better than those at home?" asked Miss Egerton of Louisa one day.

"I am sure she would—she could not help it, they are so infinitely superior," replied Louisa.

"And I am just as sure she would not," said her friend. "She is one of a class who seldom admire any thing that is not immediately connected with themselves or can minister in some way to their own vanity. The people you have heard her abuse at home are probably just as good as those you admire so much here. Louisa, I must talk to you a little about your situation in your aunt's family—that you are not happy there is evident."

"I have never said so to a human being," said Louisa, her eyes filling with tears. "I love my uncle and he is always kind to me, and if my aunt and Susan would only let me love them"—

"But they never will unless they change their natures, which is not probable. The unkind, ungenerous manner in which I saw you treated shocked me before I had been a week in Mr. Delford's house, and I must say I blame him for permitting it; had it not been that I feared to wound his feelings and hoped to be a friend to you, I should have left the house within a very short time of my entering it. Do not cry so bitterly Louisa, it is I that am abusing them, not you. Believe me, it is for your good that I do it, for I think you only increase the evil under which you suffer by your passive unresisting temper. To your aunt it is your duty to submit, and she is much more kind to you than Susan, to whom you owe no such duty—her conduct is really insufferable."

"But you know Susan has a very quick temper—she was not kind even to Caroline."

"Her quick temper is no excuse for oppression. Were you a humble dependant on her bounty she could not require more from you than she now does. And those younger children too, George and Sophia—the demands they make upon your time and attention are absolutely unceasing."

"They love me, and Susan will never do any thing they ask her, poor children."

"Spoiled children if you please," said Mary, "that show their love by calling upon you to minister to all their foolish fancies. One generous grateful heart has no chance among such a mass of selfishness as lives and flourishes there. Take my advice Louisa, and on your return try to assume the place you ought to occupy in the family; now you are little better than a servant without her wages. Be affectionate as ever to your aunt, but when Susan and the rest attempt to impose upon you, go quietly to your own room, and let them wait upon themselves. I am sure I sometimes thought your limbs would give way in some of their perpetual progresses up and down stairs, and from one end of the town to the other.

I was often tempted to ask why they did not sometimes send their waiting maid."

"Oh Lucille is entirely too dignified to run about for what they want."

"Why do they keep her then?"

"She dresses hair beautifully, and arranges my aunt's caps and turbans with so much taste that they could not get on at all without her. Nothing else would induce them to submit to her impertinence as they do. I sometimes wonder they can bear it."

"Vanity will make people endure a great deal. She gratifies theirs by the exercise of her taste, and they think it *distingué* to have a Parisian dressing maid. Those who value such paltry distinctions must make some sacrifice to retain her. When you go home you must get Lucille to dress your hair too, and go out sometimes with your aunt and Susan as you have done with me."

"Indeed I cannot promise to do that," said Louisa, "for I am sure I should not enjoy it at all. Whenever I was at any of my aunt's parties I would wish myself away a hundred times in the course of the evening—and besides, I think it a sad waste of existence to devote it to such trifling pursuits as most of the people I see there pass their lives in."

"And you are paying me the compliment of thinking I want to degrade you into a mere butterfly of fashion? Thank you, Louisa—I will just ask you one question—why do you think I urge this upon you?"

"To make me happier, of course," said Louisa.

"Yes, and to increase your influence in life, particularly in the family in which your lot has been cast. You have more talent, cultivation and higher views of duty than any about you, but of what avail is it to them? Who listens to your opinion about any matter of importance? Do they not consider you romantic, bookish, knowing nothing of the world? Oh Louisa, you may perhaps have been sent among them for some good purpose. Look at that thoughtless Mrs. Etheredge, almost breaking her husband's heart with her silly vanity, and priding herself upon the number of her admirers—she a wife and mother. Who can tell where her silly vanity may lead her."

"But could I do any thing to make her less fond of admiration?" said Louisa. "Believe me, I do the most I can when I go, as I often do, and sit in the nursery with her babies when she is in company. I have often asked her how she could bear to leave them so much, and she says they do as well without her as with her. Poor Mr. Etheredge looks so very sad and thanks me so kindly for staying, that it is a greater satisfaction to me than going to any party could be."

"And so it ought to be," said Mary; "but the question is, whether your influence with this poor deluded woman would not be greater if she saw you valued by the world she so worships, than it now is when she regards you as a good little domestic drudge about whom no one cares?"

"Possibly she might," said Louisa, "though she does not mind Susan much, who often says very hard things to her about her fondness for admiration."

"Susan and you are very different characters. Were I her adviser instead of yours, I would shut her up in a convent, or maybe in a worse place for the rest of her life. She could then harm no one—as to doing good, she is not capable of it. You have the power, but situated as you are you cannot use it. The class of people you live among value goodness but little for its own sake; it must have the current stamp, and may then perhaps be appreciated."

"Ah, if it only had been my lot to remain in the sweet retirement where I was once so happy, and knew nothing of the world and its ways. After being the sole object of affection to such a man as my dear father, it is doubly hard to be the unloved creature I have been ever since."

"You know, dear Louisa, that it is not for us shortsighted mortals to dispute the appointments of Providence. Your past and present trials may have been more beneficial to the development of your character than the calm repose of your former life. We must all expect trouble, yours came early upon you, and I hope may soon pass away. Under all circumstances you must remember that you have at least one true and devoted friend who will never desert you."

And Louisa felt that it was so, and after her return home endeavoured to follow the advice of one she loved and admired so much. Her aunt and cousins could not help being surprised that the Cinderella of their fireside should have been metamorphosed by any fairy into a person of consequence during her absence; but with Mrs. Delford's usual egotism she ascribed all the attention Louisa had received to her relationship to herself.

"I knew very well, Louisa," she said, "that my acquaintances there would be very civil to you. My hospitality to strangers has been such that there are few parts of the Union which my daughter or my niece could visit without being much noticed. My friends have really been kind, and I have no doubt, Louisa, they saw by your manners and conversation that the advantages of the position you occupy in my family had not been lost upon you."

Louisa could hardly suppress a smile at the idea of Mrs. Delford's claims to attention being superior to those of her distinguished host, even in the city that esteemed him one of its greatest ornaments. But what will not vanity appropriate? Mrs. Delford continued:

"During your absence, Louisa, we have made the acquaintance and secured the friendship of one of the most charming men I ever met with. Even Susan is completely fascinated with him, and you know it must be endowments of no common order that can gain the admiration of a girl of her superior mind."

Louisa inquired the gentleman's name. "Mr. St. Leger, a man of family and fortune."

"I have heard General Egerton speak of him; just from his travels in the East, is he not?"

"He has been travelling not only in the East, but in all parts of the world, for the last seven or eight years. And then he is so graceful and accomplished, to say nothing of his good looks—is passionately fond of music, and you know there are few here that can compare with Susan in musical talent. He is now out of town, but will return in a day or two, when you will find I have not said a word too much in his praise."

Louisa's curiosity was a little excited to see this prodigy that could move even Susan to admiration, and she was pleased when a few evenings after Mr. St. Leger was announced to the family circle assembled in the drawing-room. He was not presented to Louisa, but she was accustomed to such neglect, and was therefore surprised when after having paid his compliments to the circle Mr. St. Leger advanced towards her as she sat with a book before her in a distant part of the room, saying "Miss Hargrave, I presume," with a glance at Mrs. Delford.

"Ah, I had quite forgotten," said she; "Miss Hargrave, Mr. St. Leger."

"Miss Hargrave will I know excuse my anticipating your introduction, my dear madam, when I deliver my credentials in the form of a letter from her friend Miss Egerton, who I am happy to say I left last evening in perfect health." So saying he handed a letter to Louisa. Before she could more than look her acknowledgment Mrs. Delford put in.

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. St. Leger, for troubling yourself with Louisa's letter. Miss Egerton is well you say—I did not think she was in her usual looks when she left us two months ago. My friends were all very attentive to her while she was staying here, and of course it was exceedingly gratifying to me that they were so, but such a constant round of dissipation was almost too much for her."

"So she informed me," said the gentleman, "but at the same time said it was impossible to resist the kind importunities of her father's numerous friends here."

"The general is, I hope, in his usual health?" said the unabashed matron. "I did not know you were intimate in the family."

"I was extremely so with General Egerton's son, who you may recollect died abroad, and have since corresponded with his father, but never had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance until my recent visit to him."

Meanwhile Louisa had slipped very quietly from the room to enjoy in private her friend's letter, in which she eulogized the bearer, and begged Louisa to receive him as a friend. "I only regret," she added, "that you left us as soon as you did, for the very next day brought this delightful addition to our domestic circle—he tells me that

he is intimate at Mrs. Delford's, and I hope you will let him become well acquainted with you."

After Louisa returned to the drawing-room, where the circle had been increased by the arrival of other visitors, Mr. St. Leger drew his chair next her and entered into conversation. He was an uncommonly handsome man, of little more than thirty years of age, and his manner was frank, dignified and polished. Susan was apparently engaged with a lounging exquisite on the other side of the room, but while Louisa was listening with sparkling eye to Mr. St. Leger, while he spoke of her friend and expressed his admiration of one she loved so well, she caught Susan's eye fixed upon her with a look that positively startled her. A few moments afterwards Mrs. Delford called her, and after a little conversation sent her from the room to attend to something for one of the children, and she did not again return to it. So it happened on almost every occasion of Mr. St. Leger's visits. Susan was usually called to the piano-forte as soon as the gentleman began to talk to her cousin, and as he was very fond of music, and she was a fine performer, he was of course obliged to listen, and Louisa was engrossed by her aunt or got rid of in some other way.

Mrs. Delford's management for once overshot the mark. Mr. St. Leger was clear-sighted though unsuspicious, and of a very generous temper. He had become interested in our heroine, both from her own attractions and the high opinion Miss Egerton entertained of her, and was really desirous to cultivate her acquaintance, never dreaming that by so doing he was counteracting any secret plan that had been formed against his liberty and happiness—for he was not vain. But when he found Mrs. Delford so continually thrusting herself in the way of his enjoyment of Louisa's society he became observant of the treatment she generally received in the family, and his sympathies were at once roused in her behalf. Pity and admiration are dangerous inmates in a generous bosom, and Mr. St. Leger, the admired and courted, soon found that the intelligence, gentleness and beauty of the oppressed orphan had made a deep impression upon him. It was not long before Susan made the same discovery, and her dislike to her cousin now deepened into the most deadly hatred.

This she however resolved to conceal under the mask of more than usual kindness, and Louisa, who was of too noble a nature to suspect treachery, thanked her friend Mary Egerton most sincerely for suggesting the mode of conduct by which she thought she had gained the respect of her worldly-minded relative. Of Mr. St. Leger's attachment to herself she had not as yet any suspicion, but how did she feel towards him? This she hardly dare ask herself. Gratitude, ardent gratitude, that he, the gifted, the admired, should in the gayest assemblies leave the side of the brightest daughters of fashion to devote himself to her, and give

her consequence by the attention he bestowed upon her—this she must feel; admiration too of his talents, his varied acquisitions, the rich and copious stream of eloquence with which, when excited by his subject, he would delight his listeners—his reverential loving spirit, so unlike the carping hypercriticism of so many of the present day, which seemed so open to all that was good, and dwelt not on the evil. And then the tribute paid by all to his many virtues, his enlarged charities, she thought that every woman must feel this. And Louisa was a woman, an ardent, sensitive, enthusiastic woman, and she loved devotedly and with her whole soul before she even thought of loving. Her aunt, intent as usual on self-glorification, tried to persuade herself it was only respect for the family that induced Mr. St. Leger to attach himself so frequently to Louisa's side. "You cannot think," she said one day to her husband, "how kind Mr. St. Leger is to Louisa. You know she has not a very general acquaintance among the gentlemen, and often sits still while the others are dancing, and he always makes it a point to go and sit by her and talk to her. It is so thoughtful in him, whenever he cannot be with Susan he is always with Louisa."

"And do you think he talks with Louisa to please Susan?" asked Mr. Delford. "I rather fancy it is to please himself. Since you told me you thought he had a liking for Susan I have observed St. Leger whenever I have seen him with the girls, and certainly think he likes Louisa best."

"Louisa!" cried Mrs. Delford; "impossible!"

"She is, of course, not to be compared with Susan, my dear, in any thing else, but she is certainly prettier, and most men are guided very much by the eye in choosing a wife."

Poor Mrs. Delford was for a few moments confounded by finding her secret misgivings thus confirmed by her husband, but she soon took courage and endeavoured by such powerful words (for arguments they were not) to prove him mistaken in his conjectures, that he was at last obliged to recant and say that "possibly it might be so."

Meantime Susan's new-born kindness towards Louisa continued unabated, and on the occasions that Mrs. Delford had alluded to she would frequently leave the dancers and join her cousin and Mr. St. Leger in their conversation. Here she was usually followed by Mr. Lomond, the gentleman she had so ridiculed at the time of Caroline's wedding, but who had quite forgiven the offence, and she would generally contrive to detach St. Leger from Louisa and fix Lomond in his place. By degrees the attentions of this latter gentleman became somewhat annoying; he would fasten himself by Louisa's side, load her with compliments, and evidently seemed determined to make himself agreeable to her. Louisa was too well bred to be positively rude to him, and too little accustomed to society to possess the art by which a woman of any tact can generally free herself from such annoyances. She therefore submitted to it with

the best grace she could, though she sometimes actually cried with vexation when a whole evening would pass, and this uninteresting being maintain his post and not allow her a single moment's unrestrained conversation with Mr. St. Leger, who gradually ceased to seek the opportunities for it he once would so gladly have embraced. At length, after becoming more and more distant in his manner towards her, Mr. St. Leger left town for an indefinite period. "He should," he said, "travel through the whole country—he had been a wanderer so long that he found he could not be contented by remaining in one place—perhaps he might go to the Rocky Mountains"—in fact it was evident he did not think of a return.

The whole family were startled at this sudden determination, and Mrs. Delford was certainly deeply disappointed. But alas! for poor Louisa. Who can tell the feeling of utter desolation that came upon her when she heard these cruel words? She nearly fainted on the spot, but her woman's pride came to her aid and enabled her to bid him a farewell as cold and distant as his own. She had sufficient presence of mind after the door had closed upon him to make some trifling remark to Susan, and then feign an excuse for retiring to her own chamber. But Susan saw the anguish of her victim, and her cold grey eye glistened with joy at the success of her arts. I am revenged, she thought, now I can rest in peace.

Oh woman! with all the fine-strung chords of your deep affections, why is it they are so often wrung with agony instead of sounding forth the clear notes of joy? Why is it that the most gifted among you so often suffer most, and the storms of life beat most tempestuously on the tenderest natures? Why, but that you may feel that here is not your rest, and that you may long more ardently for that better land where sorrow never enters. Deep and fearful was the conflict in Louisa's breast, and sorely did nature rebel at the trial she was called on to endure. Many wearisome days and darkened nights were appointed her before any approach to submission was attained. But did she blame him she now found was so dear to her for all the sorrow he had caused? No—she felt that though he had been all kindness, "all duty, all observance" towards her, it might have been but a generous friendship on his part, and only reproached herself for the vanity that made her for a short season hope she might be loved. He was too good, too noble for aught like falsehood to approach, and she acknowledged that her sufferings were the consequence of her own blind folly. She was humbled too in the consciousness that her strength of character had been overrated by the friend whose good opinion she most valued. "Little did Mary know," she would say, "my innate weakness when she spoke of my being a guide to others. Even Caroline is wiser than I, for with all her vanity she has never made the utter shipwreck of her happiness that I have—"

and Susan too could admire him and enjoy his society, yet be as gay as ever when he is gone—while I feel as if the light of life had departed with him, and only wish that I had been laid at rest beside my parents before I knew what a cold heartless region this world was.”

The family affected not to notice the deep depression of Louisa as she moved among them in her usual avocations, though it was evident to all. They would frequently banter Susan on the loss of her favourite, and though it was painful to herself, she enjoyed the sharper pang she knew each gay jest inflicted on her cousin. But Louisa was by degrees gaining a support of which the other knew but little; it was that of a well-grounded religious faith, that led her to cling more closely to the arm that chastened her, and to feel each day that she was more and more a stranger and a pilgrim on the earth.

Mr. St. Leger had not been absent many weeks before Louisa was surprised by receiving a very flourishing offer of his hand and heart from Mr. Lomond, and on her declining the unexpected honour, he assumed the air of a much injured man, and abused her as a flirt and a coquette. She was, however, relieved from his annoying attentions, and for that she was thankful.

Whether we are sorrowful or happy, time still passes on, and six weary months had moved over the sad Louisa, when Mary Egerton again claimed her. In her letters she had been careful not to betray that she had experienced any trials of a more than ordinary nature, and Mary was therefore much surprised to observe the change that so short a time had wrought in the appearance of her friend. She was not long in winning from Louisa the story of her sorrows, for sympathy is a master key that can unlock the most secret portals of the heart. With her quick apprehension she soon came to the conclusion that some art had been used to separate two beings she thought formed for each other, and determined, if possible, to unravel the mystery.

Her efforts were successful, and by an apparent accident she learned that the unsuspicious St. Leger had been induced by Susan Delford to believe that a strong attachment subsisted between Mr. Lomond and Louisa—that her aunt objected to the match, and that this was the reason of Louisa's restrained and distant manner to her lover. The same busy mischief-maker had whispered into Lomond's ear a hint of a secret liking and a handsome independence possessed by Louisa. His open reprobation of her conduct had afforded the clue by which the whole was discovered. As soon as it was all clear to Miss Egerton, she at once determined, with her father's approbation,

to keep Louisa with her, provided Mr. Delford would yield to such an arrangement. He had long seen that Louisa was not happy in his house, and as she was now nearly of age, he consented that she should select her own residence.

Here Louisa's faded cheek once more bloomed under the fostering care of her kind protectors, and here, within a year after her change of abode, she was united to Mr. St. Leger. Our readers may imagine the most romantic reunion they can devise. We cannot describe it.

Many years have passed since Louisa's marriage; sons and daughters of beauty are now blooming around her, and in their love, the warm attachment of her husband and the regard of a numerous circle of friends, she no longer feels this world to be the cold and cheerless dwelling it once was to her. Her warm affections, then so chilled, now throw a radiance on all about her, and while the sorrows of her youth make her more deeply grateful for the happiness of her maturer years, she acknowledges their value in having led her to the true source of all consolation. After her marriage, by which she was placed in a situation of wealth and influence, she was much caressed by her aunt's family, and at one time had hopes that she might realize Miss Egerton's wishes, and lead them to adopt higher views and aims in life. But when selfishness and worldliness obtain full possession of the soul, it must be more than human power that can drive them forth, and it was only on Caroline, who felt some compunctious visitings when she contrasted the devotion of her cousin to her domestic duties, with her own neglect of them, that she obtained any real influence; but even then, it was far from being such as she desired. Susan Delford is advancing in life unloved and unhonoured. With no resources that render single life respected, she is a censorious, envious old maid. The secret of her conduct to Louisa was whispered about, and gained for her the obloquy she deserved. After the death of her parents, she would gladly have entered the family of one of her married sisters, but Caroline was too selfish to think of sacrificing her domestic ease to a sister who had always delighted to mortify her, and the temper of Sophia too closely resembles her own for any concord to be hoped for between them. She therefore wanders from one boarding house to another, quarrelling with all her hostesses, and fomenting disputes among the lodgers; and as she passes among the gay and blooming of her native town, they shrink from her side, for she has often been held up to them as a warning against the danger of indulging in a love for distraction.

THE VISIT.

A SIMPLE TALE TOUCHING SOME OF THE WORLD'S WEAKNESSES.

BY MRS. MARY B. HORTON.

If one had been listening at the door, or in the well-lined closet of a small, pretty chamber, at the window of which the friendly wind was lifting now and then the white looped curtains, that the green leaves of a clustering vine might take a better peep at the scene within—if, as I say, one had been listening, (which I confess would have been a very improper thing!) they might have heard the rosy-cheeked occupant and mistress of all she surveyed, exclaim, "Boston, dear Boston!" in the true *a la Kemble* style. But to tell a story well, it is quite important to commence well. So let me answer three inquiries about this rosy-cheeked maiden, which I know are trembling on the tongue of the gentle girl, or more lordly but as curious youth, who may be whiling away a moment over this tale.

In the first place, her name; in the second, was she engaged; in the third, where did she dwell? She was called at that quite unpleasant, but I suppose very necessary period, introduction, "Miss Elizabeth Grey." But with those who knew and loved her well, 'twas simply "Lizzy." Was she engaged? If the course of a small black chain about her fair neck had been followed from the neat gold clasp which fastened it, the questioner would have met a locket, which opening by a spring, showed the fine features of seemingly a very young man. They could not have been those of her dear father, for the hair was beautifully dark, and slightly curling over his open brow—her father's locks were gray with years. Lizzy had no brother, and it may well be said that it looked suspicious, very—that miniature of a stranger placed so near her heart. But if it were necessary to bring more proof, look out with me upon the green below the window of the pretty chamber I have told you of before, and watch the eager spring of a horseman to the ground, and tell me if he look not very much like a lover, such as you may have heard of when your heart stirred within you with the first romance of youth. A long while they have been separated—a day. And now he is looking up to catch a glimpse of a sweet face, which he knows will glance a look of love upon him soon, through the green lattice-work of leaves, that seem to her to be always murmuring his name. Ah! there it is. The eyes are softer than they were when we first looked upon them, and "Francis, dear Francis," is now upon her lips.

What could one wish more to teach them that

Lizzy's lot in life was fixed—that the future was to her one beautiful perspective of bright and joyful scenes in which that dark-haired youth and herself would wander with ever fresh and glowing love. Yet to remove all doubt, I will say that the village belles and beaux had received the news of Lizzy Grey's engagement to Francis Low from good authority—Mrs. Stone, a lady very much interested in the prospects of all her friends, who had seen them twice walking arm in arm up the main street! My reader will agree with all who heard this fact (and these were soon all the village) that nothing more could be said about the matter.

Every one knows that New England claims a noble river which waters its western section. Upon the Massachusetts bank of this long-wandering stream was located the dwelling of Mr. Grey. It was a lovely spot, so lovely that my humble pen could poorly paint that glowing picture of earth and sky and flowing water. It was a scene of perfect beauty. Let each one take this sentence, and make of it all his warm imagination can. His fancy will not exceed the lines of nature's pencil.

At a short distance from the village lived the wealthy father of Francis Low, in a quiet, retired spot, just suited to his taste and love of solitude. He did not love the crowd of busy, bustling men, but sought for happiness in a circle of sympathizing and dear friends, which he gathered around him in his calm home. Francis inherited this beautiful feeling of devotion to a few, and love for holy household joys, and was grieved to see that his beloved Lizzy, with all her beauty and gentleness of heart, entered not with him as warmly as he could have wished into the domestic plans of which he loved to talk with her. Although he was often conquered for the moment by her witchery, and would, with a lover's admiration, bless her as he said, "anywhere with you, dearest, I should be happy!" yet when she was away, when the full, fascinating, tender eyes were lost to view, and the bright ringlets fell no more upon his cheek as he pressed a warm kiss on her laughing lips; then would he find the voice of reason awakening the sorrow in his heart which had been soothed by her joyous tones and mocking playfulness. She loved to think of the gaiety of a city life, of its exciting changes. She would not be a village belle alone. She would not live all the bright spring days of her youth, and then pass the winter of old age in the same dull round of country visitings and country scenes. She had

friends in the city of Tremont, and thither she was soon to go to pass some months of life and enjoyment; and this was the cause of the exclamation "Boston! dear Boston!" with which we have introduced our heroine.

She was to leave to-morrow, that sad "to-morrow" of parting words and lingering looks; and Francis had come to now say those precious things which are so full of meaning to the loving and the loved, but which to those who have no better aim than the drudgery of every-day pursuits, seem very much like something even less than "vanity."

And now, after the lucid explanation given above, to all who were curious to know the history of Lizzy and her betrothed, before we took this present interest in them, we will watch them as they go wandering slowly through the pretty garden attached to Lizzy's home. The lover's arm is wound around the waist of the dear one by his side, (I would not say small waist, it is so common for heroines to have such marvellous "taperings." Besides, I would not say any thing of her that was not true, and Francis could have told you, perhaps better than I, that his fond arm encircled more than the coveted span which art has invented instruments to compress from nature's beautiful proportions.) They are making poetic resolves to watch at the same hour the gentle moon, when she should come forth to be the envy of the starry host, and listener of mortal lovers' vows. Did you but breathe now in their ear, my reader, a word of the world's fickleness; that constancy had been known to fail beneath the witchery of foreign eyes, and influence of time; they would scorn such tales, and give most virtuous counsel respecting your regard for truth. He thinks his Lizzy, at this moment, more dear than the devotion of a life can prove, and she feels proud that the whole bevy of city beaux will bear but poor comparison with her own warm-hearted Frank. It is, indeed, a strange happiness that they feel, as they walk together by the beds of fragrant flowers, quite unheeding where they stray, knowing the while that to-morrow they are to part. But the sweet-scented air, the clear, round, liquid notes of birds, the music of their own low, loving tones—they were not mortals to combat the hope and joy with which such influences most mercifully fill our hearts. Yet, when the mighty sun-god draws the star-gemmed curtains of his couch about him, and bids the weary labourer and toiling beast take heed of his decline and rest; when the green meadows which so lately smiled and wooed them on, grow cold and dim, and the birds in their leafy homes hush their sweet voices till another morn, then it is that our lovers find that life is not all sunlight, that the night of parting will cast its shadow over the brightest day. Upon their hearts that general shadow falls, and by the time that they reach home, there is a tender moisture in the eyes of that loving girl, and Frank—he feels the woman weakness at his heart, but will not

give it vent in tears. We will not melt our own tender heart to a fountain of sympathy, or that of our reader, with a description of that night's parting. We will but hint at the warm kiss, the sorrowful bequeathment of each to a true and loving memory, and the last pressure of the hand, and its accompanying look, when the farewell was said. Enough, they parted. The following spring Frank was to bring his Lizzy home. "Gentle reader," (as all writers say with a quiet flattery, so I must e'en suppose with the rest, that all must be "gentle" who read this tale,) have you the will to pass the time until then, in watching with me the sweet flower which is to be exposed to the withering atmosphere of fashionable life? Was it my vanity or your own voice that answered then, "So interesting a commencement must certainly lead to something worth a few months fellowship, so I will bear you company." Not being distinguished, particularly among those of my friends who are most partial, for vanity, or any like weakness which might lead me into error on this point, I, with the warmest gratitude, resolve it was your voice I heard, and so will introduce you to the Misses Thorne, to whom Lizzy is to pay her eagerly anticipated visit.

If I were sure that you had in your study a plaster copy of that wonderful dwellingplace of tender nerve, and some say mind, the human head, marked off and numbered with most mysterious meaning, then I should not spend my time in giving you some little knowledge of the Misses Thorne's prevailing attributes. My pen might rest while, with a phrenological survey, you read the organs of their intellect and heart. Ay, even without the aid of eyes, you could, as do the blind with their raised characters, discern strange truths. But fearing you are not so scientific as all this, I must give you the returns of my more learned vision, in the following brief chart.

"Admiration" of nice young men, (that is, fashionable,)	9
"True poetry,"	2
"Music and waltzing,"	8
"Amiability" before visitors,	10
"Amiability" before "none but the family,"	7
"Veneration" for sedate old maids, and counsel of experienced old ladies,	1
"Taste" in dress, and devotion thereto,	11
"Time" for taking needed rest,	12
And lastly, "numbers," in calculation of an establishment,	120.

But yet my readers do not judge from this plain statement that the Misses Thorne are unworthy, altogether, of being our sweet Lizzy's hostesses. Oh no! They are what the world calls "well-meaning girls," and fashionable society, "the charming Misses Thorne." They are rich, admired, indolent, in fact, mortal young ladies, living in all the folly of a life of ceaseless gaiety and show. What can you expect of such?

But Lizzy is among them now, and we will see

if the effect of that city life for which she would have almost chosen single blessedness, (or as so she thought, excepting when Frank's arm was round her waist, and his words of tenderness in her ear,) will be to make her more in love with her own sweet country home or not.

I will beg of my reader-companion to imagine that three months have flown in the history of our friend, and at the same time ask indulgence for having brought about an introduction to the Misses Thorne in the common imaginative way, when, by a wonderful process, I can bring you face to face. Genius of Mesmer, pardon my error, and deem it not too late to atone for it, by conveying as speedily as possible, my companion from the spot where we first met, to Lizzy's present dwelling-place. You are with me, reader. This is the good old-fashioned stage. But here now are the noisy locomotives. Let us enter. Swiftly we go, now with villages beneath our feet, and now through the bowels of the earth, but ah! we are at our journey's end. What do you see now? "A great many houses." Right. Let us leave the cars, and pass down this long street. Turn to your left. You are with me. Well, what do you see now? "A beautiful extent of ground, laid out with walks and noble trees, having hill and valley, whose snow-white carpeting bears the fresh impress of tiny feet. And them I also see, running the merry race of sled and slide. Oh! 'tis a joyous sight!" 'Tis surely so, but we must not stay to admire it now, for opposite is Mr. Thorne's. We can enter without the servant's aid, and make our way unmolested even through the parlour door. There you see upon a low, embroidered tabouret, our Lizzy! Now that you are face to face with her in a spiritual sense—thanks to that wonderful science which produces such benevolent effects—I drop the style mesmeric, although I "will" you to be with me, while I watch her movements for some little time, thereby gaining some knowledge of her heart's present sentiments, and the manner in which she passes her hours. There she sits, as I have said, on that low seat, with her ringlets fashionably looped, with bracelet and girdle, and all the little etc. which inconstant fashion invents to charm the variety-loving female taste, and bring fair customers at every change, to the door of him, who in very large characters without, commends himself, and libels his neighbours, by declaring his goods to be the "richest, the cheapest, and most unique" of any to be found, among which may be seen "the rare la Miller silk, of entirely new style," &c. &c. Lizzy's head is resting upon her fair hand, (a sadly impressing posture for a light-hearted girl,) and there is a look of weariness in her sweet face. A novel lies in the chair by her side, and she is thinking how the hours have been taken from adding knowledge of living men and women to her scanty store, while she has been shedding tears over the fictitious fortunes of some almost perfect pair, who, through many

grievous tribulations, (from which they escape most marvellously just at the right time,) at last—only get married. Caroline Thorne is putting the last stitch in a pair of elegantly embroidered slippers, which are to be a philippina to some rich old bachelor, and Mary is reclining upon the lounge without any visible employment, although she is actually engaged, with that wild worker the imagination, in dressing herself from head to foot for a ball, the when and where of which is explained in that exquisite little article marked "quadrilles," which lies upon the mosaic table in the recess yonder. She asks Lizzy what she intends to wear, and receives for a reply, "My white dress, to be sure; what else prettier have I?" At this Mary seems in no way surprised, but in a very impressive manner rejoins, "Lizzy dear, you must not wear white to-morrow night. That love-in-a-cottage dress, is very pretty to talk about, but nothing else. Plain white, with your hair just looped, and without an ornament, as you wear it here at home! Why I believe you have appeared at every party during the fall in the same 'charming simplicity,' as some would-be poets call it. You must have something more attractive and unique if you would make a sensation at that splendid ball. Come, put on your hat, and I will go with you to choose the costume of so great a 'debut,' as we French scholars say." And what can Lizzy do? Slowly she rises from the rich cushion of green leaves and buds and flowers, and consents to Mary's plan.

As we have travelled already much to-day, my reader, they may go alone to make their purchases, and we will rest the while.

They have returned. And there the servant enters with the neat "brown paper parcels," which to those who have not mingled in the "shopping," are so full of exciting interest. Guided by the rich taste of her adviser, Lizzy has indulged in an expenditure which three months before, she would have considered extravagantly appropriated for a mere dress, and would have thought how with it she could make the heart of some poor creature bound with gratitude and joy. To be sure she had hesitated when she purchased, but the gay girl, who in her luxurious home believed little of, because she could not imagine, the sufferings of the destitute, advised her to combat such notions, for it was very necessary she should appear well at this first great ball of the season, and she was sure there were societies enough to take care of the poor; she herself paid a yearly subscription to three or four, she had forgotten their names, but supposed, and in fact had heard, that they did a vast deal of good. And so tempted by her friend's praise of the rich dress, and her own admiration, it was purchased with the suitable trimmings, and corresponding ornaments for her hair. Now our eyes are to be gratified with a sight of the purchases, for while Mary throws herself upon the lounge again after so great a fatigue, Caroline, with exclamations upon its beauty,

is spreading out the folds of the costly stuff, and placing them in a favourable light to show their rich shade.

And oh! how beautiful it is. The richness of the velvet, the soft becoming shade of blue, the indented flowers! And there upon the table lie the girdle of white gem-like beads, (for the life of me, reader, I cannot tell their name, can you?) and the head-dress of blue and silver net-work, most indescribable. But we must not look too long upon the tempting things, lest we should forget, as Lizzy did, the foolishness of lavishing upon such decorations, that which would fill the mouths of the hungry, and clothe the shivering form of some child of sorrow. The velvet is folded again, and the servant is rung for to carry it to Mrs. L——'s, where Lizzy has been this morning to make the necessary arrangements for its being speedily made up.

It is after dinner, and the drawing-room is empty, for the three young ladies have, according to their usual rule, retired to pass the afternoon in refreshing repose. Evening is coming on, and now the toilet is consulted with peculiar care. Now, with the curtains drawn, and the latest invention for making the absence of sunlight less of an evil, brilliantly illuminating the room, we see the family assembled after the evening meal. Look at Mary! There must be some magnetic influence of the bell wire upon her fingers, for that curl is adjusted with a hasty touch, and the last graceful fold put to her dress, as the servant opens the door to announce the entrance of a very fashionable young man. Another and another is announced, until quite a party of the lordly sex is collected at the house of Mr. Thorne, whose daughters are to have a little fortune each.

One of the most *distingué* in dress of the gentlemen seats himself at Lizzy's side, and after gazing upon her for a moment with unqualified and flattering approbation, asks if she "is not in raptures with the magnificent Jane?" (He belongs to that class of the genus homo which indulges in elegant superlatives.)

"If you mean Miss Sloman," replies the smiling Lizzy, "I must confess myself, as you ask, 'in raptures with her ease and skill.'"

"Will you honour me by bearing me company to her next feast of sweet sounds?"

There is a dilemma for poor Lizzy! How she wishes some good angel had nipped that eloquent desire in the bud! At last she thought of a chance of escape, and replies, "as my friends say. You know, Mr. Singleton, that I am under their commands," sincerely wishing that he might not have the pleasure his words so elegantly expressed. She scarcely believed that having heard Miss S. some dozen times, they would care about accepting an invitation again, especially from such an attempt-at-brilliance as he. But in that hope Lizzy had not comfort long, for "his friend George Moore had," as Mr. Singleton observed, "just put into execution his intention of inviting the

Misses Thorne, and they had accepted." So seeing that the party had been arranged before their visit by the two young men, and that her friends were pleased to favour them, she consented to accompany Mr. S. Common minds that judge by flashy sentences and high sounding words, call him "a very intelligent young man." How many receive the title, and exert themselves to sustain its dignity, while those to whom it is more due pass almost unnoticed in the crowd, because they do not care to have each passable thought tricked out in showy dress for mere effect.

Lizzy is weary of such beings and such scenes of party-makings as these, for evening after evening she must be from home, playing the agreeable from sheer gratitude for her companion's politeness, if nothing else. 'Tis indeed "distance that lends enchantment to the view," she often thought, as she reflected on the life she led, and yet she could not refuse to enter into the pleasure parties continually formed, for that might make her appear "odd," a little word that has often conquered a larger and better—resolution. But Mr. Singleton interrupts our philosophizing by begging Miss Grey for one of her sweet ballads, very naturally supposing that in return for his compliment, she would by and by request to hear some flourishing strains of his own.

Without a word of faint remonstrance, and then excuses for a distressing cold it would seem some sudden draught had just inflicted, Lizzy smilingly consents to do her best for the amusement of the little circle, and soon are heard those very expressive, if not very rare, exclamations of "charming" and "delightful," which are quite necessary to fill up the rather embarrassing pauses between the pieces, when something must be said. So passes the evening in light badinage, and the unprofitable criticisms of unprofitable things. Now with graceful bow and last word of gallantry, the gentlemen depart.

As yielding as Lizzy has been to the influence of her friend's companionship, and seemingly as thoughtless and as happy as they, yet as she lays her head upon her pillow, she sighs in thinking how her noble-hearted Frank (so different as he was from the mere imitators of such as he, around her) would disapprove the waste of intellect and heart in which she was indulging. The long-fringed lids are closed, and she is sleeping now, but the tearful moisture of the cheek tells how that even youth and beauty have common lot with all who dwell in the valley of discontent.

The sun has shown his bright face above the house tops, and has even peeped into Lizzy's chamber, but she still remains in that weakening slumber of the morning sluggard, and will not arouse herself until the voice of the 'second bell' calls her to the late breakfast. A few months ago she would at this invigorating hour have been feeding her birds, or reading some book which Frank had recommended. How great is the power of habit, and influence of those with whom we hold

daily domestic companionship. The day is passed in preparation for the ball. Then comes the business which owes its life to the world's scorn of such fanciful ideas as, that "loveliness needs not the aid of foreign ornament," &c. &c. Lizzy's rounded shoulders almost blush to be so unprotected in that splendid dress. Yet no one can help loving her, she looks so charmingly! Mary and Caroline too look beautifully. "The carriage is waiting, ladies," says the servant at the door, and with a last sly glance at the mirror which tells such a pleasing tale, they trip in high spirits through the hall, and seating themselves for their ride with the most devoted consideration for the welfare of their outward adornments, are driven to the scene of gaiety.

Mrs. R.'s ball was, as every one said, "a splendid affair;" yet it passed off as all balls do, wearying in the end the entertainer, and the entertained. Lizzy entered with her whole heart into its exciting changes—the music's stirring strains, the graceful dance, and even the merry conversation between belle and beau, forgetting in the dazzling scene all feelings of self-reproach. So light-hearted in her appearance, and with a face which added to its regular features and clear complexion the more fascinating beauty of archness and the charm of youth, she attracted the notice of a stranger like herself, with an eye peculiarly susceptible of loveliness, whether it lay embosomed among flowery hills, or sparkled in the human face divine. He had not been observed before at any such fashionable gathering, and when as a new star his name was asked, and very natural questions respecting matrimonial prospects (for very fine-looking was the new comer) passed round from rosy mouths, no information could be obtained but that he was a friend of Mrs. R.'s, who had lately come to the city, and entered upon the practice of law.

He was introduced to our sweet friend, and they talked of trifles as their neighbours did, until they seemed aware that they mutually enjoyed a taste for better things, when they insensibly fell into intelligent converse respecting the present signs of the literary times. The stranger, first won by her gentle beauty, and then charmed by the jewels of her mind, which sparkled with laughing brightness, made himself her shadow for the remainder of the evening; and she finding him so much like her own dear absent Frank, permitted and enjoyed his marked attention.

The ball is over, and in their own apartment the sisters are conning over the page of incidents which the hand of time has so freshly written. Their ball dresses, heavy with richness, have been hastily and wearily thrown aside, and soon they seek repose with an aching void at heart. Oh, how few there are who lay their heads upon their pillows after such an evening of fashionable show and rivalry, with a happy feeling of content and peacefulness! Some envied notice given to a lovelier friend, some richer dress, some careless word remembered with a sigh, make the weary

heart more weary still, and the couch designed for rest unfaithful to its office.

But Lizzy has one pleasant memory to lighten that weary spirit, and that is of the new acquaintance she has formed, whose friendship she sincerely hopes will be less fleeting than the gay scene in which it first existed. "He seems so much like Frank, dear Frank," she murmurs, fondly gazing on her lover's features as they smile upon her from among the cast-off ornaments of the ball. She, too, soon seeks needed rest, but not until a well-filled letter, bearing a late date, has been most carefully read through, from "My own sweet Lizzy," to "your devoted Frank."

And in this way day after day has passed away in the life of our friend. She had entered the vortex of fashionable society as she had wished, and it had carried her the usual brilliant, unsatisfying round. Her mind seemed weakened with unprofitable thought, and her conscience often whispered in the voice of Frank, "Lizzy, Lizzy, thou wert not born, remember, to waste the precious hours of youth in idleness or vain pursuits, but to lay up treasures of gladness for the coming on of impotent old age. Oh, mournful thought, that in the high places of earth, woman oftentimes forgets the wisdom of living for a noble end! Beware lest thy heart, Lizzy, lose its native purity."

And she began to remember and beware, and sick at heart of all the flatteries and all the show of her present life, she welcomed the friendly intercourse of one sympathizing with herself, as if he had come from her own dear, quiet home, and had always been a brother to her. Her wild spirits had been kept in check by society's cold forms, and the kindly hinted counsel of her stately friends, and oh! how she longed for the old familiar haunts, that she might laugh one ringing laugh again, bounding as gaily as she pleased along, and have one near who would love her even better for the joyful gushing out of her glad spirit! The time for her visit had nearly passed; but since she had met Edward Stanwood at the ball, her hours had not been so unimproved or tedious as before. He, a stranger in the city, had felt much gratified in finding so soon almost a home at Mr. Thorne's. Seeing that he was pleased with Lizzy, the sisters bade him consider their doors as always open to him, when he felt his loneliness, and would enjoy a *tête-à-tête* with their sweet guest. And it was not long before he became a constant visitor. They talked together of country happiness (and oh! how eloquent was Lizzy!) and the surest way of gaining true contentment in this fleeting world. They read together such entertaining and instructive works as Edward's fine taste approved, and let the untiring seekers of public wonders see that they rather preferred sweet home's retirement, preventing by this means a repetition of entreaties for their attendance at the party or the ball.

But such innocent happiness as they now enjoyed, was to be disturbed by the world's coming

in. Edward's visits were first whispered of, and then smiled at by those who watch the merest approach to what they call "intentions." How could the handsome, intelligent Edward, escape their Argus eyes. So, soon it was a settled thing that our pure-hearted, loving Lizzy, had proved inconstant to her first vow, and that the young lawyer had won her for himself. It was not until Caroline Thorne "congratulated" her (how often does the far-sighted spirit of evil smile at such congratulations) upon her new engagement, that Lizzy's eyes were opened to the consequences attending the innocent indulgence of a pleasant friendship.

She had become a victim to that most evil law, by which the single of the sexes are branded with the yoke matrimonial, even if in their hearts they cherish as sweet and pure a love as moves a brother's or a sister's spirit. Oh why is it so? Why, because the youth of one sex love the company of the gentle and refined, should they be mated and paired off whether they will or no? Let but a gentleman be seen courting the society of a fair friend, and not only will the engagement be a settled matter, but the wedding-day itself appointed. Some I hope possess the moral courage to cultivate what friendships they may please, and act as if the world had left to woman alone that mischievous gift for which she is already so notorious—an incorrigible tongue. But I can tell from my own experience, that there are some who fear to follow even courtesy's necessary rules, having the consequent question, "are you engaged?" ringing in their ears. I speak most eloquently, for one long, long day ago, a day of dangerous walking from snow and ice, my gentleman companion neglected to offer me the needed support of his stronger arm, for very fear of the "report" that might spread abroad! I felt it to be a strange offering to my vanity, and even now sigh to think that the tale is "over true."

But I must go back to Lizzy. She knew that in a pretty village of Vermont whence Stanwood came, there lived his chosen one; Lizzy could have told the very house she dwelt in, Edward had so loved to tell over and over again the story of his wooing. But he was to call that evening, and she awaited with some trepidation his appearance; not knowing how he might receive the story, which she believed it best to let him know, that he might act accordingly.

When he entered there was a slight shadow on his open brow, as if he were grieved at something, and on its being noticed by his young friend, he whispered that after Mary and Caroline had gone to the party for which they were prepared, he would explain. The friends were soon left together, and Edward broke the silence after their departure with an exclamation of impatience against the tongue of man, which for so small a member did such incalculable mischief. Then he uttered glowing censures of the world's false views of friendship, which made Lizzy conscious

that the report of their engagement had reached his ears. Glad that he knew the burden of her present thoughts, she could not help wondering at his strange excitement, yet smilingly begged to know if he "felt sufficiently submissive to resign his beloved Ella in accordance with the world's decree?"

"I have just received a letter from Ella," replied Edward with the faintest smile possible, "and you shall read it, for I need some gentle, sympathizing voice, to soothe my excited nerves." And Lizzy with surprise and sorrow learned from it, that some one just from the city in passing through the village where Ella dwelt, had with a sudden friendly interest, told the story of Edward's new engagement with all the adornments it had acquired in travelling so far. She could not believe the tale, and yet how strong the evidence! This very gentleman had heard a friend declare, that Edward had spoken openly in his presence of the fact. (Edward had once said carelessly that "Miss Grey and he were both engaged;" in repeating which sentence the listener merely left out, by accident of course, one little word—*both*—which made some difference in the prospects of the pair.) Ella, trusting still in Edward's faith, took the best means to ascertain the truth, by writing a kind, sweet, womanly letter to him, breathing confidence in his love, but giving a minute detail of all the seeming proofs she had received to test it. To show the perfect faith she felt in the continued strength of his attachment, and the powerless influence of the testimony brought against it, she had concluded to accede to the desire of a friend that she should officiate as bridesmaid at her marriage, and would be in Boston soon; "that is, if Edward would leave his new friend to be Ella's companion for the evening," as she cheerfully added, fearing that his sensitive spirit might yield to despondency if he believed her in the least moved by the idle sayings of a mischief-loving world. Long the friends talked; and Lizzy succeeded in sweetening Stanwood's bitter feelings against the serpent slander which had entered his paradise at home, but had not left—blessings on the trusting heart of his own Ella—the direful consequences it had conceived. Lizzy enthusiastically declared her hope that Ella might arrive before she left, for she knew she should love her as a sister for the noble spirit she had shown, in not trusting to a stranger's word in matters that concerned her happiness. And Edward left Mr. Thorne's with a lighter heart than when he entered, and with a deeper feeling of attachment for the sweet girl whose voice had soothed him, so surely does the praise of those we love from friendly lips, make the faces of such friends more lovely and more dear than ever to us.

Lizzy's hope was gratified. Several weeks before she expected Frank to take her home, Ella arrived; and Edward having conducted Lizzy to the house of Ella's friend, had the satisfaction of

seeing before the introductory visit was over, that she for whom he felt a brother's love, and the dear one who was to be his bride, had conceived a mutual esteem which he prayed might know no decline when the wisdom of age might make them clearer-sighted, and less enthusiastic. During the remainder of Lizzy's visit they saw each other daily, and the contrast Ella presented to Caroline and Mary Thorne, made our well-awakened friend less pleased than ever with their companionship.

The remainder of her visit is passed in a far happier way than its gay opening, because her conscience has no stinging voice, and the prospect of her sweet home, of parents, and village friends becomes nearer and dearer to her longing eyes. And the day of departure is fixed upon. Edward would accompany them with Ella, did not business prevent, but has promised to leave the heated city for the cool banks of their native stream some time during the summer months, and that will be very soon.

Now for the last time Lizzy lays her head upon the pillow which has been wet with many a tear of self-reproach, but is now of refreshing sweetness to a head which knows no weight of casual sorrow. The morning dawns. Many an affectionate parting word is spoken, for the gay sisters are good-hearted girls, as I have said before, and had been kind, very kind in their way, to their young guest. There is even a tear in Lizzy's eye as she watches them while they stand gazing after the carriage which bears their light-hearted, sweet-tempered companion towards her home. It was soon however dried by joy, for at the depot they unexpectedly find Edward and Ella who had some days before concluded to bear them company, and designed this little surprise.

Not a more joyous travelling party could have been found than this, or a more united. With the love of nature so glowing in their bosoms, they could not fail in eloquent conversation for the whole length of the way, and when they arrived at Mr. Grey's, there was a tender greeting for the friends of their beloved child from her parents, even in the tearful joy of seeing her again.

And now will I again exert my mesmeric power, and "will" you to look upon our Lizzy and her guests before we part. I write down your words. "What a sweet spot is this! The river—the green banks—the glowing sky. And that merry laugh! 'Tis Lizzy's I well know. Let me peep into this arbor here. There they sit, Lizzy and her friend, with coarse stuff for garments lying around, upon which they are at work. At their feet upon the grassy floor are Edmund and Frank, the latter reading an amusing work which just called forth that merry note from Lizzy, who fears not now the censure of fashion's tutored lips. The garments are for the poor of the village there is no doubt, and oh how the glances of pure affection, and trust, and approbation, are raised to the sweet faces of those gentle girls, by those whose hope of happiness and peace depends upon their views of woman's duty, and her truest bliss."

That is surely a pleasant picture you have described, and I must admire without flattering that beauty of expression in the finale of my tale with which you have aided me. And now my reader companion we must part. If I have given you a moment's pleasure by my companionship, or impressed upon your heart a distaste for any of the false customs of the world, I will rejoice that we have met, and be encouraged to seek your fellowship again.

TO A BEAUTIFUL UNKNOWN.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

WERE I a star with a ray to spare—
Were I a breeze in the wandering air—
Had I a fairy's silent wing—
Had I the Lydian's viewless ring—
Like an angel, unseen at a holy shrine,
Could I watch, yet adore, that face of thine,—
The heart of a seraph were dark to mine!

Knew Time the grace of a glossy braid—
Were Sorrow of radiant eyes afraid—
Would Peace abide in the snowy breast,
Like a bird that haunts the loveliest nest—
Were Joy like the light of an Indian stone,

That is steep'd the most in the fairest one—
Thy life, like the star whose lot is given
To be last at morn and first at even,
Would have come and gone in the glow of Heaven!

Could every sigh thou hast brought to air,
From unknown bosoms, take form of prayer—
Could the links of love that bind thee in,
Unseen, unnumber'd, fence from sin—
Thou hadst risen from earth as exhales the snow,
That has won but wings in its fall below—
And thy *shape* in Heaven, save wings, we know!

COMMON PEOPLE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"ARE you going to call upon Mrs. Clayton and her daughters, Mrs. Marygold?" asked a neighbour, alluding to a family that had just moved into Sycamore Row.

"No, indeed, Mrs. Lemmington, that I am not. I don't visit common kind of people."

"I thought the Claytons were a very respectable family," remarked Mrs. Lemmington.

"Respectable—Humph! Every body is getting respectable now-a-days. If they are respectable, then, it is very lately that they have become so. What is Mr. Clayton, I wonder, but a schoolmaster! It's too bad that such people will come crowding themselves into genteel neighbourhoods. The time was, when to live in Sycamore Row was guarantee enough for any one—but now, all kinds of people have come into it."

"I have never met Mrs. Clayton," remarked Mrs. Lemmington, "but I have been told that she is a most estimable woman, and that her daughters have been educated with great care. Indeed, they are represented as being highly accomplished girls."

"Well, I don't care what they are represented to be. I'm not going to keep company with a schoolmaster's wife and daughters, that's certain."

"Is there any thing disgraceful in keeping a school?"

"No, nor in making shoes either. But then, that's no reason why I should keep company with my shoemaker's wife, is it? Let common people associate together—that's my doctrine."

"But what do you mean by common people, Mrs. Marygold?"

"Why, I mean common people. Poor people. People who have not come of a respectable family. That's what I mean."

"I am not sure that I comprehend your explanation much better than I do your classification. If you mean, as you say, poor people, your objection will not apply with full force to the Claytons, for they are now in tolerably easy circumstances. As to the family of Mr. Clayton, I believe his father was a man of integrity, though not rich. And Mrs. Clayton's family I know to be without reproach of any kind."

"And yet they are common people for all that," persevered Mrs. Marygold. "Wasn't old Clayton a mere petty dealer in small wares. And wasn't Mrs. Clayton's father a mechanic?"

"Perhaps if some of us were to go back for a generation or two, we might trace out an ancestor who held no higher place in society," Mrs. Lem-

mington remarked quietly. "I have no doubt but that I should."

"I have no fears of that kind," replied Mrs. Marygold in an exulting tone. "I shall never blush when my pedigree is traced."

"Nor I neither, I hope. Still, I should not wonder if some one of my ancestors had disgraced himself, for there are but few families that are not cursed with a spotted sheep. But I have nothing to do with that, and ask only to be judged by what I am—not by what my progenitors have been."

"A standard that few will respect, let me tell you."

"A standard I hope that far the largest portion of society will regard as the true one," replied Mrs. Lemmington. "But, surely, you do not intend refusing to call upon the Claytons for the reason you have assigned, Mrs. Marygold."

"Certainly I do. They are nothing but common people, and therefore beneath me. I shall not stoop to associate with them."

"I believe that I will call upon them. In fact, my object in dropping in this morning was to see if you would not accompany me," replied Mrs. Lemmington, rising. "But of course it will be no use to ask you."

"Indeed it will not. But I would not go, if I were you."

"Why not?"

"For the reasons I have given. They are only common people. You will be stooping."

"No one stoops in doing a kind act. Mrs. Clayton is a stranger in the neighbourhood, and is entitled to the courtesy of a call, if no more; and that I shall extend to her. If I find her to be uncongenial in her tastes, no intimate acquaintanceship need be formed. If she is congenial, I shall have added another to my list of valued friends. You and I, I find, estimate differently. I judge every individual by merit, you by descent."

"You can do as you please," rejoined Mrs. Marygold, somewhat coldly. "For my part, I am particular about my associates. I will visit Mrs. Florence, and Mrs. Harwood, and such as move in good society, but as to your school-teachers' wives and daughters, I must beg to be excused."

"Every one to their taste," rejoined Mrs. Lemmington with a smile, as she moved towards the door, where she stood for a few moments to utter some parting compliments, and then withdrew.

Five minutes afterwards she was shown into Mrs. Clayton's parlours, where, in a moment or

two, she was met by the lady upon whom she had called, and received with an easy gracefulness, that at once charmed her. A brief conversation convinced her that Mrs. Clayton was, in intelligence and moral worth, as far above Mrs. Marygold, as that personage imagined herself to be above her. Her daughters too, who came in while she sat conversing with their mother, showed themselves to possess all those graces of mind and manner that win upon our admiration so irresistibly. An hour passed quickly and pleasantly, and then Mrs. Lemmington withdrew, with the inward resolution to cultivate an intimate acquaintance with so charming a family.

The difference between Mrs. Lemmington and Mrs. Marygold was simply this. The former had been familiar with the best society from her earliest recollection, and being therefore constantly in association with those looked upon as the upper rank, knew nothing of the upstart self-estimation which is felt by a class of weak, ignorant persons, who by some accidental circumstance, are elevated far above the condition into which they moved originally. She could estimate true worth in humble garb as well as in velvets and rich satins; and felt as much honoured by the friendship of those truly worthy of regard who were below her in the social rank, as by that of those who moved in the same grade with herself. She was one of those individuals who never pass an old and worthy domestic in the street without recognition, or stopping to make some kind inquiry—one who never forgot a familiar face, or neglected to pass a kind word to even the humblest who possessed the merit of good principles. As to the latter, notwithstanding her boast in regard to pedigree, there were not a few who could remember when her grandfather carried a pedlar's pack on his back—and an honest and worthy pedlar he was, saying his pence until they became pounds, and then relinquishing his peregrinating propensities, for the quieter life of a small shop-keeper. His son, the father of Mrs. Marygold, while a boy, had a pretty familiar acquaintance with low life. But, as soon as his father gained the means to do so, he was put to school and furnished with a good education. Long before he was of age, the old man had become a pretty large shipper; and when his son arrived at mature years, took him into business as a partner. In marrying, Mrs. Marygold's father chose a young lady whose father, like his own, had grown rich by individual exertions. This young lady had not a few false notions in regard to the true genteel, and these fell legitimately to the share of her eldest daughter, who, when she in turn came upon the stage of action married into an old and what was called a highly respectable family, a circumstance that puffed her up to the full extent of her capacity to bear inflation. There were few in the circle of her acquaintances who did not fully appreciate her, and smile at her weakness and false pride. Mrs. Florence, to whom she had alluded in her

conversation with Mrs. Lemmington, and who lived in Sycamore Row, was not only faultless in regard to family connections, but was esteemed in the most intelligent circles for her rich mental endowments, and high moral principles. Mrs. Harwood, also alluded to, was the daughter of an English barrister, and wife of a highly distinguished professional man, and was besides richly endowed herself, morally and intellectually. Although Mrs. Marygold was very fond of visiting them for the mere *eclat* of the thing; yet their company was scarcely less agreeable to her, than hers was to them, for there was little in common between them. Still, they had to tolerate her, and did so with a good grace.

It was, perhaps, three months after Mrs. Clayton moved into the neighbourhood, that cards of invitation were sent to Mr. and Mrs. Marygold and daughter to pass a social evening at Mrs. Harwood's. Mrs. M. was of course delighted; and felt doubly proud of her own importance. Her daughter Melinda, of whom she was excessively vain, was an indolent, uninteresting girl, too dull to imbibe even a small portion of her mother's self-estimation. In company she attracted but little attention, except what her father's money and standing in society claimed for her from those in whose eyes these things had peculiar attractions.

On the evening appointed, the Marygolds repaired to the elegant residence of Mrs. Harwood, and were ushered into a large and brilliant company, more than half of whom were strangers even to them. Mrs. Lemmington was there, and Mrs. Florence, and many others with whom Mrs. Marygold was on terms of intimacy, besides several "distinguished strangers." Among those with whom Mrs. Marygold was unacquainted, were two young ladies who seemed to attract general attention. They were not showy, chattering girls, such as in all companies attract a swarm of shallow-pated young fellows about them. On the contrary there was something retiring, almost shrinking in their manner, that shunned rather than courted observation. And yet, no one, attracted by their sweet, modest faces, found himself by their side who did not feel inclined to linger there.

"Who are those misses, Mrs. Lemmington?" asked Mrs. Marygold, meeting the lady she addressed in crossing the room.

"The two girls in the corner who are attracting so much attention?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you know them?"

"I certainly do not. I never saw them before to my recollection."

"They are no common persons, I can assure you, Mrs. Marygold."

"Of course not, or they would not be found here. But who are they?"

"Ah, Mrs. Lemmington! how are you?" said a lady coming up at this moment, and interrupting the conversation. "I have been looking for you

this half hour." Then passing her arm within that of the individual she had addressed, she drew her aside before she had a chance to answer Mrs. Marygold's question.

In a few minutes after, a gentleman handed Melinda to the piano, and there was a brief pause as she struck the instrument, and commenced going through the unintelligible intricacies of a fashionable piece of music. She could strike all the notes with scientific correctness and mechanical precision. But there was no more expression in her performance than there is in that of a musical box. After she had finished her task, she left the instrument with a few words of commendation extorted by a feeling of politeness.

"Will you not favour us with a song?" asked Mr. Harwood, going up to one of the young ladies to whom allusion had just been made.

"My sister sings, I do not," was the modest reply, "but I will take pleasure in accompanying her."

All eyes were fixed upon them as they moved towards the piano, accompanied by Mr. Harwood, for something about their manners, appearance and conversation had interested nearly all in the room who had been led to notice them particularly. The sister who could not sing, seated herself with an air of easy confidence at the instrument, while the other stood near her. The first few touches that passed over the keys showed that the performer knew well how to give to music a soul. The tones that came forth were not the simple vibrations of a musical chord, but expressions of affection given by her whose fingers woke the strings into harmony. But if the preluding touches fell witchingly upon every ear, how exquisitely sweet and thrilling was the voice that stole out low and tremulous at first, and deepened in volume and expression every moment, until the whole room seemed filled with melody! Every whisper was hushed, and every one bent forward almost breathlessly to listen. And when, at length, both voice and instrument were hushed into silence, no enthusiastic expressions of admiration were heard, but only half whispered ejaculations of "exquisite!" "sweet!" "beautiful!" Then came earnestly expressed wishes for another and another song, until the sisters, feeling at length that many must be wearied with their long continued occupation of the piano, felt themselves compelled to decline further invitations to sing. No one else ventured to touch a key of the instrument during the evening.

"Do pray, Mrs. Lemmington, tell me who those girls are. I am dying to know," said Mrs. Marygold, crossing the room to where the person she addressed was seated with Mrs. Florence and several other ladies of "distinction," and taking a chair by her side.

"They are only common people," replied Mrs. Lemmington with affected indifference.

"Common people, my dear madam! What do you mean by such an expression?" spoke up

Mrs. Florence in surprise, and with something of indignation latent in her tone.

"I'm sure their father, Mr. Clayton, is nothing but a teacher."

"Mr. Clayton. Surely these are not Clayton's daughters!" ejaculated Mrs. Marygold in surprise.

"They certainly are, ma'am," replied Mrs. Florence in a quiet but firm tone, for she instantly perceived, from something in Mrs. Marygold's voice and manner, the reason why her friend had alluded to them as common people.

"Well, really, I am surprised that Mrs. Harwood should have invited them to her house, and introduced them into genteel company."

"Why so, Mrs. Marygold?"

"Because, as Mrs. Lemmington has just said, they are only common people. Their father is nothing but a schoolmaster."

"If I have observed them rightly," Mrs. Florence said to this, "I have discovered them to be a rather uncommon kind of people. Almost any one can thrum on the piano; but you will not find one in a hundred who can perform with such exquisite grace and feeling as they can. For half an hour this evening I sat charmed with their conversation, and really instructed and elevated by the sentiments they uttered. I cannot say as much for any other young ladies in the room, for there are none others here above the common run of ordinarily intelligent girls—none who may not really be classed with common people in the true acceptance of the term."

"And take them all in all," added Mrs. Lemmington with warmth, "you will find nothing common about them. Look at their dress; see how perfect in neatness, in adaptation of colours and arrangement to complexion and shape, is every thing about them. Perhaps there will not be found a single young lady in the room besides them whose dress does not show something not in keeping with good taste. Take their manners. Are they not graceful, gentle, and yet full of nature's own expression. In a word, is there any thing about them that is 'common'?"

"Nothing that my eye has detected," replied Mrs. Florence.

"Except their origin," half sneeringly rejoined Mrs. Marygold.

"They were born of woman," was the grave remark. "Can any of us boast a higher origin?"

"There are various ranks among women," Mrs. Marygold said firmly.

"True. But,

'The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The gold's the gold for a' that.'—

Mere position in society does not make any of us more or less a true woman. I could name you over a dozen or more in my circle of acquaintance, who move in what is called the highest rank, who, in all that truly constitutes a woman, are incomparably below Mrs. Clayton; who, if thrown with

her among perfect strangers, would be instantly eclipsed. Come then, Mrs. Marygold, lay aside all these false standards, and estimate woman more justly. Let me, to begin, introduce both yourself and Melinda to the young ladies this evening. You will be charmed with them, I know, and equally charmed with their mother when you meet her."

"No ma'am," replied Mrs. Marygold, drawing herself up with a dignified air. "I have no wish to cultivate their acquaintance, or the acquaintance of any persons in their station. I am surprised that Mrs. Harwood has not had more consideration for her friends than to compel them to come in contact with common people."

No reply was made to this; and the next remark of Mrs. Florence was about some matter of general interest.

"Henry Florence has not been here for a week," said Mrs. Marygold to her daughter Melinda, some two months after the period at which the conversation just noted occurred.

"No; and he used to come almost every evening," was Melinda's reply, made in a tone that expressed disappointment.

"I wonder what can be the reason?" Mrs. Marygold said, half aloud, half to herself, but with evident feelings of concern. The reason of her concern and Melinda's disappointment arose from the fact that both had felt pretty sure of securing Henry Florence as a member of the Marygold family—such connection, from his standing in society, being especially desirable.

At the same time that the young man was thus alluded to by Mrs. Marygold and her daughter, he sat conversing with his mother upon a subject that seemed, from the expression of his countenance, to be of much interest to him.

"And so you do not feel inclined to favour any preference on my part towards Miss Marygold?" he said, looking steadily into his mother's face.

"I do not, Henry," was the frank reply.

"Why not?"

"There is something too common about her, if I may so express myself."

"Too common! What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that there is no distinctive character about her. She is, like the large mass around us, a mere made up girl."

"Speaking in riddles."

"I mean then, Henry, that her character has been formed, or made up, by mere external accretions from the common-place, vague, and often too false notions of things that prevail in society, instead of by the force of sound internal principles, seen to be true from a rational intuition, and acted upon because they are true. Cannot you perceive the difference?"

"O yes, plainly. And this is why you use the word 'common,' in speaking of her?"

"The very reason. And now, my son, can you not see that there is force in my objection to her—that she really does not possess any character distinctively her own, that is founded upon a clear

and rational appreciation of abstractly correct principles of action?"

"I cannot say that I differ with you very widely," the young man said, thoughtfully. "But, if you call Melinda 'common,' where shall I go to find one who may be called 'uncommon?'"

"I can point you to one."

"Say on."

"You have met Fanny Clayton?"

"Fanny Clayton!" ejaculated the young man, taken by surprise, the blood rising to his face. "O yes, I have met her."

"She is no common girl, Henry," Mrs. Florence said, in a serious voice. "She has not her equal in my circle of acquaintances."

"Nor in mine either," replied the young man, recovering himself. "But you would not feel satisfied to have your son address Miss Clayton?"

"And why not, pray?—Henry, I have never met with a young lady whom I would rather see your wife than Fanny Clayton."

"And I," rejoined the young man with equal warmth, "had never met with any one whom I could truly love until I saw her sweet young face."

"Then never think again of one like Melinda Marygold. You could not be rationally happy with her."

Five or six months rolled away, during a large portion of which time the fact that Henry Florence was addressing Fanny Clayton formed a theme for pretty free comment in various quarters. Most of Henry's acquaintances heartily approved his choice; but Mrs. Marygold, and a few like her, all with daughters of the "common" class, were deeply incensed at the idea of a "common kind of a girl" like Miss Clayton being forced into genteel society, a consequence that would of course follow her marriage. Mrs. Marygold hesitated not to declare that, for her part, let others do as they liked, she was not going to associate with her—that was settled. She had too much regard to what was due to her station in life. As for Melinda, she had no very kind feelings for her successful rival—and such a rival too! A mere schoolmaster's daughter! and she hesitated not to speak of her often and in no very courteous terms.

When the notes of invitation to the wedding at length came, which ceremony was to be performed in the house of Mr. Clayton, in Sycamore Row, Mrs. Marygold declared that to send her an invitation to go to such a place was a downright insult. As the time, however, drew near, and she found that Mrs. Harwood and a dozen others equally respectable in her eyes were going to the wedding, she managed to smother her indignation so far as, at length, to make up her mind to be present at the nuptial ceremonies. But it was not until her ears were almost stunned by the repeated and earnestly expressed congratulations to Mrs. Florence at the admirable choice made by her son, and that too by those whose tastes and opinions she dared not dispute, that she could per-

ceive any thing even passable in the beautiful young bride.

Gradually, however, as the younger Mrs. Florence, in the process of time, took her true position in the social circle, even Mrs. Marygold could begin to perceive the intrinsic excellence of her character, although even this was more a tacit assent to a universal opinion than a discovery of her own.

As for Melinda, she was married about a year

after Fanny Clayton's wedding, to a sprig of gentility with about as much force of character as herself. This took place on the same night that Lieut. Harwood, son of the Mrs. Harwood, before alluded to, led to the altar Mary Clayton, the sister of Fanny, who was conceded by all to be the loveliest girl they had ever seen—lovely, not only in face and form, but loveliness itself in the sweet perfections of moral beauty. As for Lieut. Harwood, he was worthy of the heart he had won.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

(See Plate.)

THE school was in an uproar, not in a state of insurrection, far from it, but the unwonted somnolency of the good Domine had given license to the very spirit of boyish fun and mischief. The master asleep! Jesse Sampson, the good-natured, order-loving Jesse asleep! The boys could hardly believe their own eyes. One of the most daring crept on tiptoe across the room, holding up his finger all the while, staring his eyes and puckering his mouth to the last degree of the grotesque, till he came to the very footstool of the master, where he peered close into the face, and felt the regular quiet breathing of the good man upon his own rosy cheek.

At this point he could restrain his ecstasy no longer. He gave one leap into the air, coming down, however, lightly upon his toes; he spread out his hands, and then brought them together in the shape of a clap, but carefully to make no sound, and then mounted a desk in the rear, and began to enact the Domine in dumb show. There he is with his saucy hand upon the sacred cap of the good master, and helping the uproar by mock attempts to allay it. This is Charles—, an aristocrat and a leader from the very cradle; frank, generous and bold; a young king, "by the grace of God" and the free will of his companions, for a democracy of boys can no more do without a head, a leader, a king, whatever the name may be, than a community of those of a larger growth.

This is a noble instinct of our nature, thus to recognise the full man, the godlike, the inherent right of him who combines in himself the qualities common to all, yet in a higher degree, the right vested by the Almighty in such an one, to lead the councils of the rest.

Smart, sturdy, fun-loving boys were they of the village school, each "father of the man." You can read their history as they are now grouped, for this is an instant of time when the true nature is revealed.

By the side of Charles is Francis—, a grave,

studious lad, with his finger upon his lip, and but half relishing the indignities put upon the master. Not so Tom—, who has even encroached upon the sanctum of the capacious pocket, and is ripe for all sorts of mischief.

Opposite this group is another; you will see Henry—, with MS. in hand, quietly enjoying the fun which he neither aids nor quells—with native kindness and genuine refinement of heart he is replying to the eager questionings of little Peter A—, who has just entered, and cannot as yet comprehend the nature of the disorder on every side. Samuel—, a pure specimen of the lymphatic, has laid his head close to the table, and is slowly gathering ideas; behind them are two Johns of the school, fiery, prompt, athletic youths, abounding in animal life, and yet capable of the best mental efforts. They regard books as a bore, while so much that is better may be learned under the free heavens, and amid the wild solitudes of wood and water. You see one is resolutely clinging to the head of the other, while his mate has seized him by the "forelock," as we are recommended to do with time.

John K. has just declared that the sister of John N— has a turned-up nose, and a pitched battle is the consequence.

That pale boy upon the top of the desk in the loose tunic, looking terrified and aghast, is the little son of Widow Jones, of whom we shall have more to say hereafter.

James— and George— are settling an old grudge, while Edward— is catching his breath, and looking on half in terror and half in delight, for when was there ever a boy that didn't enjoy a contest of whatever kind. That is he in the little coat with the skirts falling just below the shoulder-blades; that coat has been a miracle of skill, and the five boys of Mrs.— have worn it one after another, to the great pride and joy of the good woman.

William and Edwin C. are rummaging the

desk, and about to lay violent hands upon a doughnut belonging to little Jesse Sampson, who was at his father's knee, triumphantly droning forth b-l-a bla, b-l-e ble, &c., at the time the unlucky fit of sleep came on. This peril of the doughnut caps the climax of little Jesse's suffering, and you perceive he is looking quite as dolorous as the master himself.

David B. is a dull youth, too dull to start any thing original in the shape of mischief, though he has all the propensity therefor; he is making the hackneyed experiment of looking funny in the spectacles of the Domine, and the rest having better sport, pay little regard to his odd looks.

Thus much for the school. Now comes the more important office devolving upon us as chronicler of the event; the singular and unprecedented drowsiness of the good Mr. Sampson. In doing this it will be necessary to enter into a review of certain things transpiring three or four years anterior to the said nap, which caused so much disorder in the village school.

Jesse Sampson had been five years a widower; a period of mourning very tranquilly divided between the village school, the village church, and the village matrons, the latter of whom always gave the good Domine an extra cup of tea with the condoling remark, that "he must find himself very lonely," whereupon the smooth face of the good man assumed an expression at once dolorous in the extreme.

It was very considerate in his wife Sally to drop off as she did, without subjecting him to any great expense or anxiety on her account, either of which would have been very inconvenient for him to bear. The young Jesse was a baby at this time, a brown lymphatic child, who sucked his thumb resolutely, as if with the express purpose of sparing the feelings of the bereaved father. Indeed every thing seemed as if arranged for this very purpose, and thence came it, that Jesse was as sleek, hearty a mourner as ever filled the lists of widowhood.

On the Sunday after the commencement of this period, Jesse prepared a note, recounting the great calamity which had befallen himself and the little Jesse, which the parson read in a loud and emphatic voice, whereupon the whole congregation stared Jesse full in the face. Then, in his prayer, the parson dilated largely upon the virtues of the deceased, and the perils in store for the little Jesse, till the poor Domine was quite overcome with the extent of a misery which seemed greater than he had before realized. From this time forth he received from dame and spinster smiles of sympathy and condolence, which very much mitigated his sense of suffering.

Mr. Sampson had kept the school for about fifteen years, and was thence acquainted with all the pupils, even from their babyhood. He could tell the hair-breadth 'scapes of each—the exact period of weaning and dentition, and the transition states, involving robe, tunic, and finally jacket

and inexpressibles. There was not a youth in the village under twenty who had not experienced his tender mercies in the shape of a flogging one or more times at the least.

It was an affecting sight to behold Jesse Sampson, every day for the last three years, in his widowhood, daily pass to and fro leading poor little Jesse, armed with a huge slice of bread-and-butter, or making inroads upon a doughnut. On the Sabbath too, little Jesse sat in the pew beside him, the master considerably holding the boy's lips a little apart, that his snore might not interfere with the labours of the parson.

These distressing avocations were relieved by regular visits to sundry good dames with well-stocked larders, where Jesse, the younger, was pitied, petted, and stuffed to his heart's content; and Jesse, the elder, was sure to be in a fair way of preserving his rotundity of aspect.

Amongst these visits, which so much relieved the tediousness of his widowhood, was one to Mrs. Jones, the wife of Deacon Jones, the latter of whom had been ailing for nearly a year, and thence was highly gratified whenever Mr. Sampson came in to read the newspaper, discuss the probable result of an election, or tell with what exceeding unction parson Johnson held forth on the preceding Sabbath, though this last subject belonged more immediately to Deacon Brown, who was likewise a widower, and a frequent caller upon the invalid Deacon Jones, as being a brother in the same church, and deprived of public ministration.

David Jones, the youngest son of Mrs. Jones, was about the same age of little Jesse, and it was thence very natural that Mr. Sampson should often take him upon his knee, and talk kindly to him, and even in school extend to him a considerable degree of indulgence; and it was quite natural too that the child should conceive a good degree of favour for the man who so considerably laid aside the thunders of his station in his behalf.

At length it so happened that Deacon Jones grew suddenly worse, so much worse that Deacon Brown, Parson Johnson, and Master Sampson were all precipitately summoned to his bedside. It was all in vain, for the Deacon expired just as the first of these worthies stepped upon the door-sill, whither he had hurried with such promptitude as to actually leave his well-preserved hat hanging upon the peg behind his own door.

The two latter were in season to find Deacon Brown seated beside the widow, essaying the difficult task of consolation: Parson Johnson joined in prayer, and Mr. Sampson took little David upon his knee.

This was Friday night, and now comes the important era of our story. The half day of schooling on Saturday was omitted, out of respect to the Deacon. On the Sunday following, Parson Johnson came out with a sermon expressly for the occasion, which the best judges of the village pronounced superior to any previous effort.

After meeting was the funeral, the largest ever before known—for Deacon Jones was an inoffensive good man, well-to-do in the world, and now that all was over with him, the public were wonderfully alive to his merits.

All these things kept the good Domine in a state of feverish excitement, sleep was out of the question. He could do nothing but think of the poor widow, solitary and in tears. Accordingly, about seven o'clock on Sabbath night, he walked slowly, solemnly in the direction of her dwelling.

Nor had his sympathies alone been elicited on this trying occasion. As Mr. Sampson approached the house, a cheerful light stole from the window of Mrs. Jones, lighting up the pales of the fence in front, and revealing the wood-pile, heaps of chips, and the wheelbarrow, with a hoe lying half across it. Mr. Sampson paused not. As he passed the window, he observed a chair had turned aside a portion of the curtain. Mrs. Jones sat

with her handkerchief to her eyes, and Deacon Brown was holding her kindly by the hand.

Mr. Sampson paused one moment—it was a moment of bitter self-reproach at his own tardiness. He then quietly turned away, passed the chips, the wheelbarrow, hoe, and wood-pile, opened the little gate, closed it, and moved down the road with a step even more solemn than that with which he went up. That was a long night to the poor Domine.

Monday morning came. The boys were each in their places. Mr. Sampson looked pale and haggard, and there was a double tone of kindness in his voice, as if new and strange sympathies had been awakened within him. Little Jesse stood by his side reading b-l-a bla, as before set forth. Slowly the Master's head sank upon his bosom, and the boys, little Jesse, Mrs. Jones, Deacon Brown, all faded into oblivion.

THOUGHTS AND REMINISCENCES FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST QUEBEC—EDWARD CAVENAUGH.

BY LEWIS R. HAMERSLY.

So much for my preserver, "Honest Ned," which epithet he still bears among his neighbours, by whom he is much esteemed.—JUDGE HENRY.

REVERENCE for the departed is one of the most beautiful features of humanity, and it is said that it has prevailed in a ratio almost inverse to the degree of civilization; thus teaching us that it is the untutored voice of that deep religion of the soul which nature has implanted in the hearts of her simplest children, which prompts man to venerate the manes of his fathers. The funeral obsequies of the earlier and ruder nations of the East were full of pomp, sacrifices and sacred rites. The free and polished states of antiquity, too, wisely fostered this sentiment. They incited their youth to noble deeds by the posthumous honours which they lavished upon their illustrious dead. Greece was the land of apotheosized heroes and men-gods; her liberties had no better safeguard than the shining example of her virtuous civilians and patriot warriors; and one of our own great orators has strikingly said that the battle of Thermopylæ preserved her independence more than once. The ingenuous youth of Rome were surrounded by a thousand lively mementos of the ornaments and benefactors of the republic. Their minds were always filled with national memories and feelings. The deeds of their departed great were "enrolled in the Capitol;" perpetually kept fresh in the popular mind by amusements, games and festivals, and on all great and solemn occasions, their mute statues were borne through the capital in silent and slow procession.

Our own country, the youngest and fairest daughter of Liberty, should profit by the example of her elder sisters. True, as a nation we have no age of fabulous obscurity; no vague and shadowy traditionary era; no self flattering system of mythological genealogies. "Our country has stepped forth at maturity, in the panoply of war; like Minerva from the brain of Jove." The earthly origin of the founders of our States and achievers of our independence is so well authenticated that we have no show of reason for tracing their paternity to the gods who erst sat enthroned on Mount Olympus. The Revolution—the nation's birthday, was an event of the last age; and there are enough "veterans of half a century" yet lingering with us, to link the past and the present generation as closely together as though both were but a single succession of men. But few years have elapsed since the death of the most illustrious of the lion-hearted, patriot warriors and statesmen of that era; the very chronological order of their departure is distinctly preserved in the personal recollection of those who are now but in the prime of life. And has the effect of this close familiarity with their personal appearance and habits, their character and actions, and their death, been prejudicial to the vast measure of true fame allotted them? No! This has not been the effect of familiarity with them as they lived; for we have derived none but

wholesome and invaluable lessons from such study of their character and principles. Our veneration of them has increased in exact proportion to the diligence with which we have lingered over the moral beauties of their lives; the attention with which we have contemplated the purity of their motives, and the wisdom of their precepts; the care with which we have marked all the excellences so pre-eminently and harmoniously blended together in them, and the patriotic emulation with which we have studied to be what we beheld; as Humboldt, from the time that he entered the Torrid Zone, was never wearied with admiring every night, the beauty of the Southern sky, which, as he advanced, continually opened new and brilliant constellations to his view. Neither has such been the effect of familiarity with them as they died; for the closing, final scene in their drama of life surpassed all others in grandeur and effect. "They all yielded to the summons of Omnipotence with the same cheerful submission with which they had ever obeyed the calls of duty here." Some of them were cut off in the midst of their struggles, but they died the glorious death of the martyred patriot. Others of them died just at the hour of final victory, and in the prime of life; but not prematurely, for they cannot be said to have died too soon whose work was done, and they had lived long enough to secure to themselves a niche in that immortal gallery which belongs to our canonized dead. Again, others of them lived to attain a good old age; to reap a rich harvest of honour and reward, and finally died at the height of human fame. We watched their dissolution with feelings akin to those of the celebrated traveller already alluded to, when, on approaching the equator, and on passing from one hemisphere to the other, he saw those stars which he had contemplated from his infancy, progressively sink, and finally disappear. God grant that the sublime anthems of national woe which so often burst from the full hearts of this great people at the intelligence of their respective deaths, may never die away, but swell to the very heavens, and peal through after ages, perpetuating their memory and the free institutions which they founded, in all the vigour of eternal youth!

The fame of the principal actors in the memorable events of the Revolution, it is true, is already secure. Genius has delighted to act as the handmaid of Patriotism in the grateful task of commemorating their services, and the literature of the age is full of the noblest tributes to the patriotism and wisdom of the peerless Washington and the more illustrious of his compatriots. May the rich heritage of blessed privileges which they have bequeathed to us, prove as enduring as their fame.

But no one of our "heroic age," however humble, who acted his part well, should be suffered to pass unnoticed from the theatre of his toils and sacrifices in the cause of our freedom. Common gratitude demands that the remembrance

of all our public benefactors be kept alive by acts commemorative of their names and services; but there are additional reasons, of a peculiar and important kind, why we should especially preserve the memory of the humbler participators in our war of independence. These are to be found in the principles and results of that war; in the new dignity which it gave to the mere individual; in the new importance which it attached to man as man; in the popular tendencies which it gave to the age; and in its sublime and universal vindication of humanity, in teaching that all mankind are partakers of a common nature, and that all have "noble powers to cultivate, solemn duties to perform, inalienable rights to assert, and a vast destiny to accomplish."

Influenced by these general considerations, and as a tribute of gratitude for the services, and respect for the memory of an humble, but faithful revolutionary veteran, "I cast this humble stone upon this cairn," trusting that the similar contributions of other and abler hands, in like manner desirous of discharging some portion of the heavy debt of gratitude owing to the "soldiers of seventy-six," will continue to pile it aloft, until it towers to the skies—until the good deeds of every "Honest Ned" are duly chronicled, that they may be cherished in the warm hearts of this and all succeeding generations of American freemen.

EDWARD CAVERNAUGH was born in the city of Dublin, in 1750. He was born in Ireland, "the natives of which were more instrumental in achieving the Revolution than any other people, save only the inhabitants of these United Colonies." He came to this country at an early age. When our revolutionary struggle began, his heart glowed with the love of liberty, and he at once warmly espoused the cause of the colonists against the mother country. In the autumn of 1775, the Continental Congress having determined on making a descent upon Canada, three hundred men, under the command of Generals Schuyler and Montgomery, were sent into that country, and succeeded in taking St. John's and Montreal. In the meanwhile another detachment from the American grand army, then in the vicinity of Boston, was organized, to penetrate into Canada by the route of the Kennebec and Chaudière rivers, for the purpose of co-operating with the forces under Schuyler and Montgomery. The detachment consisted of eleven hundred men. Col. Benedict Arnold was appointed the commander in chief of the whole division. The corps was in part composed of riflemen, two companies of whom were from Pennsylvania, viz. Captain William Hendricks's from Cumberland county, and Captain Matthew Smith's from Lancaster county. The toils, privations and sufferings of this detachment seem almost incredible. "Truth is strange, stranger than fiction;" for surely "no pen of ancient chronicler" has ever told, no fancy of the poet ever framed, a tale of romance surpassing in interest the plain, unvarnished narrative of this

expedition through the wilderness of Maine, during the midst of winter, and under a climate of the greatest rigour. Its history was written by the late John Joseph Henry, who accompanied the expedition as a private in Smith's company, and who afterwards became President Judge of the second judicial district of Pennsylvania. The Judge compares it, in many respects, to the celebrated retreat of the Ten Thousand Greeks, and says that it would "demand and require the talents and genius of a Xenophon, to do it real justice."

Edward Cavanaugh enlisted in Smith's company of the 1st Regiment of Pa. Rifle, commanded by Col. Thompson of York, which company, as was before observed, was drafted for the campaign. A braver or a better soldier did not accompany the expedition. Judge Henry, in his history of the campaign, makes frequent and most honourable mention of him. On one occasion he rescued the Judge and Lieutenant (afterwards General) Simpson from watery graves. The boat in which they were both seated, was capsized whilst crossing the Kennebec river; "and," says the Judge, "we should have drowned but for the assistance of Edward Cavanaugh, an Irishman, and an excellent soldier, who was designated in the company by the appellation of 'Honest Ned.'" In the daring attack on the city of Quebec, in which the noble Montgomery fell, and which terminated so disastrously to the American arms, he was taken prisoner, and forced by the authorities to join a regiment formed by the English for the defence of the city; being threatened, if he refused, that he would be sent to England in irons, to be executed as a rebel. He remained an enlisted prisoner for six months, when he effected his escape, according to Judge Henry, in the following daring manner. "Towards the end of January, Cavanaugh and Connor happened to compose a part of the same guard at Palace-gate, where the walls are from thirty to forty feet high, independently of the declivity of the hill. Cavanaugh was stationed as a sentry in conjunction with one of the British party. Connor had procured a bottle of rum; coming to the station, he drank himself, and presented the bottle to the British sentry. Whilst the latter was in the act of drinking, Cavanaugh gave him a push with the butt of his musket, which stunned and brought him to the ground. Taking his arms, they sprang over the walls into a deep bed of snow, into which they sank mid-deep. It was with difficulty they extricated themselves, and the relief guard came in time to give them a volley, as they were scampering

away. Thanks to God, my worthy Irishmen escaped unharmed, though as they passed through St. Roque, they were complimented by several discharges of canister and grape-shot."

"Cavanaugh," the Judge adds, "is still (1812) living, is laborious, and has a large family of children, who are respectable in their way. You cannot conceive the joyousness of my heart, when hearing of him in my peregrinations a few years since, in the mountainous parts of York county. The Assembly of Pennsylvania have granted him a pension, for which that honourable body has my most fervent blessings. The pittance I then spared him, it is to be hoped, will never make you (the Judge's daughters) the poorer. So much for my preserver, 'Honest Ned,' which epithet he still bears among his neighbours, by whom he is much esteemed."

Cavanaugh, after his escape, rejoined the American army under the command of Arnold. He remained in the service four years, and was honourably discharged. "After thus finally leaving the service of his adopted country, in which he had displayed so much bravery and fortitude, he repaired to his old home in Dillsburg, York county, Pennsylvania, the place which in 1812 contained but a few scattered dwellings, and was described as being situated in the "mountainous part" of the county, but which is now a compact, thriving and pleasant town, located near the base of one of the chain of the South mountains, and bordering upon a highly cultivated and fertile country. He continued to reside there until the period of his death, which took place on the 14th of January last, at the advanced age of 92. His remains were accompanied to the place of interment by a larger concourse of people than ever assembled on a similar occasion in that section of the country, and his corpse was consigned to the grave by the volunteers of the neighbourhood, with military honours. The close of his life was as serene and happy as its active portion had been useful and patriotic. Thus died the last survivor of the memorable campaign against Canada of 1775. At a spontaneous convocation of his neighbours and friends—of "those who knew him," immediately after his funeral, it was fitly testified that he "never forfeited the title to the appellation of 'Honest Ned,'" and as touchingly and beautifully regretted that they had lost "so worthy a member of that gallant band, spared to this day by Providence, to grace by their virtues as citizens, the land they had rendered free by their valour." Peace to his ashes!

REVIEW.

The Sinless Child and other Poems, by E. OAKES SMITH, author of "The Captain," "Riches without Wings," &c. &c. Edited by John Keese. With a Biographical Memoir, by John Neal. 1 vol. New York: Wiley and Putnam.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH, as some of our readers may not be aware, is none other than our valued contributor, so often agreeably known to them as *Mrs. Seba Smith*; and those who have often traced her singular versatility of talent in the pages of *THE LADY'S BOOK*, will sympathize with us in our emotions of pride and pleasure as we witnessed the almost enthusiastic admiration which the work now before us has universally elicited from the public press.

"Works of bad taste (says a capable critic) will often captivate the uncultivated many; works of mere taste as often delight the cultivated few; but works of *genius* appeal to the universal mind." The rare simplicity of diction, and pervading beauty, and elevation of thought, which are the chief characteristics of "the Sinless Child," would bring it undoubtedly within the last category, even if public opinion had not already stamped the popularity of the poem. And *why* do such writings seize at once on the feelings of every class? *Wherein* lies this mystic power of genius to wake a response in society at large? Is it the force of a high *will* fusing feeble natures, and stamping them for the moment with an impress of its own? Or is it rather that in every heart, unless thoroughly corrupted by the world, in every mind, unless completely encrusted by cant, there lurks an inward sense of the simple, the beautiful and the true, an *instinctive* perception of excellence which is both more unerring and more universal than that of mere intellect. Such is the cheering view of humanity enforced in "the Sinless Child," and the reception of it is the best evidence of the truth of the doctrine it so exquisitely shadows forth. "It is a work (says a discriminating critic) which demands more in its composition than mere imagination or intellect could supply;" and we may add that the writer in unconsciously picturing the *actual* graces of her own mind, has made an irresistible appeal to the *ideal* of soul-loveliness in the minds of her readers. She comes before us like the florist in Arabian story, whose magic vase produced a plant of such simple, yet perfect beauty, that the multitude were in raptures from the familiar field associations of childhood which it called forth, while the skill of the learned alone detected the unique rarity of the enchanting flower. We could find no more agree-

able task than tracing here a full analysis of this delightful production of our gifted countrywoman; but we have already indicated in these few sentences both its leading idea, and wherein lies the chief power of the author, in giving that idea its most successful expression; and we prefer devoting what space is left us, to some extracts, which may partially illustrate what we have said.

INFANT SLUMBER.

A holy smile was on her lip,
Whenever sleep was there,
She slept, as sleeps the blossom, hushed
Amid the silent air!

FLOWERS.

Each leaflet is a tiny scroll
Inscribed with holy truth,
A lesson that around the heart
Should keep the dew of youth;
Bright missals from angelic throngs
In every by-way left,
How were the earth of glory shorn
Were it of flowers bereft!

They tremble on the alpine heights,
The fissured rock they press,
The desert wild, with heat and sand,
Shares too their blessedness;
And wheresoe'er the weary heart
Turns in its dim despair,
The meek-eyed blossom upward looks,
Inviting it to prayer!

CONSCIENCE.

Dear mother! in ourselves is hid
The holy spirit-land,
Where THOUGHT, the flaming cherub stands
With its relentless brand;
We feel the pang, when that dread sword
Inscribes the hidden sin,
And turneth every where to guard
The paradise within!

FIELD-ELVES.

The tender violets bent in smiles
To the Elves that sported nigh,
Tossing the drops of fragrant dew
To scent the evening sky.

They kissed the rose in love and mirth,
And its petals fairer grew;
A shower of pearly dust they brought
And over the lily threw.

I saw one dainty creature crown
The tulip's painted cup,

And bless with one soft kiss the urn,
Then fold its petals up.

A finger rocked the young bird's nest,
As high on a branch it hung,
While the gleaming night-dew rattled down
Where the old dry leaf was flung.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

No inward pang, no yearning love,
Is lost to human hearts,
No anguish that the spirit feels,
When bright-winged hope departs;
Though in the mystery of life
Discordant powers prevail;
That life itself be weariness,
And sympathy may fail:
Yet all becomes a discipline,
To lure us to the sky,
And angels bear the good it brings,
With fostering care on high;
Though others, weary at the watch,
May sink to toil-spent sleep,
And we are left in solitude
And agony to weep:
Yet *they*, with ministering zeal,
The cup of healing bring,
And bear our love and gratitude
Away, on heavenward wing;
And thus the inner life is wrought,
The blending earth and heaven,
The love more earnest in its glow,
When much has been forgiven.

SYMPATHY.

Alas! I may not hope on earth
Companionship to find,
Alone must be the pure in heart,
Alone the high in mind!

SUPERSTITION.

And oft her mother sought the child
Amid the forest glade,
And marvelled that in darksome glen
So tranquilly she stayed,
For every jagged limb to her
A shadowy semblance hath,
Of spectres and distorted shapes
That frown upon her path,
And mock her with their hideous eyes;

*For when the soul is blind
To freedom, truth, and inward light,
Vague fears debase the mind.*

MID-SUMMER.

'Tis the summer prime, when the noiseless air
In perfumed chalice lies,
And the bee goes by with a lazy hum,
Beneath the sleeping skies.
When the brook is low and the ripples bright,
As down the stream they go,
The pebbles are dry on the upper side,
And dark and wet below.

The tree that stood when the soil's athirst,
And the mulleins first appear,
Hath a dry and rusty-coloured bark,
And its leaves are curled and sere;
But the dogwood and the hazel bush
Have clustered round the brook—
Their roots have stricken deep beneath,
And they have a verdant look.

To the juicy leaf the grasshopper clings,
And he gnaws it like a file,
The naked stalks are withering by,
Where he has been erewhile.
The cricket hops on the glistening rock,
Or pipes in the faded grass,
The beetle's wings are folded mute,
When the steps of the idler pass.

These passages are chosen merely because they will admit of being thus disconnected from the rest of the poem, on every page of which we find the same alternate features of force and beauty. Of the other pieces in the volume, "The Acorn," though inferior in high inspiration to the Sinless Child, will by many be preferred for its happy play of fancy and proper finish. Upon the sonnets we shall not dwell, for the simple reason that they are worthy a critical paper by themselves. We doubt much whether *they* will be popular, but they evidence concentrated poetical power of a very high, possibly of the very highest order. In conclusion we can only say, that the discrimination of Mr. Keese in bringing these admirable poems before the public in their present shape, adds much to his reputation as a judicious critic, acquired by his previous poetical collections.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"Not for the summer hour alone,
When skies resplendent shine,
And youth and pleasure fill the throne,
Our hearts and hands we join;
But for those stern and wintry days
Of peril, pain and fear,
When heaven's wise discipline doth make
This earthly journey drear."

This is the month for summer excursions. How many in the pursuit of pleasure are leaving comfort behind them! But let them go, all who can, reasonably, from the close, dusty, sun-struck cities, even though they should suffer a hundred inconveniences. It is better to endure the crowded car and dull steamboat than never to look upon the free face of nature, and the beauty and blessings which this season is pouring over our land, as though every shower scattered flowers and every sun-beam kissed the fruits to a sweeter ripeness.

Among the host of travellers will be seen many a youthful couple just entering on the path of married life, which at its opening seems—does it not? a very paradise of flowers. But remember, these flowers, to be kept in perennial bloom, must be transplanted, or rather transferred (for they are in the *heart* and not in the outward world of circumstance) to a happy home. So we trust our young friends are intending, when the bridal tour has been enjoyed, to take on themselves the cares, so that they may enjoy the pleasures, of housekeeping.

It may be necessary that, for a season, the young married couple should take rooms—but never let them expect to enjoy the advantages and pleasures of domestic life in a boarding-house. A married man is never fully respected as such, till he is head of his own house; and a married lady can aspire to no kind of importance in her honourable station as wife, till she sits at the head of her own table. We could—and we will some day—write a chapter on the disadvantages of a boarding-house life, for young married ladies; but now for the benefit of the fair, sensible brides, who are intending to commence their happy wifehood in their own sweet homes, we will insert a letter from a mother to her newly-married daughter.

"I find by your letters, my dear Caroline, that you are very anxious to hear from me. You fear I have forgotten you, and want my advice, as you say, on a thousand subjects. Your fears are groundless; a *mother never forgets her child*. I had my reasons for this delay.

"In the first place, I knew your time would be very much encroached by the arrangements necessary on beginning to keep house. It is an important era in the life of a woman, to be taken from the paternal roof where she was a dependent child, an indulged favourite perhaps, and placed at the head of an establishment which she is expected to guide and grace. I think there is often too much advice and interference from relations and friends at such a time. I believe young married women would oftener take a right course from *principle*, if left to their own reflections, than they do, when urged to adopt such and such arrangements, because they are fashionable and necessary for their station, &c.—considerations usually insisted on by worldly people.

"In the second place, it is no very slight affair for me to write a letter. I want every thing in a particular way; my table and chair must be arranged with due reference to the light; my pen must be made, my glasses, too, must

be worn. Ah! it is when I begin those employments which used to be so delightful in my youth, that I feel the infirmities of age creeping on me, feel the penalty which the immortal mind must pay for being permitted to remain long in this earthly tabernacle. And I have no Caroline at hand to watch my inclinations and prevent even my wishes.

"But do not, my darling, think I regret your marriage; or indeed, regret that you have left me. I rejoice at both, because I believe your virtues will more fully unfold, and that your usefulness and happiness will be better promoted in the union you have formed than they would have been had you remained with me. I feel alone, to be sure: but then I am not lonely, for my heart is with you, and I am studying and thinking how I can assist or counsel you in the discharge of your arduous duties.

"Experience cannot be transferred. We may give wise advice, but we cannot give the wisdom to follow it. Men and women must commune with their own hearts, and take counsel, each individual, with the whispers of the divine spirit in his or her own soul, if they would possess that strength of character which, depending on principle, is the only stable foundation of excellence.

"You request me, my beloved child, to counsel you concerning your religious deportment,—and in referring you to the word of God and the dictates of your own conscience, and entreating you never to adopt a principle of belief or a course of conduct which, in the secret recesses of your own bosom and in the silent and lonely hours of your life, you cannot reflect upon without self-reproach, I give you the best rule my experience suggests. You need have no fear that this rule, if followed, will restrict your enjoyments. 'The innocent are gay'—and I do think that cheerfulness of spirit should be inculcated as a virtue. Christianity is not sadness, nor is religion gloom.

"Never separate your duty to your Father in heaven entirely from your duties and feelings towards his children on earth. 'Remember you are to 'do his will,' before you can understand 'his doctrines.' Let the warmth of piety in your heart be evidenced by the kindness and meekness of your spirit towards all around you. I wish you, my dear Caroline, to frame your whole conduct and conversation on the Christian model, and show in your daily life, the beauty, the excellence, ay, and the cheerfulness, the pleasure also, which blesses a truly religious woman.

"You are surrounded with the means of worldly happiness, and I wish to see you partake of these enjoyments. But thoughtless gaiety is not happiness. Reflection is to the mind what exercise is to the body, a strengthener. You ought to be cheerful, you may be gay, innocently—but, my child, never be thoughtless. Of the many follies and vices committed in the world, far the greater part are owing to indiscretion, to a want of thought. I have seldom met with a person who did not praise virtue and admire goodness. I believe there are few people who would openly advocate doing wrong. Why then are so many wrongs done? Why do not people practise what they praise?

"Because the majority lack strength of mind to resist temptation; which, in other words, is to lack judgment. If a true estimate were made, it would be found that, even for this world, a life of innocence would be the happiest as well as best for all mankind, and it is this right estimate of things I would now, particularly, urge on you.

Your season of life, the new scenes opening before you, the flatteries that will surround you as the wife of a rich and celebrated man; all these have a blinding power, a power over the senses and even the understanding, which will inevitably fascinate and deceive you, unless you reason and reflect carefully, and are resolute *to do that which is right*.

"There is, in the arrangement of the household routine, so much depending on the discretion and deportment of the mistress of the family, that I sometimes think good sense is more indispensable for women than for men. At least, in the domestic circle no accomplishments will compensate for the lack of good sense or discretion in the lady of the ménage. In her narrow circle every mistake

must be apparent, and consistency of conduct, which was never found united with a frivolous or ill-regulated mind, is the foundation of domestic comfort and moral improvement.

"How much is included in that simple phrase—domestic happiness! How I hope my Caroline will ever enjoy it. But remember that the heart of woman is too finely tuned with the harmony of heaven ever to be happy on earth, unless she cherishes devotional feelings. I cannot think of woman as an unbeliever. I cannot think of a wife who does not pray for the husband she loves, or of a mother whose heart is not daily flowing out in prayers for her children, as I now pray for thee, my Caroline."

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

Pictorial History of the United States. By John Frost, A. M. No. 4, July 1843. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler, 1843.

This number of Professor Frost's *Pictorial History of the United States* is superior in the interest of the literary portion, and in the beauty of the embellishments, to any of the preceding numbers. The narrative embraces the

colonization and early history of Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Connecticut. We have copied extracts and embellishments from the portion of the work relating to the two states last mentioned. The first describes the exile of Roger Williams, and the founding of the state of Rhode Island.

"The impracticability of maintaining a uniformity of



ROGER WILLIAMS EXILED.

religious opinion, even in a small community, most favourably situated for the purpose, soon became apparent. Among the emigrants of 1630 was Roger Williams, a puritan minister who officiated for some time as a pastor in New Plymouth; but subsequently obtained leave to resign his functions at that place, and in 1633 was appointed minister at Salem. His unflinching assertion of the rights of conscience, and the new views which he developed of the nature of religious liberty, had early attracted the attention of the leading men of the colony,

and excited the hostility of a great portion of the people. Indeed there was much in his doctrine to awaken the prejudices and excite the alarm of those who had adopted the exclusive theory of Winthrop and his adherents.

"He maintained that it was not lawful for an unregenerate man to pray, nor for Christians to join in family prayer with those whom they judged unregenerate: that it was not lawful to take an oath of allegiance, which he had declined himself to take, and advised his congregation equally to reject: that King Charles had unjustly

usurped the power of disposing of the territory of the Indians, and hence the colonial patent was utterly invalid: that *the civil magistrate had no right to restrain or direct the consciences of men; and that anything short of unlimited toleration for all religious systems was detestable persecution.*

"These opinions and others of a kindred nature, enforced with an uncompromising zeal, soon occasioned his separation from his pastoral charge. A few admirers clung to him in his retirement; and when he denounced the use of the cross on the British flag, the fiery and enthusiastic Endicott cut the *Popish emblem*, as he styled it, from the national standard; nor did the censure of this act by the provincial authorities convince the military trained bands of Williams's error. With them the leaders were obliged to compromise. While measures were in agitation for bringing Williams to a judicial reckoning, Cotton and other ministers proposed a conference with him, of the fruitlessness of which the far-sighted Winthrop warned them—*You are deceived in that man, if you think he will condescend to learn of any of you.*" Subsequent events showed that these two men, the most distinguished in the colony, regarded each other with mutual respect throughout the whole controversy. The conference was ineffectual; and sentence of banishment was pronounced against Williams. This sentence was so unpopular in Salem, that a large proportion of the inhabitants prepared to follow him into exile; when an earnest remonstrance from Cotton and the other ministers of Boston, hardly induced them to relinquish their purpose. Alarmed at this movement, his enemies determined to send him to England; but he evaded the warrant issued for his apprehension, and making his escape in the midst of winter, sought shelter among the recesses of the forest. His sufferings should never be forgotten by

the friends of religious liberty. For more than three months he was a houseless wanderer in the woods (1635). It was well for him that his philanthropic spirit had previously led him to cultivate the friendship of the Indians. From Massasoit and Canonius he received a cordial welcome; and he was ever after their advocate and friend."

"His first attempt at a settlement was at Seekonk, where he procured land from Osamaqui, the chief sachem of Pokanoket, and began to build. But a private letter from Governor Winthrop brought him information that this place was within the jurisdiction of Plymouth colony, and advised him to remove to the neighbourhood of Narragansett Bay. His friends, Miantonomoh and Canonius, assured him that he should not want land for a settlement in that vicinity. With this assurance, he, with five other persons, went over Seekonk river to seek a place for that purpose. Descending the stream, as they drew near the little cove, north of Tookwotten, now called India Point, they were saluted by the natives with the friendly term, "What cheer?" Passing down to the mouth of the river, and round Fox Point, they proceeded a little way up the river, on the other side, to a place called by the Indians Mooshausick, where they landed, and were hospitably received. Not far from the landing Roger Williams afterwards built his house. Here he, with his companions, began a plantation, which, in acknowledgment "of God's merciful providence to him in his distress," he called PROVIDENCE. In 1638 a deed of Canonius and Miantonomoh confirmed his possession of the land. The exile, persecuted for his testimony to the freedom of conscience, had become the founder of a state."

The second extract describes the memorable emigration of the Reverend Mr. Hooker and his company, and founding of Connecticut.



EMIGRATION OF MR. HOOKER AND HIS COMPANY.

"In 1634, a number of the inhabitants of Cambridge, with the Rev. Mr. Hooker at their head, applied to the general court of Massachusetts for permission to remove to the banks of the Connecticut, on the plea that the number of emigrants did not allow them such a choice of lands as they desired. The court was divided on the subject, and its consideration was postponed for a time. Several of the most active of those engaged in the enterprise had proceeded so far in their preparations for remov-

ing, that they would not wait the court's consent; and, accordingly, five of them set out, and proceeded to Pyquac, a beautiful spot on the Connecticut, a few miles below Hartford, where they built huts and passed the winter. The general court again assembled in May, 1636, and granted permission to Hooker and his company to remove to Connecticut, as they desired; stipulating, however, that they should remain under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts. Active preparations for removal were

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Engraved by A. Z. Chalmers

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FAMILY JEWELS.

Engraved for Goddard's Lady's Book.



Engraved by J. C. M. 1844

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THE CONSEQUENCES OF BEING TOO LATE.



32



G O D E Y ' S

L A D Y ' S B O O K .

AUGUST, 1843.

THE CONSEQUENCE OF DRIVING THINGS OFF.

BY PROFESSOR FROST.

(See Plate.)

MR. SAMUEL SAUNTER was such an unpunctual person about keeping his appointments that he came, at length, to be called by his acquaintance the *late* Mr. Saunter. "By and by," "All in good time," "Slow and sure," "More haste worse speed," &c. &c. were his favourite quotations; and his wife, good lady! who was one of your bustling, fussing, fidgeting, never-easy sort of personages, born and educated for the express purpose of tormenting lazy husbands, was daily and hourly put off with one or another of these phrases.

One summer, several years ago, they went out of town to spend the hottest part of the season among the gardens, farms and orchards in a pleasant town in the interior of Pennsylvania, about one hundred and fifty miles from Philadelphia, and a very pleasant sojourn they made of it. Their children, a little girl of eight and a boy of six years old, enjoyed their residence in the country greatly, and were much improved in their health and vigour by their diet of homemade bread, fresh milk and eggs and ripe fruit. Exercise and fresh air did much also for the parents, and made Mr. Saunter himself *almost* an active man. All that was wanting was the *will*—or, as the metaphysicians call it, the moral ability to bestir himself when the occasion called for exertion. But, truth to tell, the quiet retired farm-house in which they were quartered, was to him a perfect Castle of

Indolence. When dragged out upon an excursion by his active lady, he went, indeed; but he contrived so to arrange matters that while the rest of the family were gathering berries, or weaving garlands of flowers, he was reposing under some shady tree; or quietly angling in the river, which intersected the farm. Whole days did he spend reclining on the heaps of fragrant new-mown grass, watching the labours of the hay-makers. His habit of procrastination, however, was indulged even in reference to these excursions into the fields. He was always the last of the party to be ready for a start, and he often put off his return to the house till the rising thunder-clouds poured forth their watery contents upon his head, and made him regret his not having heeded the warnings of his faithful helpmate.

When the mowers descended from the higher ground to the "intervale" as it was called, by the river bank, Mr. Saunter followed; and reclining under a clump of willows, he would listen hour after hour, to the pleasant ringing sound of the scythes as they cut through the tall, heavy grass. By his patient study of the subject he must have attained a pretty good knowledge of the *theory* of mowing; the practice he would have found altogether too laborious for his taste. In this agreeable occupation, however, he was not entirely without company. The mosquitoes abounded in the "intervale," and as Mr. Saunter was a light-

complexioned, thin-skinned gentleman, they conceived a particular affection for him; so that by the time he had pulled off his coat and thrown himself comfortably, at full length, upon the grass, beneath his favourite willows, they began to settle upon his hands, face and arms, and pay him a great many personal attentions—more, in fact, than were quite agreeable. Too much attention, at certain times, is quite overpowering. Mr. Saunter however was a very benevolent and tolerant person; and seldom disturbed them till they had taken their fill. He had, he said, a good deal of blood to spare, and this mode of venesection was attended with much less form and ceremony than sending for the doctor and submitting to the operation of the lancet. Besides, he had his own peculiar notions about the rights of men and mosquitoes; and he would frequently address himself to some thirsty citizen of the insect commonwealth, who was quietly enjoying himself upon his hand or arm, in such terms as these:—

"That's a good fellow, now, suck away and enjoy yourself. I dare say this is the first good drink that you have enjoyed for a long time. Swig away, my good fellow, and be thankful that you live in a liberty country, where every man and mosquito may enjoy himself in his own way. Some people would consider themselves as perfectly justified in taking your life for a personal assault of this kind. But for my part I don't believe in the lawfulness of capital punishments; and I think that the fit of indigestion you will have after this carouse, will be quite punishment enough for so light an offence. There, you are full now! You are as round as a pea and as red as Bardolph's nose. Good morning! Take care of yourself!"

But all human enjoyments have their term; and the time at length drew nigh when the family party were to leave their pleasant abode in the country.

The first of September was the day appointed for returning to town. Mrs. Saunter got every thing ready in her department. The requisite parting calls were made, her own and her children's travelling clothes were put in order; the apartments were made ready to be abandoned; the housekeeper in town was written to and ordered to prepare a late dinner in anticipation of their arrival. But, alas! when the long looked for morning came, Mr. Saunter was found to have procrastinated every thing which it was his province to have dispatched. Their bill was not settled; nor the money received from his agent in town. Indeed, upon a severe cross-examination conducted by his amiable better half, it came out in evidence, that he had not even written to his agent to have the money sent—nor had he written to have certain papering and painting about the house done which were considered by Madame to be indispensably necessary to their comfort on resuming their residence in town. Neither had Mr. Ewing been written to, to mend that

spout, which had formed the subject of a very exciting discussion between Mr. and Mrs. Saunter at the breakfast table every morning for a month before they left town; nor had Mr. Picot been written to, to reserve a place in his school for Rosalie, nor had any arrangement been made about Tommy's schooling. In short, the list of Mr. Saunter's omissions was perfectly appalling. His excellent lady lost all patience with him, and incontinently determined to postpone the journey a fortnight longer, in order that all arrearages might be brought up—a fortnight!—a whole fortnight!—Mr. Saunter assented very placidly to this arrangement. A fortnight seemed a whole age in perspective; and he would have time enough to set every thing to rights. So by way of showing his decision of character, he resolved to write to his agent in a week; and to the other people before the fortnight was up. At the end of the stated time he was still unprepared, and another day was fixed; and another disappointment followed, and so on, till the month of October was pretty well advanced and the mornings and evenings were getting quite cold.

At last, thanks to the indefatigable exertions of Mrs. Saunter, all was prepared. The trunks were all packed; the bills were all paid; the people in town were all instructed in their several duties and had returned satisfactory answers. It was evening. They were to go the next morning bright and early; and the children were sent off to bed betimes, so that they might be waked early without depriving them of their accustomed quantity of sleep.

"My dear," said Mrs. Saunter, "did you call this morning at the stage office and set down your name so as to make sure that the stage coach will stop for us as it passes?"

"No, my dear," he replied, "I thought I would put it off till this afternoon; and when the afternoon came I forgot all about it."

"Well, I declare, Mr. Saunter, that is too bad. We shall be left behind after all; and it will be three days before there will be another opportunity to go. And here we are all ready, packed up and waiting to start. How uncomfortable these three days will be."

"Oh! never mind, my dear, I will be up early in the morning, and send Mr. Jones's hired man, Nathan, down to the place in the road where the coach passes, to stop it, when it will come along—"

"Well, we shall be left behind, I know we shall. I thought something would happen to disappoint me. I declare, if I once get back to Philadelphia, I never will go into the country again." &c. &c. &c. This was merely the text. The lecture lasted three quarters of an hour, without greatly disturbing the equanimity of Mr. Saunter. Custom will reconcile a man to any thing—even to certain lectures.

The next morning, all was bustle and activity. The lady and children were up betimes and

dressed for the journey; Mr. Saunter reluctantly obeying the fifth and last call, at length rose and made himself ready. A hasty breakfast was dispatched, and Nathan was duly sent off to his post, to stop the coach.

It happened, however, that after he had stood sentinel a full half hour, an unruly cow from the highway broke through the fence and jumped into one of his master's enclosures, whereupon Nathan, considering his duty in that quarter paramount, deserted his station and ran off to turn the animal out and repair the breach. While he was thus employed, one of the farmer's children, playing in the field, saw the coach approaching, and ran to the house with the intelligence. Instantly the party obeyed the summons. The farmer's oldest boy took the travelling trunk on his shoulder, Mr. Saunter seized his portmanteau and umbrella, and Mrs. Saunter her basket, and the children following *non passibus aëquis*, off they set, upon the run, towards the highway. They saw the coach coming rapidly along. The children shouted, the lady waved her handkerchief, and the gentleman uplifted his voice and his umbrella at the same time. But it was all in vain. They were not seen nor heard; and the coach whirled past long before they could reach the desired point. The only consolation they had was that of seeing that the vehicle was packed full, with four passengers outside, besides the driver.

"I told you so, Mr. Saunter," said the lady. "I knew it would be so. We never shall get home again. I give up all expectation of it now. We are here for life."

"Never mind, my dear," said Mr. Saunter, "it is no great loss any how; you see the coach is full, and ten to one they could not have taken us in. We shall have better luck next time."

"I don't believe," said Mrs. Saunter, "they were so full that we could not have been stowed away somewhere. It is the old story. It always was so and always will be so. This all comes, Mr. Saunter, of your way of driving things off."

"I beg your pardon, my dear," replied the gentleman with great suavity of manner, "I beg your pardon; but it does seem to me that in the present case our disappointment is owing to Nathan's *driving things off*; for if he had not gone to drive the cow out of the field, we should not have missed the coach."

Thus pleasantly and affectionately chatting, the worthy couple returned to the farm-house.

The lady now took the matter seriously in

hand herself, and the next time the stage coach passed a passage was secured and the party were safely landed at their residence in town. Among the many letters and papers awaiting Mr. Saunter's return to his home, was a notice from the Fire Insurance Company, that the term of his policy had expired. This was instantly seized by Mrs. Saunter.

"Now, my dear, run right down to the Insurance Office, and have this policy renewed. I shan't sleep a wink to-night if it is not done."

"But, my dear, you do not consider how much I am fatigued. I will attend to it to-morrow. The house has stood very safely here for a whole month without insurance, and I think it may stand one day longer without much risk. At least let me have my dinner first."

This point was conceded, but the whole dinner hour was occupied with a discussion on the importance of insurance in general and insurance on dwelling-houses in particular.

Mr. Saunter went out after dinner, and did not return until a late hour in the evening. The first salutation from his lady when they met was,

"Have you insured the house?"

"Indeed, my dear —"

"There. I knew you had not attended to it. You are always driving things off."

"The fact is, my dear, that I fell in with so many old acquaintances, and had so much to say and to hear, that I forgot all about it. But I will certainly attend to it, the first thing in the morning."

This scene was enacted over, twice every day, for a fortnight, at the end of which time the house took fire and was burnt to the ground without a dollar of insurance. A part of the furniture, however, was saved; a smaller house was hired, and the vacant lot sold.

Mr. Saunter had lost a few thousands by "driving off" the operation of insuring his property, but he had still a handsome fortune left, which was all invested in bank stock. When this description of property, in consequence of certain events which have recently transpired in our country, began rapidly to decline in value, he prudently *resolved* to sell out and invest in real estate; but here his besetting sin of procrastination prevailed again. He put off action from day to day, notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of his wife; and he is now comparatively a poor man. Such are "*the consequences of driving things off*."

AUNT SARAH;

OR,

THE LADY WITH THE MOLE ON HER NOSE.

BY ANNA FLEMING.

AUNT Sarah lives all by herself. She is a tall old woman, with a mole on her nose. She says she has been good looking; but we always doubted it; and as she is now seventy, and none of us are much over twenty, we cannot be expected to remember the period to which she alludes. Aunt Sarah has had a singular life, full of changes and chances, and she loves to relate it, for she says, if we listen in a proper spirit, we cannot fail to profit by it. I will try to tell the story as nearly as I can in her own words. I am sure I have heard it often enough to know it by heart.

I was born, she says, in New York; we were a large family of brothers, and sisters; but I was by some years the oldest. Oh what merry, merry times we used to have there, in my father's house. How we ran and raced, and played, and were never checked for any thing. I remember it all, as if it were yesterday, and when I look in the glass at myself now, and see the gray hairs, and the ugly old thin face, I can hardly believe myself the same person as the thoughtless merry child I was then. But sometimes I have the same warm feelings in my heart which I used to have then, and memory carries me back to the square old parlour with its soft crimson carpet—but I am talking foolishly, and that, in an old woman, is unpardonable; I will go on with my story. I grew up, and was considered at home to be quite good looking; but there was one drawback: I had a mole on my nose! To this circumstance, I attribute many of the events that have befallen me. At the time I grew up, my father was very well off; and I was able to dress well, and see a great deal of company. This delighted me, for I was naturally of a gay disposition; but then I had a mole on my nose, and wherever I went, I fancied people were laughing at me, and oh! how suspicious it made me. I never saw two people talking together in an under tone, that I did not say to myself "they are talking about the mole on my nose."

If people looked at me when they spoke to me, I fancied they were inspecting it; if they turned their eyes away, they must be trying to hide a smile. In church, it seemed to me that the preacher invariably fixed his eyes upon my nose! I would have parted with every earthly advantage, if with them I could have got rid of the mole upon

my nose. No veil, however thick, would hide it! no bonnet, however large, would shade it! I cannot tell you how this foolish subject worried me, nor how many times, when mortified by some fancied neglect this defect had brought upon me, I returned home from some gay circle, and throwing myself on my bed, in a passion of tears, have cried myself to sleep.

But my brothers' taunts were hardest to bear. Poor fellows, they are all dead now. Henry died twenty-one years ago. He was the youngest of us. I have a long lock of his light brown hair. Poor fellow, he little knew how I smarted under his jokes, and even now, I have a little picture drawn by him, a caricature, representing me, with the mole on my nose, magnified to an enormous degree; oh how angry I was at the time, and how angrily I tried to snatch it from him to destroy it, and how I treasure it now because he drew it!

My father was always sickly, and when I was about twenty he began to feel his health decline very fast. He said to me one day,

"Child, you think a little deal too much of your appearance;" (he little knew that I scarcely thought of any thing else.) "I am afraid, before long you will have some real sorrow, and then perhaps you will cease to grieve about trifles which are unavoidable."

I knew that he was alluding to the mole on my nose; but I did not understand all his meaning, and my foolish heart rebelled at what I called the old man's *scolding*.

But his words proved true. Before six months he died, and with him we lost his salary, which had been our principal support; and for the first time, I knew what sorrow was. Yes! for months we struggled with poverty, bitter poverty. My sisters and myself were obliged to work hard to keep up a decent appearance, and for some time I entirely forgot the mole on my nose. So true it is, that serious occupation of some kind is the best cure for the foolish train of thought in which young people are so apt to indulge.

I do not mean to say that we had to work for our living; no! that sorrowful task was left to my later years. My mother had a little property which with the closest economy just sufficed to maintain us; but by degrees, times became better with us. My three sisters grew up and were

successively married, whilst my brothers by turns went into the world to seek their fortunes, leaving only my mother and myself; and we might have been happy; but we were not. With prosperity, discontent returned, and repinings were heard from the lips of both of us; she taunted me with the mole on my nose, which she said had rendered me disagreeable and prevented my marrying as my sisters had done. This exasperated me, I knew it all to be true: but to be reproached with it, by her, and before others too. I was furious, I said I would not bear it long, and I did not bear it long, for death soon removed her and left me alone! entirely alone! My sisters were somehow or other estranged from me. They had fine houses; but I seldom entered them, for I always felt I was not welcome. Their husbands laughed at me because I had a mole on my nose; their children were afraid of me for the same reason. I cared little for the husbands' opinion, but my heart yearned towards those lovely little ones. There were twelve of them now, for each of my sisters had four; but thus repulsed, what could I do but retire to my solitary room and weep over the mole on my nose?

My mother's property was now divided among us. My share being, of course, very small, it was necessary for me to try and do something towards supporting myself. I was no longer young now, and naturally shrank from the contact with strangers, into which my new plans must lead me; but there was no alternative. I thought I would try to procure a place as governess. Accordingly I went about among those whom I had known in more prosperous days. I remember, there was a Mrs. Allen, to whom I made my first application. I went early in the morning, and was ushered into the breakfast room, where this lady sat: I made known my errand; she questioned me for nearly an hour, respecting my acquirements, and my circumstances, and then said she would give me an answer that day week. I returned home, and set to work, to mend my little stock of clothing, which indeed needed it sadly, and brushed up my old black bonnet for the occasion, and punctual to the day and hour appointed, I ascended Mrs. Allen's steps. How my heart beat as I entered the breakfast room again! But I found it empty, and as I sat there I heard voices in the next room, from which I was only separated by folding doors.

"Well my dear, what do you say, shall I take her? She will be here directly I think."

"Oh! for mercy's sake my dear, don't bring that woman into the house, or I shall be obliged to leave it. Why, with her long face and the mole on her nose, she will turn us all melancholy."

"Well, I think there is something in that, my dear: and I think I would rather have one of a more prepossessing appearance, and her black is so shabby and rusty—I do hate shabby black."

Tears came into my eyes, as I heard my mis-

fortunes thus commented upon; but hearing footsteps approaching, I had just time to dry them when the lady entered, and told me as politely as she could, that "somehow or other she did not think I would suit her exactly—perhaps a younger person would do better—she did not wish to hurt my feelings, but that my—my—(here she glanced at the mole on my nose)—my appearance did not suit her exactly."

I made no reply; I got up and left the room, pulling down my veil as I entered the street.

My next attempt was at the house of a cousin of mine, an easy, good-tempered woman. I found her surrounded by seven or eight children, whom she vainly endeavoured to quiet as I entered, and after some little conversation, she said she would like to have me come the next morning, and begin my task of instructing her little dears, in reading, writing, and arithmetic: meanwhile the children crowded together and conversed together about me in loud whispers.

"Don't she look funny!"

"I wonder what she wears such a funny hat for!"

"I wonder who she is in black for!"

"Ain't she got a queer mole on her nose?"

"She shant teach me. She shant!"

"Nor me neither, I'd spit at her!"

"What an old shawl, ho! ho!"

"I say, don't you see the mole on her nose?"

"She's just like the ogress in my story book!"

"She aint!"

"She is!"

"Come here my dears," said the fond mother, "and speak to this lady."

None of the children stirred.

"Won't some of you come and speak to her. She is going to teach you. I'm sure you will be kind to her."

"I won't!" said one.

"She shan't teach me!" screamed another.

"They are so wild," said the mother with a smile.

Amid this agreeable scene, I took my leave. It was agreed that I was to come the next morning and begin my course as governess, and so I did; but I need not relate the life I led there, how I was harassed and tormented by the never-ending clamour of eight children, their ceaseless unmeaning questions, their insolence, their careless habits, and their dirty faces; how they climbed about me, trod on my corns and played tricks upon me from morning till night, never leaving me one moment to myself, till at last in despair I quitted the Babel, preferring as I thought, starvation in a quiet room, to subjection to the tyranny of spoiled children.

But I soon found that starvation would not do, either; so after much search and many disappointments, I at last obtained a situation in a school, where I was tolerably comfortable, but sorrow had spoiled my temper. I knew the pupils hated me, but the superior was always by, and they

dared not show it. I was paid my money regularly, and was doing very well, when I one evening received a letter, informing me that an uncle in the Southern States had left me a considerable legacy, I being his eldest niece!

This was very cheering. I gave up my occupation at the school, and lived for some years more comfortably than I had ever before done in my life. There was no one to disturb me. I did just as I liked, and this suited my selfish feelings exactly. I endeavoured to cultivate an intimacy with some of my nieces and nephews, but the boys laughed at me, and called me *old maid*, and the girls never seemed to like my quiet parlour. They were always looking out of the window when they were there, and would not stay long. It was too late for them to begin to love me, but there was no help for it.

About this time, one of my brothers came home. He had been unsuccessful in business, and being in very bad health, was glad to find a quiet, peaceful asylum in my house. He remained some time, and when his health improved, the mania came over him again. He wished to re-embark on the wild and uncertain sea of speculation, and entreated me to furnish him with the means. I very foolishly did as sisters always do on such occasions, I lent him a great proportion of my legacy, for which I was to be repaid tenfold! I never saw my money again.

I found myself a third time reduced to poverty! I could not bear to think of the old means of supporting myself. I solicited an asylum in the house of one of my sisters. I should not have done so, had she not lost her husband; and I am truly thankful for the kindness with which I was treat-

ed there; much greater than I deserved, for they could not have liked me, although I tried hard not to be disagreeable to them. To be sure, the boys always called me *old maid*; but from the girls I never received any rudeness or unkindness; and I hope they will be rewarded for it, far beyond the little I can do for them now. Such a reward must be in their own hearts, in the consciousness of having done good.

By degrees, I saved a little money, and was able after a few years to provide myself with a plain room, in a boarding-house, where I have lived ever since, where I live now, and where I often look back with regret upon my past life; for although I have had much sorrow, yet I have at times been blessed, and if it had not been for my own discontented disposition, I might have been less unhappy. I am getting old now very fast; but I do not think any of my faculties have failed me yet, except that half the time, or nearly all the time, I forget the existence of the mole on my nose; but I do not think this is loss of memory. It is because, as I approach the end of my life, I begin to see the littleness of all earthly concerns, and am especially struck with the propensity so common around me, to magnify little inconveniences into serious troubles. My nieces! you have heard my story often, and you say you like to hear it. Let me entreat you to profit by it. It is said that no one will ever profit by the experience of others. In my case this was true; but as my life was useless to myself, oh how much it would diminish my regrets, if you would take warning by your old aunt's history—although you may never, like her, have a mole on your nose.

FAMILY JEWELS.

BY MISS POWER.

(See Plate.)

BEHOLD that picture of fraternal love!
'Tis beauteous, is it not? The noble boy,
Scion of a proud line of nature's peers,
On whose young brow the trace of lofty thoughts,
And promises of high and noble deeds,
Are stamped, in lines too deep to pass unmarked.
And thou, too, cherub babe, whom his fond arms
Infold within their loving, kind embrace,
Thou smil'st in conscious safety 'neath his care.

'Tis lovely thus to see the manly boy,
With all the softness of a woman's love,
Guarding the beauteous infant in his arms.
And he, sweet little smiler, in whose eyes,
And laughing mouth, and rosy dimpled cheek,
I see a thousand charms and pretty wiles;
A thousand merry sprites in each bright glance.
None fairer can there be!—May ye be blessed
With every happiness that earth can give!

STUDENT PAUL.

BY SARAH HOWITT.

CHAPTER I.

PAUL was a student at the University of Insdorf, without friends or money. When the last term came, Paul began to consider what was to become of him, for go he must into the cold strange world, and yet he was impatient to go, and be alone, he knew not where. He had ever taken but little part in the boisterous merriment of his companions, and there was a sadness and a loneliness in his heart that nothing could allay. The last day came, the last studies were over, and the large gates stood wide open, to send forth the gay troop.

The village was crowded with equipages, for many rich and fond parents hastened to meet a cherished heir or an only son.

Within, all was confusion, all were glad, they knew not wherefore; for never again could they hope for such careless days and merry nights, such soul-stirring laughter, such intense enjoyment as the last few years had acquainted them with—intense, though founded for the most part upon trifles. Paul alone walked mournfully through the noisy halls, almost unnoticed, for who that is rich and happy will notice a poor lonely student?

Oh! it was a beautiful sight, that merry crowd of gay youth. Some fair-haired and pale, with blue girlish eyes; some whose soft dark brown mustachios and clustering curls ornamented a crimson cheek, flushed with the pride of approaching manhood. Here stood one, small and delicately formed, with a peach-blossom complexion and dark blue eyes; at his side, a glorious dark-haired youth, leaned carelessly on the back of a large chair. A lazy group were smoking in one corner, in a variety of attitudes, while here and there walked couples, arm-in-arm, up and down, backwards and forwards. But in a window stood one—we must take breath before we describe him,—the one who stood in a window, with folded arms; but it is not of his folded arms we are going to speak; his head rested against the glass, and such a head!

"Silk to feel, and gold to see."

In fact his hair, which hung round his face, was of the purest and loveliest golden, such as is sometimes seen on the head of a fair infant—his eyes were what they always are with such gold, a light though bright blue.

But what boots it describing such forms and faces? Who can depict the expression, which is their greatest charm?

But strange enough to say, there was no joy, no pride, in the glorious beauty of these creatures; no, not even among themselves; eyes, whose glance might have destroyed hearts, read and read, as if eyes were only made for reading; forms that might have served as sculptors' models, swung to and fro in singular heedlessness. They considered themselves men. They fancied they had done with learning now. They were mistaken, they had one great lesson yet to learn, the lesson of love.

But our business is with poor Paul. He spoke a hasty farewell to a few who had occasionally shown him kindness, and soon stood outside those reverend halls, his knapsack containing his clothes and his small sum of money, on his back. He looked north, south, east and west, and giving a last look at the university, turned hastily eastward.

"I will go through my Fatherland on foot," said he, "and God only knows what will become of me."

Paul walked hastily on, past a row of small houses. At the window of the first sat a blooming yellow-haired child, with its white arms crossed on the window seat, and it smiled on the poor student as he passed, and Paul remembered that sweet child's face many and many a day.

At the window of the second house sat an old woman looking anxiously into the village street. "My son! my son!" exclaimed she with all the fervour of hope deferred, that maketh the heart sick. A second look showed her her mistake, and she sank back into her arm-chair again.

At the third window sat a girl, who, as Paul passed, said

"Oh, how like my own —!"

And she went on singing,

"For he promised me at parting to come to me again."

At the fourth window sat a girl, not beautiful always, but only when the rich blush, crowded out of her heart by some strong emotion, fled to her usually pale cheek. There she sat with an air of thought, deep, and sometimes wearying.

Gertrude also saw Paul pass—Gertrude too looked after him, not that he reminded her by resemblance or even by contrast of her *own*. Gertrude had no *own*. It is true she had a mother, and sisters, and brothers, and a father. Still Gertrude was lonely, for no one loved her as she felt she ought to be loved.

"Gertrude is cold and unfeeling," said her mother.

"It is because I am too warm for such as they that call me so," said Gertrude to herself. She longed for kindness. Her mother was a cold-hearted woman, all *propriety*. She felt no sympathy with the girlish youthfulness of Gertrude's feelings; and their hearts never warmed to each other. But Gertrude had her own happy moments! She was passionately fond of the beauties of nature, and she would steal out at sunset, and enjoy the luxury of the thoughts that press upon one at that hour, and would conjure up in contrast to the cold dull circle that bounded her existence, a dream world of fiction and romance. But that evening, as she gazed on the slowly sinking orb of day, her thoughts would revert to the student. She had seen him some hours before, for their eyes had met, and something, almost unconsciously to either of them, had passed from the blue of one to the blue of the other.

But she was stopped in these thoughts by a noise at the garden gate; and one of her sisters, with two or three laughing village companions, bounded across the grass.

"Are you here, Gertrude? Why, we have been looking for you everywhere."

"Have you? Well, come, let us go and sit on the stone steps that 'lead down to the water.'"

"Oh! yes, let us go and sit there. You can see the little fishes go by, and the spiders dart along. I love to sit there; don't you Sophiat?"

"Yes! it is my favourite seat. I like to put the end of my foot in the water, and feel it come tingling through my shoe."

"Well! I don't like to spoil my shoes; but I have no objection to sit on the stone steps. What do you think we came here to tell you, Gertrude?"

"Indeed! I have no idea."

"And have you no curiosity?"

"Not a great deal."

"I never saw any thing like you. Are you never curious."

"Yes! very often."

"And why not now, pray?"

"Because, I don't think you have any thing more important to tell me than that you have a new dress."

"A new dress! indeed; and why would not a new dress be a thing of any importance? Why, the fate of my whole life might depend upon the fit of a new dress. Suppose, for instance, I should buy a new dress, or we will say, suppose you should give me one, for friendship's sake."

"Thank you."

"Don't interrupt me. Well, and suppose it should be very becoming; and suppose, when I had it on, I should see and be seen by the—the—I don't know—some Prince."

"Some old Prince, Sophy?"

"No! some young Prince. And, suppose he should admire the dress so much that he should think he was admiring me."

"Modestly put, at least."

"And, then, suppose he should send a deputa-

tion to my father, requesting permission to pay his addresses to his daughter."

"And suppose the deputation should surprise you making bread."

"So much the better,—'modest virtue,' the Prince would say—'humble usefulness.' Now take a skip, and look at me, a Princess covered with diamonds. What shall I give you, girls? You have only to name a wish, and it shall be immediately gratified. Begin, Maria, what will you have?"

"Oh! I want so many things,—must I have only one?"

"In strict justice, I cannot allow you more than one. My husband's fortune, though very large, has great claims upon it. What will you have, Maria?"

"Make me mistress of the robes, and give me all the cast-off ones."

"Very well! Mary, it is your turn."

"Give me rare birds, singing birds from all parts of the world."

"My aviary is at your disposal, and I will give you a new pincushion besides, for I think you want one. Gertrude, what will you have, as the donor of the dress, which shall have procured me all my honours. I shall owe you something very handsome."

"Give me a little country-seat on the Rhine, and a —"

"A student—were you going to say?"

"No, I was not thinking of students." (She had been thinking of a student for three hours and a half.)

"Well, my dear, don't blush. You shall have the country-seat, and the student too, if you wish it. I am sure one would greatly enhance the value of the other."

"But, talking of students, reminds me of what we came here for. We came to say, that Wilhelmina, down at the end of the street, is going to have a little dance to-morrow evening, and she commissioned me to ask you to come, all of you. Won't you go, Gertrude?"

"I should like to go very much. Have many of the students gone away yet?"

"Yes, more than half of them. Of course, they are in a hurry to go; but of those that are left you shall see some to-morrow night."

"That tall Frenchman, I suppose, will take up his residence here, for his treasure and his heart seem just now to lie in the smoky cottage on the hill side."

"Well! I must be going, the sun has been set this half hour, and it is beginning to get very dark. Come, Maria."

"Good-bye! We shall see you to-morrow night."

"Come, Gertrude, mother will scold us for staying in the garden so late; but it was your fault. I would have gone in long ago, if I had been by myself."

Mary was right; their mother was bustling about

and scolding, and complaining that they were not there, and would very likely have scolded and complained just as much, if they had been there.

CHAPTER II.

We must now look after Paul, as he went on his solitary pedestrian journey. As we said before, Paul was an orphan. He had no relations living, that he knew of, except an old great-aunt, who lived on a little farm some hundred miles from the village we have spoken of. Paul thought he would go through the country in this manner, and look about him for some occupation which would procure him a subsistence, "and perhaps," thought he, "I will go some time or other and pay a visit to my old aunt. She may give me a kind reception, though I doubt it."

So he went on, taking courage in his loneliness with the thought that he could not be forgotten or overlooked in the mass of creation, insignificant though he might be. He stopped that night at a small public house, where the hostess sat at the door spinning, and, while eating his humble supper, for humble it had to be, Paul's thoughts went back to the shady village he had left, and the little row of white houses he had passed on his way out of it, and the girl with blue eyes who sat at the window of the last one; but his reverie was disturbed by the noise of wheels, and a heavy carriage stopping at the door, a middle-aged man on crutches was assisted out by two obsequious servants, and led by them into the little parlour where our hero sat.

"Lead me to the window! the other window! I say; why don't you obey me, you rascals?"

When the gentleman was seated to his liking, he began to look about and complain, first, that it was too warm, and then too cool, and then called for a footstool. Every thing was attended to by the bowing hostess, who hastened to prepare the food unloaded by the servants from the carriage.

"Young man, I wish you would get out of my light!"

Paul replied that he was not at all in the gentleman's light, as the light came from the other side, but was willing to change his seat if the gentleman wished it.

"What have you been eating garlic for, when you knew I was coming here?"

Paul denied both propositions, and asserted the fact of his supper having consisted of the traveller's fare, bread and cheese.

"Well! I thought it was garlic, or cheese, or something."

Paul retreated to his little sleeping-room, where he enjoyed a night of peaceful slumber, adorned with dreams of windows, and blue eyes. The next morning he was up and on his journey early, his memory still laden with what he had now turned his back upon.

We now lose sight of him for some months, during which time he travelled much, and was sometimes so fortunate as to make a little money. We again rejoice him, just as he is approaching his aunt's house. It was a warm afternoon in September, and Paul was panting along, asking his way at every cottage.

"How far is it to Frau Reiter's?"

"You are very near it. Just turn by that cornfield."

Paul turned by the cornfield, and found himself close upon an old-fashioned house, standing in the midst of a deserted looking field, without a single tree. The house itself had the appearance of being asleep, as every window was closed; but he knew that the good old lady was alive, from what he had heard from the cottagers. So he mounted the high steps which shook and rocked beneath him; and, as there was no bell or knocker, he applied his walking-stick stoutly to the old panels. The sound echoed within, but appeared to awake no one, in this apparently spell-bound castle. After waiting some time, it entered his head that he might as well open the door and walk in, which he did, and found himself in a wide brick paved hall. Having effected an entry, Paul was standing debating whether his first search should be for the family or the store-room, when a little old woman hobbled out of a side door, and confronted him.

"What do you want? you thief."

"Are you my aunt? are you Frau Reiter?"

"You need not come begging here," and she raised her crutch with a menacing air.

"Aunt!"

"Aunt!"

"My dear aunt."

"Don't call me aunt! I'm nobody's aunt. Will you go. I'll call my bull-dogs."

"Let me speak to you, ma'am. You had a sister once —"

"No! I have no sisters."

"You had one once."

"What's that to you. I had a pear-tree once, too, they are both dead now."

"I am your sister's son."

"No, you are not. Go, or my bull-dogs shall make you."

"If you will allow me to sit down for a few minutes, I am sure I shall be able to convince you that I am speaking the truth."

After a little more persuasion, the old lady hobbled into a little sitting-room, bidding Paul follow her. Here she made him enter into a detail of his parentage, and when she found it agreed exactly with her own history of her own family, she shook hands with him, saying,

"You are welcome to my house, nephew, and not less so that I never heard of you till now. Still I would have been better pleased if you had gone round and come in by the kitchen in an orderly way. I remember, when I was a young girl, a young man came to our house once very much

in the same way. I believe he came to sell buttons; but I know he very nearly frightened my mother into fits. Did you ever have a fit, nephew?"

Paul denied any acquaintance with such complaints.

"Fits run in our family,—they are hereditary with us. You'll have them in time,—why, one of my bull-dogs had a fit only yesterday. But, maybe you are hungry. Will you have a cold lunch, or will you wait till tea-time. Suppose you take a walk over my grounds; you need not be afraid, my bull-dogs can go with you."

Paul spent some weeks here, walking over the grounds, as the two or three barren fields were called, (perhaps because there was no one green thing upon them,) and listening to the old lady's stories of her ancestry; but after some time it became very tedious; so he intimated to his aunt one morning that he should soon be obliged to take his leave.

"What! getting tired? Well, maybe it's better. I'm getting tired, too, you have been a very good boy. Whenever you stand in need, come to me. I suppose you will be getting married some day—it is the way of the world. I can tell you one thing: I have a good deal of money, though perhaps you may not think it. I have made a great many wills, leaving it to different people. It always has been a great comfort to me to make a will, and many and many is the name has been down in them. Once we had a new parson in the village close by, where I go to church. He was a very gentlemanly man, and I was so much pleased with him one evening that he spent with me, that when he was gone I put him down for a great deal. But the next day was Sunday, and he gave out there was to be a collection. So, when I came home, I revoked the gift. So it has been with a great many—so it has been with you. The day you were very careful to wipe the mud off your feet, I went up stairs and left you every thing; when you upset your lamp, I altered it; when you cured my sick bull-dog, I put you in again; but, when I found you did not eat honey, I cut you off with very little. I think, now, you shall have it all."

Paul thanked the old lady, and—left her. For two years he wandered about over the country, examining every place that was curious, and every historical relic of other days. At the end of that time, he received a hasty letter from his aunt's servants, enjoining him to come there as quickly as possible, for his aunt was dying, and longed to see him.

Paul obeyed the summons, but was too late, the old lady had died about an hour before. On searching for her will he found a closet full of these useful articles, of which the last, the very last, acknowledged him undisputed heir of all the old lady's possessions.

The old servant woman came in, and found him leaning against the mantel, lost in thought. He was far away back again in the little village, and

by the little window, busying himself with the blue eyes he had seen there nearly three years before.

Every moment seemed an age to him now, a new idea had come upon him. Instead of wandering from place to place, striving in vain to drown the thoughts that would rise to the surface and cling to him, he might now return and offer all his new found wealth to Gertrude.

When he had remained long enough after the funeral, to see that all was right, he eagerly bent his steps in the direction his heart led him, and it led him through noisy towns, one after another; but never allowed him to stop and mingle in their bustle. It led him on through forests, and over brooks and streams, till at last it showed him a shady lane opening into a village, and, like many a too impatient driver, urged him faster, as it got nearer home. Nor did it permit him to stop here. On—on—down the little street! How peaceful it all looked, and calm. It seemed to be the same evening as that on which Paul left it. The same setting sun illuminated the little church steeple and the rows of garret windows. Not a stone was removed, not a tree cut down. Here were the time-worn gray walls of the university, and the same shout of boisterous mirth came through the open windows as on that evening. He reached the little row of white houses—that row of precious memory. There they stood the same as ever—the same in outward appearance, but how different within; that three years had wrought changes upon the simple inhabitants, in the very first house, what changes! The fair little child, that had stretched out its arms to the student, as he passed, was dead. How quiet that house had become now, since the light of the young life was gone! If you had gone in that sunny afternoon, you would have seen a sorrow-stricken couple sitting down to their evening meal—not many words would have been spoken—not many words were spoken there now; but if you had been curious, and looked about much, you might have seen the end of a lock of baby's hair showing from between the leaves of the Bible, on the little stand by the fireplace.

The old woman who had sat at the window, looking for her son, sat there, still looking for him. People said there was no change there; and there was none except such as might have been made in a human heart by three years more of watching—three years more of disappointment and of tears—but what was that to the passers-by?

As to the girl, who saw the student pass, and compared him to her own loved one, she had in those three years seen that loved one acquire wealth and honour, far beyond either his or her ambition; but then he had forgotten her! but what was that either to the passers-by?

But, at the last window, as Paul, trembling with engerness, walked on—at the last little window he saw no one; but he heard the low tones of a woman's voice, singing

Come back, come back,
 It is some lone bird's melancholy cry,
 Pining alone,
 Parted from its mate;
 And I,
 The live long day, do sit and sigh
 Mine own, mine own,
 Ere it be too late,
 Come back, come back.

Paul paused under the window. He knew that

voice; he was spell-bound; and, as he listened, Gertrude—for it was she—raised her eyes, and looked out.

An hour afterwards saw them walking together on the banks of the river; and, if Gertrude's mother had not sent a little boy to call them in, they might have walked into the water, so absorbed were they in something or other.

Three months afterwards, there was a merry wedding in Insdorf.

THE MILK BILL.

BY MRS. E. OAK SMITH.

"MICHAEL has left the milk bill, ma'am," and Bridget (all Irish girls are named Bridget or Catherine, I always call them one or the other at a venture, and if either *should* fail, Mary brings it all right) placed in my hand, with a look of triumph, a square piece of paper, ruled and trimmed into shape by the scissors, and bearing certain marks for me to decypher as best I might. But there it was—a real bill made out in the handwriting of one of her own countrymen! Here was enough to justify the exultation of Bridget, and when she ventured to add, "Michael's a nice man, ma'am," I responded with a hearty good will.

Some are able to read the characters of individuals from an examination of their penmanship; I have a friend, some traits of whose character were admirably detailed in this way; no one could fail to read Michael from his. The bill was a picture complete. It not only presented himself in his well-adjusted, well-adapted habiliments, his frank, manly bearing, his straightforward honest simplicity, but the genuine taste of the man in the selection of his tidy, handsome wife.

"Her cheeks are like strawberries smothered in cream," looking as if exactly fitted for her condition, with her clear blue eyes, her rich and roguish lips, and her faultless complexion; and then her good-nature so inexhaustible, and her aspect so safe, where acidity might be fatal.

But we ask Michael's pardon, and Michael's wife too, for as he comes every morning with his tin can scoured to the last point of brightness, and his linen jacket with the recent gloss of the iron fresh upon it, nothing can look less like a desire for notoriety, for he brings his milk round in his own hands to his few customers, as yet guiltless of Croton water, chalk, or 'still fodder.'

Oh, Michael, I wish thee all sorts of prosperity, but indeed it would ill beseem thee to be mounted upon a rickety wagon, labelled "pure milk," thereby suggesting the existence of the thing, and thy well-arranged features distorted

by the yell that belongs to thy compeers. Distant be the day that shall transform thee thus.

But to Michael's chirography. Every letter was large, distinct, and exceedingly well made in itself. The failure, if failure there be, consists in the making up. Good letters, but imperfect words.

Many a one, Michael, that might shame thee in written words, would have to yield to thee in the elements. They make up a fair-looking result, but lack thy analysis. Their minds are of a like stamp, opinions imbibed from others, conclusions "jumped" at, not reached after, a fair external brought into shape by the attrition of society. Specious but unsound, shrubs not oaks, plants with pith, but devoid of fibre.

That M and S, how well they are turned. Bold, strong lines, and the curves quirled in to a nicety. Every letter is an index of thyself, Michael. There is thy bold, manly integrity, thy robust, unflinching grapple with the world, and there withal thy placid sobriety of demeanour, disdain-ing pretence and show.

I remember that one day thou didst most modestly ask the use of my pencil, in order to note down the name of an inconsiderate customer, who thus laid unnecessary exactions upon thy memory; and when it was granted with a like modesty, thou didst beg me to the office. I see now that thou didst shrink from the slow process of construction in the presence of one supposed to be skilled in the cabalistic art. Michael, it would make thee blush to look upon this sheet. Not one letter upon it can equal thine. Never shrink again, man, from the hearty, best use of thy powers in the presence of any one. Thou hast skill enough for all thy purposes, and this should inspire confidence in the presence of any one, confidence, not arrogance.

"Received payment in full." I like the explicit, triumphant close. It tells much in times like these, of slippery credit, and uncertain deposits. It looks like a sense of peril escaped, like a

positive good occurred, like hope that did not delude, like faith not misapplied.

But let the bill and its contents pass; the glory of the thing lies in the signature. Here it is. No, Michael, I won't give thy name in full, I will not accelerate the period of the pony and the wagon, the yell and other horrors of a milkman; I will be content with saying, that in signing thy name as I behold it here, thou hast allowed me to look into the arcana of thy very mind. I read all, and the process of completing this, to thee, important document.

I see the little white table, upon which thy pretty wife has just placed from its receptacle in the cupboard, beside the red-and-white flowered crockery, the pen and ink, unwonted instruments in thy hands, and preserved therefore with the greater care. She has spread thereon a newspaper in addition to the white napkin, for she is well aware of the hazards incurred in the use of weapons like these, as is evident from the size of the dot upon the *i* in thine own name, and the extra cross upon the *t*, to say nothing of the apt illustration of the Society Islands, where the pen became unmanageable in its spattering, and the well defined New Holland, corresponding to the size of thy thumb.

It takes thee some time to get well seated, Michael, to an operation of this kind; it is too miminy-piminy for thy powers, requires a close-

ness of action ill adapted to the massiveness of thy movements. I see it all by the hesitancy visible in the date. But thy confidence grew with thy progress, every letter being better and better defined, till the "Received payment in full," is thrown off with something of a flourish, sitting half erect in thy chair, and thy lips having ceased their sympathetic motion.

Now comes the signature. Michael, thou art great here. Thy own sense of manhood came back to thee in full. It isn't written as well as the rest of thy chirography, that is, the letters are not as well made. All undue care was thrown aside in the execution. It was the summing up of the whole matter; it was the impress of the man. Here are no separate well made letters; it is a continuous whole. The result of thyself. Thou didst not think once of separating *M i c h a e l*—he is to thee one and entire, and such dost thou appear in the "bond."

Thy name looks half like a challenge, as who should impeach Michael —'s, and the finale hath a firm-set touch, a consciousness of dignity, an utterance as of one who had shaken off a momentary feeling of inferiority produced by the necessity of appeal to a rarely needed accomplishment, and who cried within himself,—

"A man's a man for a' that."

THE DUST ON THE LILY.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

PURR as cheek of youthful maiden,
When she kneels in morning prayer,
With sweet dewy fragrance laden,
Spread the Lily's blossom fair—
Type it seemed of truth and feeling,
Where the heart its faith might trust,
Save that wooing winds, in stealing
O'er, had left a trace of *dust*.

One who long, as life's sole treasure,
Perfect love and truth had sought,
On the Lily gazed with pleasure—
'Twas the transcript of his thought:
Joy's bright visions o'er him hovered,
Nature's promise bade him hope,
Till the *dust* his eye discovered,
With his curious microscope!

Then, with doubt and sadness burdened,
On his way that lone one goes,
Heeding not that life is guarded
By enjoyments for its woes—
That the *good* from *evil* wrested,
Is the triumph of the soul,
As the proud ship's strength is tested
When the storm-heaved billows roll.

Gentle wife, thy bridal over,
In thine own sweet home at rest,
Dost thou dream of sighing lover?
Of gay crowds to make thee blest?
No, thy soul a blessing dearer
In thy life-pledged friend hath found,
And thine angel-guides seem nearer
As heart-hallowed cares abound.

Mother, as the Lily's beauty
Shines above the water's strife,
Thy sweet, placid smile of duty
Charms the restless waves of life,
And thy humble faith may borrow
Happiness amid thy pain,
For thy lot of care and sorrow
God hath promised to sustain.

Thus, in nature's garden planted,
Blooms some flower for every hand,
And the light divine is granted
All who seek the spirit land;
Never let earth's darkest hour
Quench thy star of heavenly hope;
Never scan thy chosen flower
With *dust seeking* microscope.

THE OPEN HAND.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

CHAPTER I.

Two of the prettiest and most attractive girls at a large evening party, were Clara Harper and Julia May; the former distinguished for her sprightly manners and tasteful dress; the latter for her cultivated mind, her gentleness, and her quiet good sense. They were on terms of intimacy, and whilst the company was assembling, Clara sought an opportunity for a few minutes conversation with her friend.

"What did you think, Julia, of the new beau to whom I introduced you, on Thursday night, at our house?" she asked.

"Mr. Barclay.—I was much pleased with him. I do not remember to have met with a young man, who in as short a time proved himself, in various ways, so entertaining and agreeable."

"I am glad that he made a favourable impression, for my object in coming to talk to you was to propose transferring him to you."

"Am I to take that as a disinterested act of friendship?" asked Julia, smiling.

"By no means; I am not more heroic in such matters than other people," replied Clara. "I merely wished to get rid of him myself. I do not think he makes sufficient effort for my amusement."

"You must be very exacting. I remarked him to be assiduously polite, and apparently anxious to make his conversation interesting to you."

"Oh, yes, as far as mere talking goes, he acquits himself well enough, but I should like to have some practical proofs of his desire to please. To come to the point,—when a gentleman has spent several evenings with me, I expect that he will acknowledge the favour of my company by inviting me to some attractive place of resort. Now, Edward Barclay has called nearly every week for the last two months, and has never once proposed my going with him to the theatre, nor even to a single concert."

"Perhaps he does not himself frequent such places."

"But, why does he not? he reads Shakspeare, and is fond of singing, so I think he can have no religious scruples against going, and he certainly knows that I have none."

"He may wish to monopolize your society in private, to discover what sort of a domestic companion you will make," said Julia, with a smile.

"Nonsense! I have no notion of being simply a domestic companion to any body," returned Clara; "and seriously, when a gentleman, a re-

spectable merchant, like Edward Barclay, who I know can afford it, omits such attentions, I am always inclined to think that he is too careful of his money,—that he is not generous."

"Without even inquiring if he may not spend it for better purposes, to be generous of money, if I can understand, is not merely to spend it, but to spend it in the right way."

"Dear Julia! pray, none of your nice distinctions!" interrupted Clara, laughing; "that reminds me so much of the talk of Edward Barclay himself;—you will suit each other exactly! I would not marry one of your moralizing, calculating men for the world. Give me a liberal, an open-handed fellow, who would never think either of cost or propriety when my gratification was concerned, but would spend his last dollar to afford me the slightest amusement. I am sure I never could be happy with any other."

"Ah, you are a cunning girl,—I see you are determined to take care of number one!" said a middle-aged widow, who, sitting near them, had been listening to the dialogue; and she now nodded sagaciously to Clara.

"Mrs. Cassiday! I did not observe that you were close enough to hear us," exclaimed Clara, and colouring deeply, she added with earnestness, "but I beg you will not misunderstand me. If I valued a liberal disposition only through selfish considerations, I would prove my own to be no better than such as I consider odious in another. I love an open hand because I believe that it is always the companion of a warm heart, which rejoices in promoting the happiness of all connected with it."

"Of course,—certainly," replied Mrs. Cassiday, who neither possessed any sentiment herself nor understood it in others; "I agree with you decidedly, and if you will let me choose for you, I can supply you with a beau who will be exactly to your mind, Stanly Weatherburn, who boards in the same house with me, and whose circumstances are fully equal to those of Mr. Barclay. I believe you are not acquainted with him."

"No, ma'am; but I have seen him at a great many public places," said Clara.

"No doubt, for he is to be seen everywhere, and the young ladies all delight to have him for a gallant, he is so handsome and genteel, and dresses with so much elegance. He is the most generous young man I have ever known, and thinks nothing too much to do for the ladies whose company he frequents. He has season tickets to the theatre, to concerts, and to all kinds of as-

semblies, and besides that, he almost daily makes presents to some one or other, which he selects with perfect taste, and bestows with the greatest delicacy and grace imaginable. If he could make up his mind to fall in love with any particular person, he would prove the best husband in the world. He will be here to-night, and you shall have an introduction to him. So, Miss Julia, pray do her the favour to take Mr. Barclay off her hands at once."

The girls answered gaily and moved away, little thinking that their careless chat would long afterwards be thoughtfully remembered as having led to the most important step in the life of each. Before many months went round, Clara was united to the most devoted of lovers, Stanly Weatherburn, and a few weeks later saw Julia the wife of Edward Barclay.

Julia was one of a large family, living conformably to their circumstances, which were moderate, and though, with the sadness natural to an affectionate heart, she sighed to be the first link broken from the household chain, yet her regret was always softened into cheerful anticipation, when she thought of being the mistress of her "own home"—a bright, happy, quiet, well-ordered home, as in her fancy she always pictured it. Her pleasant visions promised to be doubly realized, when, on the day after their marriage, her husband escorted her to the dwelling he had prepared for her. It was in a good neighbourhood, new, and of a neat though not showy exterior. When they entered the parlours, a single glance satisfied her that every thing there was in accordance with her unambitious but correct taste, for the various articles of furniture suited the house, their individual places, and corresponded with each other. The presence of her mother-in-law, a woman of worth and intelligence, who had received and welcomed them, somewhat restrained the bride from a full expression of her gratification, but Edward read it in her countenance, and excusing himself, under the plea of arranging the contents of a handsome book-case, which occupied a recess in the back parlour, he asked his mother to conduct her over the premises. The upper rooms were worthy of those below. Nothing that was needed for comfort and convenience had been neglected, and though there was no deficiency of elegance, neither were there indications of unnecessary expense and display. Tears of pleasure came into the eyes of Julia when Mrs. Barclay pointed out sundry little arrangements that had been made for her especial use.

"How kind and thoughtful Edward has been," said she.

"It would not be politic," returned her mother-in-law, "to allow him all that credit, lest you should conceive too high an expectation of his domestic qualifications. Few men can enter into the more minute details of domestic economy, and Edward, though not uncommonly obtuse, is not much more gifted on that point than others;

he has, therefore, been obliged to apply for a little female assistance, meaning my own. The outline of the plan, however, let me assure you, was all his own. In one particular," she continued, as they ascended to the attic story, "he was express in his directions, having noticed that it was one too generally neglected;—that the part of the house allotted to the domestics should be made, as much as possible, what people of their class would consider home-like, and not be left so as to suggest to them invidious comparisons between your own commodious accommodations and their privations. And I have no doubt that you agree with him that those on whom so much of our comfort depends, should be induced to minister to it cheerfully, by our giving them proofs that we are not careless of theirs."

Julia cordially assented, while she gave a look to the neat and substantial though coarse carpets, the nice window-blinds, the good beds, and the capacious drawers for clothing, and Mrs. Barclay, laying her hand on a well-worn Bible which, with a few religious books, was placed on a little table, remarked,

"This is a good sign. If I find that servants understand and conform to their religious duties, I have no apprehension that they will prove unfaithful to my requisitions. When I am in need of one, I am always careful to satisfy myself in that respect,—and, in a city like this, with a little patience one may have a choice—for I consider that a mere proficiency in the routine of their calling is by no means sufficient to make them valuable in a family. I thought of this while engaging a couple for you."

They next visited the kitchen, which, with its array of shining tins and clean new crockery, could hardly have failed to be an inviting place to a young lady, who, like Julia, had taken pains to acquaint herself with the occupations pertaining to that apartment. A respectable looking, elderly woman and a modest, tidy young girl were waiting with much curiosity for a sight of the bride.

"I suppose, Sarah," said Mrs. Barclay to the former, who held open the door of the pantry to give them a view of its contents, "you will find provisions enough for your first dinner?"

"Oh, yes ma'am! every thing is as plenty and snug as if we had been carrying on business for a year, and a little marketing, now and then, to help along with the stock laid in, will keep us agoing for months to come. It would be worth your while to take a look into the cellar, too,—it is filled with as good wood as ever I put on a fire."

"You will stay for dinner with us, my dear madam," said Julia, when they had returned to the parlours.

"Oh, no, no, my love; you and Edward must eat your first meal in your own house entirely alone, and you will enjoy it the more. You will have so much to talk over, so many questions to ask and answer, so many plans to propose and

canvass, that a third person would be quite in the way. I know from experience, that some of the happiest moments a young couple like yourselves can spend, as well as the most useful, in seeing into each other's character, are those in which they are discussing their mode of life for the future. But, before I go, dear Julia, I must remember to show you my special present," and she pointed to a beautiful little work stand, proceeding so as to put a stop to the thanks of her daughter-in-law; "I took it upon me to deprive Edward of the pleasure of providing it himself. Here is an extra appendage to it," taking from a drawer a new blank book, lettered on the back '*Family Accounts*,' "such an article as I, from long custom, find indispensable. Do not consider my placing it here a hint for you to use it, unless you are so inclined. Old housekeepers are mostly addicted to advising young ones, but in myself I always restrain the propensity until I see that my views will prove welcome. I merely thought that as you were methodical in your habits, and prudently disposed, you might like to keep memoranda of what your comforts would cost you. But, good morning. I will look in to-morrow, and ask how you get on."

A large, stylish-looking house in the same square, whose polished windows of plate glass increased the lustre of the costly curtains they revealed, was now tenanted by our acquaintance, Clara, and her husband. They had taken a long and expensive bridal tour, not for the solitary and romantic enjoyment of their honeymoon, but attended by a train of bridesmaids and grooms-men, to give their nuptials the greater *eclat*, and had established themselves in it immediately on their return. After they had been at housekeeping about a fortnight, Mrs. Cassiday, who never lost an opportunity to take the credit of the match to herself, stopped, one afternoon, to make them a visit. It was in the latter end of October, the air unusually raw and chilly, and as she rang the bell her fingers worked stiffly in her thin kid gloves. Impatient for a chance to thaw them, she gave the handle a second jerk before there had been time to answer the first, and then hurried into the spacious parlours, sending up her name to Mrs. Weatherburn. She had just had time to discover that there was no fire in either room, when Clara, wrapped in a large shawl, came running down stairs with a promptness that assured her of a welcome.

"You see, my dear," said Mrs. Cassiday, "I am as good as my word to come and sit an afternoon with you."

Clara expressed her gratification, and while untying her bonnet, regretted, with a repetition of the neither new nor choice pun, that she should have met with "so cold a reception;" "on that account," she added, "I shall leave you your mantilla, which I see you were so prudent as to wear, as you would be uncomfortable without it. I was out the whole morning shopping and visit-

ing, to keep myself warm, and have worn my shawl ever since."

"And what a superb shawl it is!" exclaimed Mrs. Cassiday, who was remarkable for a faculty of seeing every thing that every body wore, and that was in every body's house, and also, of ascertaining its price, "I did not know that you had provided yourself with a shawl like that."

"Oh, it is not one of my wedding things; you know we were married seven or eight weeks ago, and as it was so early in the season, and the winter fashions had not come in, I only supplied myself with such as were necessary for summer and autumn. This, you perceive, is for winter, though the present weather makes it seasonable. It is Stanly's first addition to my wardrobe, and a generous one it is," adding the cost by way of satisfying her friend's prevailing passion.

"Is it possible? but that is just like Stanly Weatherburn!" said Mrs. Cassiday; "most husbands would grumble at the mention of such an article."

"It was his own proposition to get it," said Clara; "we were walking out yesterday, and on my complaining of feeling a little chilly, he proposed that I should step into —'s and get a warmer shawl. He would not hear of my selecting one of a lower price, and to gratify him I have been sporting it all day, though it is too bad to be taking the freshness off it by wearing it in the house. I have been sitting in my chamber ever since dinner, as I find it the most comfortable place. The windows have not been raised for a day or two, and consequently the cold air has not had a chance to get in. We ought to have a fire here, but, unfortunately, we have got no coal yet; I remind Stanly of it every time he comes in, but somehow he always forgets it, and this morning I had a wood fire made in my own room, but the chimney smoked so, I was glad to have it put out."

"What! smokey chimneys in this elegant new house?"

"Yes, indeed, ma'am; we can't expect to have a house without some disadvantages, and to comfort for this, Stanly tells me that the best houses in town, some of them, smoke badly. He does not seem to mind it,—I suppose because he expects to be so little at home."

"But how splendidly you are fixed! I really don't wonder that old people complain, and say, that young folks, now-a-days, are not satisfied unless they can begin where their parents left off!—what beautiful chairs and ottomans!—would nothing suit you less than such elegant cut velvet ones?"

"Oh, Mrs. Cassiday, it was all Stanly's fault," said Clara with an expression that showed her to consider the fault a very venial one; "he says that when one buys a thing, it may as well be the best."

"But this colour is so delicate, they will soon soil."

"So I told him, but he seems not to care to have things that will last for ever."

"And what numbers of little nick-knacks you have!" continued the visitor, fingering various articles of the *bijouterie* with which the marble tops of the tables were literally hidden, "where in the world did you get these exquisite enamelled card-baskets, and this silver fillagree writing case, and this Chinese ivory chess-board, and this——"

"Every one of them presents from my husband; he hardly ever enters the house without bringing something of the kind. This was his yesterday's present," and Clara took from the mantel a rich silver cup containing a bouquet of hot-house flowers; but though she was on a theme of which she could not tire,—her husband's munificence;—and though she had a willing auditress, the room was so cold that the very flowers looked ready to shiver, and drawing her shawl around her, she cast an anxious eye towards the empty grate.

"It would not be such a bad idea to have some wood put into one of the grates and a fire kindled," said Mrs. Cassiday; "I have seen that done when people happened to be out of coal."

Much pleased with the suggestion, Clara rang the bell, and gave orders to have it acted upon, proposing that until the fire had commenced burning they should go up stairs.

"I perceive that you are using your elegant French bed in your own room," observed Mrs. Cassiday. "I supposed that you intended it for a spare chamber, when I heard at the upholsterer's that it was the handsomest bought in the city during the year."

"That was my intention, but as Stanly would not get a less expensive one for ourselves, I had to agree to use it, and here is the one he ordered for the other room," and Clara opened the door.

The visitor expanded her eyes wider than ever at the sight of the sumptuous bed, loaded with damask hangings, and glittering with gilded ornaments, nor was she less surprised at the richness of the additional furniture of the room.

"Upon my word!" she exclaimed, "I did find a prize for you,—such a husband as Stanly Weatherburn is worth having!"

"He is, indeed, the kindest, most liberal fellow in the world," returned the proud and happy Clara; and while arranging for better display the cut-glass bottles on the dressing cabinet, she continued the praises of her husband with such earnestness as not to perceive that her guest had left the apartment. "Where are you, Mrs. Cassiday?" she called, and as the answer reached her from the upper stairs, she followed her, saying, "you are venturing into a region that I have never visited since the first week we came into the house. Stanly insisted on furnishing the third story, but I opposed it with all my might, for, with our small family it was quite unnecessary; and, as the cook is a fat, heavy woman, and grumbled a great deal about having to go up to the

garret, I thought we might as well allow the servants to sleep in it."

The rooms were open, and a more experienced or more thoughtful housekeeper than Clara could not but have been disconcerted at the aspect they presented. In the one which appeared appropriated to the man-servant, the bed was unmade, a tin wash-basin filled with soapsuds, stood in the middle of the bare floor, with streams that floated balls of flue running from it, and soaking into the boards. An old boot-jack lay near it, flanked by a pair of muddy boots, and the chairs were littered with coats, vests and pantaloons, whose weight had forced from their places the nails by which they had been suspended against the walls, as various irregular holes in the plastering indicated. The adjoining room was in a corresponding state, somewhat aggravated, indeed, by manifestations that its lodgers were more numerous. For instance, where there was but one pair of boots, lay three or four pairs of torn and slip-heeled shoes, and instead of a single vest or coat, there was a pile of greasy aprons and faded wrappers.

"Oh, dear, dear! what a place!" laughed Clara; "but it would be of no use for me to interfere with it; as it is their own concern to keep their rooms comfortable, I am not going to give myself any trouble about it."

"How do you get along with servants?" asked Mrs. Cassiday; "I believe ninety-nine families out of a hundred are worried half out of their lives with them."

"I think we shall succeed with them tolerably—at least we are well enough off as to numbers. Stanly has his own theory on that subject; he says if we only keep plenty and pay them well, there will be no danger of the work not being done. We have four. It is rather too many for us, but servants that demand the highest wages are generally unwilling to do any thing out of a single department, and that obliges us to employ a greater number. I find them otherwise rather too tenacious of their dignity. They expect to have their own way pretty much, and if I express disapprobation at any thing, they hint that they have lived in the most genteel families, and therefore should understand how things are to be done. But, if I let them alone, we get on smoothly enough."

They now returned to the front parlour, and found a fire in the grate as they expected; but the chimney appeared not to draw well, and the wood being green pine, the only sort the cellar afforded, it emitted quite as much smoke as heat. They, however, drew their chairs before it, and, after a while, Mr. Weatherburn coming in from his store, entertained them with a relation of the news of the day. At length tea was announced, and the ladies drew on their shawls to go to the table in the back parlour.

"I am afraid, Mrs. Cassiday, that you will not find your coffee agreeable," said Clara, discover-

ing, on tasting her own, that the beverage required an apology; "we always buy the best of Mocha, and have cream as good as can be procured, yet somehow our coffee is often not very good."

"Quite agreeable," replied the visitor, "only that it tastes as if some of the grains had been burnt in roasting."

"And the biscuits are rather sad this evening," pursued Clara; "but I think, Stanly, you should bear the blame of that yourself. We have not had a barrel of flour in the house yet, and when any is required, the servants run to the nearest shops about the neighbourhood, and we get every variety of it. Sometimes the rolls and muffins are heavy, and sometimes sour, and generally black as rye; and these biscuits show the quality they are made of. You know, dear, I told you only yesterday that I should like you to send home some good flour."

"I plead guilty," said Mr. Weatherburn; "but I always forget such little matters."

As the butter was as little deserving of commendation as the biscuit, and the smoked-beef was fried to the consistence of chips of leather, Mrs. Cassiday, who had been accustomed to the palatable fare of a good boarding-house, would have had some difficulty to appease her hunger, had it not been for a large finely iced fruit-cake, bearing the mark of a fashionable pastry-cook, to which Stanly directed her. The equal of that had certainly not often graced the boarding-house table, and she applied herself to it with no want of appetite.

The smoky, sickly fire in the front parlour, promised little for the cheerfulness of the evening, and Mr. Weatherburn, after drumming with his fingers on the mantelpiece, for a few minutes, and shaking and unstopping the essence bottles on the pier-table, suddenly proposed that they should all adjourn to the theatre. Clara was delighted with the idea, and as Mrs. Cassiday made it a point never to refuse an eligible invitation, they were soon on the way. They had to pass Edward Barclay's house, and when they reached it, Clara remarked,

"If it were not so late, we might step in and have a few minutes' talk with Julia and her good man."

"There they sit, cosy as Darby and Joan," said Stanly.

The shutters were not yet closed, and they could see that the room was bright with a glowing fire and a brilliant lamp, and that Edward was reading at a centre-table, well supplied with books, while Julia, with her pretty workstand beside her, sat near him.

"Quite a domestic, romantic scene,—it reminds me of some of the pictures in the magazines and annuals," said Clara, laughing, as they moved on.

Through the whole round of winter months Clara continued as elated as if she had won a fairy gift. The husband was so kind, so generous! he

made her such charming presents; he encouraged her to give such delightful entertainments at her own house, and supplied her with such beautiful dresses to wear to others elsewhere! she for one knew what it was to be happy!

CHAPTER II.

Two years had passed, and two years always bring their changes. What had they been to Clara? She was seated in her chamber for the evening, looking pale and wearied, and holding on her lap a lovely little girl, something more than a year old, whose flushed cheeks and feverish eyes were evident marks of illness. Mr. Weatherburn stood near, attempting to play with the child, who was too languid to notice his movements.

"Well, I must bid you good bye for awhile," said he at length, "I should have been off half an hour ago."

"Are you going out this evening, Stanly?" asked his wife.

"Yes, my dear, did I not tell you that I had promised to join some friends in a wine party?"

"I do not remember that you did, and I should be very glad if you would stay at home. I am so worn out with nursing little Mary, and she would be just as quiet with you."

"My dear Clara! why can't you call one of the servants?"

"I do not like to give her up to servants when she is so ill."

"How you talk, Clara; she has no illness of any consequence. I suspect she is getting the hooping-cough."

"No, Stanly, it is not the hooping-cough, but a violent cold, and I am confident it is owing to those broken window-panes, which I begged you so to have mended. I have been hoarse for several days, myself."

"Then, why did you not send for a glazier, my dear?"

"Because I had told you about it, and you promised to attend to it."

"But, you know I always forget such little matters; good bye—I'll not be out late."

"I'm sure, dear Stanly, you care nothing about a wine party?"

"No, but when it is proposed, one does not like to refuse and be considered churlish," and he went out.

Clara bent her head over the little invalid, and fell into a train of melancholy thought, for, from the gay inconsiderate girl, she had become a thinking woman. Her husband was her theme. He was the same as when she married him, his character had changed neither in its traits nor manifestations, yet she was disappointed and unhappy. A vague retrospect of the past two years presented itself to her memory, which, had she given it form, might have run thus:

Her first feeling of affection was founded on her admiration of the qualities which she presumed his openhanded liberality to indicate, and which she believed would not fail to render him a good husband, attended as they were by no vicious inclinations, and no deficiency of intellect. During the earlier period of her married life, her girlish enjoyment of the pleasures which this profuseness supplied to her, had been too absorbing to allow her to question its source; but when the novelty of her position had worn off, when the cares and the awakened feelings of the mother had sobered her frivolity, and when her more delicate health led her to look for comforts rather than amusements, she found reason to watch more steadily, and power to analyze more closely, her husband's conduct. The painful conviction at length reached her, that what she had prided in as the result of generous impulse, originated in its very opposite, selfish indolence. Stanly was willing to have a name, but to have exerted his mind in the pursuit of intellectual attainment, or his body in the active prosecution of a benevolent undertaking, would have called for a sacrifice of his ease to which he was little inclined. It was much easier to take out his purse or his pocket-book; much easier to invite his acquaintances into an oyster cellar or a concert room than to keep them in rational conversation at his own house; much easier to throw down a dollar than to raise a paralytic mendicant from a side walk; much easier to present a basket of champagne to a friend than to watch a night in his sick chamber; much easier to purchase a handsome ring for his wife, while lounging on the counter of a jeweller's shop, than to endure the noise and dirt of mending a smoky chimney; much easier to send orders to an upholsterer or a cabinet-maker than to pay the thousand little nameless attentions which to a true-hearted woman are beyond all price. Yet he was called a generous man! and the mere squandering of money, which might have been devoted to far worthier objects, was not the only evil arising from his weakness. His idle habit of resorting to public places, which his giddy bride found so charming when she could participate in it, had now grown into a necessity. Not that he was so very fond of such places, he would say, but what might his friends think if he absented himself from them? that he had become churlish—fond of his money—that he disregarded their society; and what would be the consequence when he wanted their names on his notes? Through all these occupied evenings Clara had remained at home, endeavouring to solace herself with her child, and trembling at the thoughts of associations he might form now, when no longer, as he had generally been in his bachelorhood, in the restraining presence of female society. No wonder that her cheek had grown thin, and her eye had lost its brightness!

Whilst thus indulging her gloomy musings, a servant entered to say that a lady was below.

"You should not have admitted any one this

evening," said Clara; "the illness of the child would have been a sufficient excuse for my not receiving visitors, and I do not think the parlours are either warmed or lighted for company."

"It is Mrs. Cassiday, ma'am, and as she is so intimate, I thought you would see her here."

"Certainly, if it is Mrs. Cassiday, show her up."

"My dear Clara, have you taken to living up stairs?" said the visitor on coming in; "I have found you in your chamber for, I believe, at least half a dozen of times, that I have called lately."

Clara apologized, saying that for two or three days she had been unable to spend any time down stairs, owing to her child's indisposition, and with all the anxiety of a young mother, she gave a minute recapitulation of its symptoms and sufferings.

Mrs. Cassiday never had had children of her own, and took but little interest in those of other people, therefore she could not have much real sympathy for her, but she expressed a great deal, and then looking scrutinizingly at Clara, she asked,

"But, why is not Stanly here, helping you to nurse?"

She seemed satisfied with the reply, that he had an engagement with a party of friends, and commenced her usual discursive gossipry, but Clara was too much depressed to enter into it with any spirit. At length the visitor, who did not want a certain kind of shrewdness, remarked,

"You are very dull to-night, my dear; will you allow me the privilege of an old friend to tell you that I can plainly see the cause of it? You are fretting yourself to death, and have been doing so for some time, because you think that your husband favours you too little with his society."

For a moment the refined feelings of Clara were shocked at this blunt revelation of what she had long avoided acknowledging even to herself, but her second thought suggested that the experience of Mrs. Cassiday might be of advantage to her under present circumstances. She had no natural sources from whence to expect advice. Her mother was dead, and her sisters were younger than herself, so, conquering her delicacy, she confessed that the observation was correct.

"Then I must say you are altogether wrong. As young wives mostly do, you sit down and mope over a little neglect of your husband, without ever inquiring whether the blame may not rest more with yourself than with him. I can't see that Stanly Weatherburn has changed the least since his marriage,—matrimony seldom does change a man materially; and are you the same gay, lively Clara you were then?"

Clara smiled sadly and shook her head.

"Your husband was just as fond of pleasure then as he is now, and he has contracted no bad habits from it since. Don't you remember how much you were gratified to see it? how you en-

couraged him to seek amusements and shared them with him? You were happy as the day was long, and might still have been so, had you persisted in the course you commenced."

"Ah, my dear madam, when my health began to fail, all those things appeared to me so frivolous, so unsatisfying! and when this little charge was placed in my hands," looking at her child, "I felt how important was the responsibility committed to me, and how much on the proper execution of its duties depended the welfare or misery of her future life. And could I devote myself to them, and be at the same time the unthinking creature I was at the period to which you allude?"

"Well, Clara, you will have to choose between your husband and child, and decide upon which your own happiness the more closely depends."

"What would you have me do, Mrs. Cassiday?" asked Clara, hesitatingly.

"Why, use a little management; be, or appear to be, what you were two years ago. You have found that Stanly won't stay at home, so go out with him. Accept invitations to parties and take him along. Go to the theatre, to exhibitions,—every place; he would just as soon have your company as that of the men he goes with, and while you are gratifying him try to be amused yourself. That's the way many married women of my acquaintance do. In the mean time, there is no danger of any harm happening to your baby; a servant can look after it well enough, and as to forming her temper and habits, there will be time enough for all that. Then, as Stanly gets older,—he is a very young man yet,—he will get a surfeit of amusements and acquire a fondness for domestic life, and you can do with him what you please."

Clara felt that there was some fallacy in this counsel; she had an indefinite perception that a Christian mother and wife, a "stayer at home," fulfilling her duties according to the dictates of her conscience and the demands of the Divine law, was a much nobler being than the woman of the world, forgetting the unformed hearts and minds of her children in the haunts of pleasure, and seeking to influence her husband, not with the upright simplicity of self-assured rectitude, but with the degrading deceptions of *management*. Still she was too timid and inexperienced to rely on her own judgment, and she promised to try the experiment.

A few evenings after this, Edward Barclay, on returning from executing a commission for Julia, remarked,—“I met Weatherburn and his wife in the street on their way to the theatre.”

“Indeed! I thought Clara had given up such places for a year past. She appeared to me to have grown exceedingly domestic.”

“I think Clara has much improved since her marriage,” said Mr. Barclay; “and I am sorry to say that, as far as my observation goes, the case is different with her husband.”

“Do tell me, Edward, have you any belief in the report that he has become dissipated?”

“Dissipated? by no means. I am confident that it is not the case, but of his being idle and irregular in his habits, and much addicted to company, there can be no doubt. His business acquaintances say, too, that they suspect he is going down hill.”

“Poor Clara!” said Julia, earnestly.

“I should not wonder if they were right,” proceeded Edward, “for he possesses not a single attribute that can keep him steady, according to the common course of things. He has no strong moral and religious principle to enforce his attention to his affairs as a duty, and of the other kind of ballast, which supports many men, in spite of general instability of character, he is totally wanting; that is, the love of money. You smile, dear Julia,—I do not mean the mere love of money for its own sake,—as an end rather than a means,—that is a passion much rarer than it is supposed, and, it appears to me, a species of insanity when it does exist; but the desire to become and be considered a man of substance. A share of it might secure to Weatherburn respectability in the eyes of the world, and circumstances of comfort to his family.”

“I was, for the moment, surprised to hear you speak of the absence of the love of money as a deficiency in a man's character,” said Julia, “you, who are so indifferent to money yourself.”

“You are mistaken, Julia. I am by no means indifferent to it, though I regard it neither for its own sake, nor for my own sensual, nor even intellectual gratification; but I value it so highly as to take the greatest care of it, that I may accomplish objects for which I believe it has been entrusted to me. For example, had I not restrained myself from scattering it in dozens of little sums for matters of no consequence, your prudence would have denied you the satisfaction of adding so liberal a subscription to the paper before you, nor should I have had the pleasure of reading my wife's good deeds in the faces of the poor family to whom I carried her message this evening.”

“Nor should you have been able,” said Julia, smiling, “to assist so generously and unexpectedly my brother William in his first adventure in business, nor so dutifully and kindly to have settled your mother and sisters on their sweet little farm, when they so nearly lost their all by that ruinous bank.”

“We must not learn to compliment each other, dear Julia,” said Edward, “lest a desire for mutual approbation should be an inducement to acts which ought to be performed from a sense of right”—he was interrupted by voices in the entry, and a strange servant hurriedly opened the door, exclaiming:—

“Oh, Mrs. Barclay! please, please, ma'am, run over to our house—to Mr. Weatherburn's!”

“What is the matter?” demanded Edward, startled at her agitation, but the girl did not wait

to answer, and Julia hastened to follow her, attended by her husband.

The curtain had fallen after the first act at the theatre, and amidst the burst of laughter and applause which shook the house, under the influence of the incomparable and unfortunate Power, Clara sat, forgetful of the reluctance with which she had returned to her former course of life. Stanly stood beside her, and when the tumult had a little subsided, he exclaimed, "Wonder of wonders! if here is not our neighbour Barclay,—the first time I have met him in the house since we were lads of eighteen! My dear fellow," he continued, laying his hand upon the shoulder of Edward, who was looking about intently, and had not perceived him, "let me congratulate you on your returning rationality. I suppose you find that as a man grows older, he the more requires the stimulus of fun."

"Allow me to speak to you in the lobby," said Edward, without noticing his address; and Clara caught the expression of his countenance, which was one of grave anxiety.

"What is it, Mr. Barclay?" she asked hastily, and rising involuntarily, she followed them out; "something has happened. My child! Oh! my child!"

"Let me not alarm you, madam; it has met with an accident, but"—

Clara fainted without hearing more.

"Quick—tell me all, Barclay," said Weatherburn, carrying the insensible form of his wife down the stairs, and Edward rapidly but gently explained his errand.

Before leaving home, Clara had given orders to the nurse to carry her little girl, who had by this time recovered from her indisposition, directly to bed. The woman had obeyed, but without waiting to see her asleep, had returned to the kitchen, leaving a lamp burning on the hearth. The child, attracted by the light, it was presumed, had got out of her crib, and approached it so as to set fire to her night-clothes. Her cries had not immediately reached the basement kitchen, and when the servant returned, she found her lying, shockingly burnt, and exhausted by terror and pain, on the floor.

When the carriage to which Clara had been conveyed, stopped at the house, she had recovered her senses, and been informed of the calamity. On the stairs she met Julia Barclay, who was hastening down to receive her. There were two medical gentlemen in attendance, and all the proper means of preservation had been used, but though opiates had been administered to the little sufferer, they had not yet taken effect, and her moans and screams were heart-rending. The distracted mother threw herself on the bed beside her, exclaiming "My child! my poor child! Why—why was I tempted to trust you to the hands of others!" and again she fell into a state of insensibility. Julia remained through the night, actively assisting in all that

was required for the child, and in attempting, with tenderness and discretion, to soothe her friend.

When morning came, the physicians had decided that their little patient might live, but that one of the arms was so much injured that amputation must be resorted to, and also that she had irrecoverably lost the sight of one of her eyes. Clara heard their opinion with more calmness than might have been expected, for though the image of her beloved child rose before her, maimed, and with her beautiful face scarred and disfigured for life, still to have her spared at all seemed to her an undeserved mercy. Her self-reproaches, however, were renewed when her husband, rather pleased with the notice and sympathy than otherwise, read to her from a morning paper a paragraph stating, under the head of "Unfortunate Casualties," that "An interesting child of Stanly Weatherburn, Esq., had, the night before, been burnt seriously, if not fatally, by its clothes taking fire; the distress of the accident having been heightened by the circumstance that both parents were absent at the time, having gone to the theatre."

The child did ultimately recover, and whilst its severe and protracted sufferings required constant watching, Julia was its most judicious and efficient nurse. During the daily intercourse that her kindness induced, Clara was led, partly through increasing esteem, and partly through self-extenuation, to relate to her the trials which had so painfully resulted. By earnest reasoning and winning entreaties, Julia led her to the only Hand by which comfort and guidance are dispensed, unfailing in worth and truth, and, before long, she had learned to make it her sole reliance.

Mr. Weatherburn had an affectionate disposition, and was truly grieved about "his poor little Mary." He proved his remembrance of her every day by bringing home expensive toys, which she was unable to see, and fruit and confectionary, which she was forbidden to taste. He did not very soon resort again to the theatre, for it awakened unpleasant recollections, and might occasion invidious remarks; but it pained him to see the distorted lineaments of his unfortunate little pet, and as his wife was too much occupied for much conversation, he thought he had sufficient excuse to go into company to find cheerfulness and relief.

Within a year after the accident, two substantial business men met in the street, and stopped to exchange the news of the day.

"Have you heard of the last crash?" asked one.

"Whose?"

"That of Stanly Weatherburn."

"No! I thought he was doing a very flourishing business. He had excellent prospects when he started a few years ago."

"But what prospects could be realized with such habits? I never knew a more purposeless spendthrift. My prospects were as good as his when I commenced, and I have been successful

since before he was born; yet even now I should be ashamed to see in my house such luxury as surrounds him. I never knew any one who seemed so constantly to have 'a hole in his pocket,' as the saying is, nor who so often reminded me of the proverb, 'a fool and his money are soon parted.'"

"What is to become of him? A man who has proven that he could not take care of his own money, is not likely to be trusted with that of others. He will find some difficulty to get himself started again, if not even to obtain a lucrative clerkship."

"It is understood that Edward Barclay has offered him the situation of book-keeper; more

through pity for his young wife, I should judge, than confidence in himself."

"That is well. He may profit by past experience, and eventually rise again."

"Doubtful. A man who allows dollars to slip through his fingers uncounted, will hardly take care of cents! I expect to hear of him spending in cigar shops and at apple-stalls as much as would keep his family in half their marketing."

Whether this uncharitable, though perhaps not unjust, apprehension has been realized, we have had no means of deciding; though in the patient and humble deportment of Clara, who appears to have hopelessly resigned herself to her fallen station, there seems little prognostic of a brighter day.

THE DESTROYER.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THERE is a ceaseless shaft that speeds
Unerring through the air,
A sleepless archer all unseen,
Yet active everywhere.

CLOSE on the steps of busy life
He like a shadow glides,
Mysterious checks the bosom's strife,
And chills its purple tides.

THE strongly arm'd and watchful guard,
Who keep the palace gate,
Saw not the entering foe that smote
Their monarch in his state.

THE lonely cot's unlifted latch
No roaming robber fears,
Yet there he lurks,—beneath the thatch,—
Ye know it—by the tears.

AND though he loves a lofty mark,
The great, the good, the fair,
Still, 'mid the humble things that breathe,
Look!—for you'll find him there.

THE deer, that feels the hunter's sting,
And struggles on the plain,
The bird, that fain with broken wing
Would reach its nest again,

THE moth, that flutters round the flower,
The worm, within that coils,
He scorneth not his bow to bend,
And glean these lowly spoils.

THE mountain strives beneath the cloud
Its hoary head to hide,
The combing billows fain would shroud
The sea's unfathom'd pride,—

IT may not be,—the hardest pine
That clothes the Alpine steep,
The mightiest monsters of the brine
That lash the foaming deep,

CONfess his power,—the wounded whale
With crimson stains the tide,
The radiant dolphin waxeth pale,
As though a rainbow died,—

THE sea-horse, on the whelming surge
Floats by, without a moan,
The coral insect builds its tomb,
And hardens into stone.

HE scans the forest, dark with years,
The palm, the banyan's shade,
The iron oak which centuries spar'd,
And at his frown they fade.

YET sometimes, in his withering path
A lowly plant doth spring,
From seed of immortality
That mocks his victor-sting.

IN earth, in air, in ocean caves,
All deprecate his wrath,
He crusheth thrones, yet fears to mow
That balm-flower in his path.

THE balm-flower that behind him grows,
Wet with the mourner's tear,
That springs to staunch the bleeding heart,
A Saviour standing near,

STRONG faith, deep love, unfading trust,
That deck the Christian's tomb,
Heaven's guerdon to the born of dust,
He dares not blight their bloom.

ELLENORE.

A TRUE TALE OF THE CRUSADES.

BY H. W. HERBERT.

Author of "The Brothers," "Cromwell," &c.

THE heat was intolerable, even for Syria. It was about noon, and the sun was blazing at his altitude in a sky, whereon not a speck of cloud could be discovered to cast a passing shadow over the parched and fainting earth, only on the horizon there was a thin, dry-looking, reddish haze, which, far from portending any thing of rain or moisture in the atmosphere, seemed to come up from the burning sands or arid mountains like the hot vapour from a seventimes heated furnace. There was not a breath of air abroad, and scarce a sound was to be heard, although there was the vast encampment of a numerous army, and not that only, but the walls of a populous city in full view, at scarcely a mile's distance from each other. But such was the oppressive sultriness of the climate and the hour, that except a few steel-clad sentinels, leaning upon their lances, in the outskirts of the Christian camp, and a few watchers on the tall minarets of the Moslem city, no human beings, nor even animals, except here and there a gaunt and half-starved dog, were abroad in the intolerable sunshine. At times, indeed, the deep "all's well" of the English sentinel would rise from the tented street, recalling thoughts of scenes far different from the wild treeless plains, treeless save when at distant intervals a tall, wild-looking palm towered against the deep blue sky, the barren slopes, and the occasional pools of brackish bitter water which were the principal features of that land, which was once spoken of, and truly, as a land of promise—a land flowing with milk and honey. At times again the shrill and long protracted call of the watchers would go up from the minarets "there is no god but God, and Mahomet is his prophet," proclaiming hourly into whose hands had fallen the possessions of that people who were once the favourites of the Lord—the chosen of the Most High.

The Saracens held all the Eastern shores of the Mediterranean sea, and daily were extending more and more the dominions of the crescent and the koran, in spite of the fiery zeal of those Christian millions who had flocked from every shore of Europe to win the tomb of the Redeemer from its Moslem conquerors. Century after century new crusades had poured the mailed stream of Paladins and Princes into the sandy wastes of Araby and Syria, had swept for a little while each like a floodtide over the reconquered land, and each in its turn receded like the ebb, leaving the sun-

bleached bones of tens—hundreds of thousands to mark their progress and their fate.

And now Prince Edward, the gallant son of the imbecile tyrant Henry, was in the field again, with his splendid train of Norman chivalry and Saxon archers, to emulate the fame of Cœur de Lion, to win eternal honour to his name, and, as the priests of that day taught men to believe, salvation to his soul, by taking up the cross to drive the Paynimric from Palestine. Many a battle had been fought, many a sandy vale been watered by the noblest gore, and still, as ever in the open field, the thundering charge of the mailed Norman men-at-arms and their barbed horses, cased like their riders, in complete steel, which, in despite of the fierce heat of the Syrian sun, they never ceased to bear in the march, or storm, or battle-field, swept down the feeble opposition of the light armed eastern warriors. Nevertheless, the Saracens quailed not, nor ceased at all from desperate resistance—there was not on the face of the earth a braver people than the Moslem; and, by their armature, peculiarly adapted to the climate and the country, and their unrivalled steeds, they were scarcely less formidable or less successful in skirmishes, and night attacks, and forays, in ambushing the van or rear of the Christian armies, in cutting off convoys and detached parties, than were their irresistible invaders in the direct shock of the pitched battle.

Nor, although long intercourse and collision with the chivalry of Europe had softened somewhat the wild natures of the children of the desert, and taught them something of that high courtesy and noble though sometimes fantastic honour, on which the western warriors prided themselves so much, and which they practised ever toward the infidel—nor even yet had the Saracens learned to desist from underhand and secret efforts to rid themselves of enemies against whom open force seemed almost useless. Fountains and wells of water were often poisoned, envenomed arrows were discharged from the short bows and sarbacanes of the light horse; and the assassin's dagger not seldom pierced the heart, in the safe and guarded tent, which in the field was fenced by plate and mail too strongly to be reached by the scimitar or the jerrid.

It was about noon, and the heat was intolerable—the full unclouded glare of the sun was streaming down directly into the crusaders' camp, which,

lying on the southern slope of a low range of sandy hillocks, was quite exposed to the blazing rays. There was not a tree to cast even a solitary shadow; the long street of white canvas tents glared almost painfully upon the eye; and the hundreds of flags, streamers, and pennoncelles, and pennons, and square banners, which decked the summits of the several pavilions, and served to indicate the rank of their respective dwellers, drooped in the sultry calm, and clung to their staves silent and motionless. Many of these pavilions were large and sumptuously decorated and contained many separate apartments; but there was one of vast dimensions, made it is true of plain white canvas, but covering a space of ground nearly an acre in circumference, and surrounded by a wall or screen of canvas some six or seven feet in height. Before each of the entrances, for there were four, one in each side of this great tent, a sentinel was stationed in half armour, bearing a long, broadheaded partisan; and at about fifty yards distance from each was erected a long low pent-house, facing the curtained door, and having the front open, answering the purpose of a sort of guard-room for a yeoman's party of some twenty green-frocked archers, whose six feet bows and sheaves of clothyard arrows lay ready for immediate service. In the middle of the area before the principal doorway was pitched a mighty staff, the topmast of the ship which had borne the heroic Edward to the land of war and glory and romance, from which was displayed a broad azure banner embroidered with three golden leopards, the cognizance of the royal house of England.

Within, the tent was divided into many separate apartments, the first of which was a large oblong hall, decorated with many shirts of mail, helmets and shields and corslets, hanging from the pillars which supported it. The furniture was scanty, and adapted to the heat of the climate, consisting of many stools, and sofas of canework, and a large table in the centre, round which was collected a group of young gentlemen of birth, esquires and pages to the renowned and gallant prince.

Beyond this was another compartment of the same size, more sumptuously ornamented with silken hangings, and having all the woodwork tastefully carved and gilded, with several mirrors of highly burnished steel, and soft divans surrounding it—the audience chamber of the temporary court; and out of this there opened a small inner room, beyond which was the suite of apartments appropriated to the ladies in the train of Ellenore, the young and beautiful princess, who had insisted on accompanying her youthful lord on this perilous and wild adventure.

The inner room, which has been mentioned, was fitted as a sort of library or study, according to the notions of the day, when some few score of manuscripts were looked upon as an immense and rich collection; for it contained a set of portable

shelves, supporting some sixteen or eighteen volumes of all sizes, from the minute velvet-covered duodecimo to the gigantic folio, with its rough calfskin binding and its brazen clasps. On either hand this little bookcase there hung from the pillars of the tent a complete suit of knightly armour—one a mail-shirt or hauberk of steel rings curiously intertwisted with hose of the same material to protect the thighs and legs from the knee downward, while the joints and feet were guarded by splints of steel riveted to the mail. This suit had its peculiar helmet, conical in form, and having the *avantaille* or vizor of an imperfect fashion not wholly covering the face; a hood of mail was attached to it likewise for the safeguard of the neck and shoulders, with gauntlets beautifully wrought in scale, forming a complete panoply, though of a fashion that was already beginning to fall into disuse, as the more perfect coats of plate came gradually into fashion. Of this kind was the other armour. Not yet, however, was it brought to such absolute perfection as is exhibited by the work of later artisans, wherein every limb and joint was secured by plates of polished steel, so flexible in the mode of their attachment each to the other, that they gave full scope to the play of the body, and at the same time so strong and well tempered as to resist the heaviest dint of mace or battle-axe, the sheereest and most cleaving sweep of the two-handed broadsword, to all of which the yielding mail was pervious. This had the cumbrous flat-topped helmet, peculiar to the earlier crusaders, with its vizor covering the whole face, the breastplate and backpiece, cuishes and greaves for the legs, and gloves of plate for the hands; but these were only introduced as additions to the chain mail, which formed the basis of the dress. To each panoply was appended a small triangular shield of azure steel, bearing upon it the already famous cognizance of the three leopards passant, while mace and battleaxe, two-handed sword and dudgeon dagger hung beside it, offensive weapons of a weight and size duly proportioned to the strength of the defences. A small round table stood in the centre of the room, with a large manuscript folio on the art of war lying upon it, open, just as it had been left a short time previously by the occupant of the apartment—a rude map, such as the best engineers of that early day could lay out only with great toil and application, was stretched out beside it, pretending to elucidate the topography of Palestine, with the Dead Sea, or *Lacus Asphaltites*, the Sea of Tiberius, the course of the Jordan, and the site of the Holy City, indicated by strange and uncouth devices. A silver standish, with a pen or two, a roll of parchment, a golden crucifix, splendidly chased and jewelled, and a short dagger of Damascus steel, the hilt and sheath of which, covered with emeralds and diamonds, exceeded even the brilliance of that emblem of the blessed faith, to re-establish which in the plains where it was first propagated had cost

already so much lifeblood. Upon a silken couch, under a canopy decked with the armorial bearings of the far seagirt island, reclined a young man, strong and well shaped and handsome, with fire and energy blended with thoughtfulness and mental power in his fine lineaments, but looking somewhat languid and enfeebled by the unhealthy climate, more dreadful far to the stout sons of Western Europe, than the most fearful weapons of their Saracen antagonists. His height was very great, and as he lay at length upon the couch, his lower limbs, though muscular and powerful, seemed almost disproportionately long, although they had not as yet gained for him the soubriquet by which he is known in history. His large gray eye was full of a clear steady light, calm now and meditative, but capable at times of flashing with almost intolerable lustre, when the soul was agitated by those bursts of sudden passion to which his frank and open temper was occasionally liable. His hair, which had been cut short that it might not interfere with the fastenings of his helmet, was of a rich deep auburn, curled closely over all his head, as was the short crisped beard which fringed his sunburnt cheeks, and covered his chin, leaving only a small space bare below the nether lip. His shoulders were extremely broad and muscular, his chest deep and round, and his hands, though well formed and unusually white, large, sinewy and bony. There was not, however, any thing coarse, or ponderous or fleshy in his make, which was spare though large framed, and as well-suited for deeds of agility as for feats of arms. He wore a bonnet of brown silk buttoned with a single pearl of great size and value, which held a tuft of heron's feathers; his surcoat open at the breast, and displaying a plaited shirt of white sendal, slightly embroidered, was of the same hue and material as the cap, faced and lined with deep azure, of which colour were the close fitting hose that covered all his shapely limbs from the hip downward. His girdle of blue velvet with many clasps and bosses of rich goldsmith work set with rare emeralds and brilliants, was evidently of the same pattern with the eastern poniard, which lay on the table, and was the only ornament he wore; his feet were covered for the moment by a pair of Turkish slippers of embroidered velvet, although a pair of fantastic shoes of the day, with their up-turned toes, full half a yard in length, twisted like the horns of a ram and gaily gilded, stood close beside the couch upon the matted floor, in readiness, if he should wish to go abroad. On a light chair, not far removed from the Prince's couch, there hung a lady's mantle of rich crimson lined everywhere with cloth of gold and decked with clasps and chainwork of the same costly metal; and on it lay a lute, which had apparently been just laid down, while on the floor were scattered several sheets of written music, not written as is now the case, by musical notation, but by words, or *mots*, as they were then termed,

signifying sounds, and times, and cadences. But, although from these marks of feminine accomplishment, it would seem that some lady had not long since shared the Prince's chamber, Edward was now alone and buried in deep meditation. He had that very morning received despatches from the dear distant island to the crown of which he was heir apparent—despatches that had aggrieved his spirit, and while they made him grave, and even melancholy, disposed him to thought rather than to action, and sent him to his own private chamber to meditate on the news he had received—news of a weak imbecile king, and that king his father—of turbulent and factious barons, many of them alone richer and mightier than their monarch—of a people harassed and driven into outlawry by the exactions and oppressions of the old feudal law—of tyranny, in short, and factious turbulence, soon to break out into rebellion. The prince's horses had been at the tent door, when the despatches were brought in, with hawks and hounds of the true English breed, and falconers and foresters and huntsmen, for there was at that moment a short truce existing between the Saracen and the crusaders; and, as the hills and dales of Palestine abounded with the wild goat and antelope, the bustard and the partridge, he had intended to exchange the dull limits of his guarded camp, for the free gallop over the lovely plains, with the barb bounding sprightly under him, and the keen falcon at his fist, and the staunch bloodhound running on the track of the wild game before him. Then the despatches came, and, as he broke the seals, a gloomy shadow fell upon his brow, and he dismissed his retinue, and even frowned upon Adam Hartley, his old gray-headed huntsman, who had taught him to ride when a boy, and he remarked half jocularly, half grumblingly, upon the changed mood of his royal master. Retiring instantly, he had remained all the morning buried in deep and gloomy thought; and when his own fair Princess, the beautiful and graceful Ellenore, had come in, lute in hand, to strive if she might not, even as David used to do with Saul, banish the evil spirit from the soul of her beloved by that gentle music to which he best liked to listen, he had replied to her so suddenly and sharply, that she was fain to quit the room in haste, leaving her mantle and her music there, lest he should see the tears which sprang to her bright eyes at his unwonted mood. He did not seem, however, to observe it, but continued buried in dark meditation, reading occasionally from the closely written parchments, and occasionally casting them down, and brooding gloomily over their contents. The noonday meal was served in the knights' hall, as it was called, but Edward had refused briefly to attend it, and so clearly did his chamberlain perceive the distempered mood of the Prince, that he dared not to offer any persuasion or remonstrance, as he would have done under ordinary circumstances. The feast was therefore of unusually brief dura-

tion, the ladies of the royal company remaining with their mistress in seclusion, and little merriment and no revelry enlivening the hurried and almost melancholy banquet.

At length, when the dinner had been long ago concluded, and most of those who had partaken it had withdrawn either to their respective duties or to the afternoon siesta, which the intense heat of the climate and the custom of its natives, had introduced among the hardier crusaders of the west, Edward called loudly for his chamberlain; and now it seemed that a part at least of the harshness of his humour had passed over, for he smiled as his officer entered, and said, in a pleasant tone,

"Ha! Wilford, these pestilent despatches have so engaged me all the morning, that I might not dine well until I had digested them, and now, I warrant you, I am a hungered. I pray you bid the pantler bring me a manchet and a cup of wine, so I can hold my stomach until supper."

The gentleman bowed low in answer, leaving the cabinet as he did so, but returned in a few minutes, accompanied by a servant, carrying a flask of Cyprus wine, two or three silver goblets, a manchet, as it was then styled, or flat cake of bread with a few dates and grapes. This done, Wilford addressed the Prince, informing him that Malech the Saracen had been in waiting for some time without, having, as he averred, papers of great importance, and private intelligence from Jerusalem.

"Well! sir, admit him—admit him instantly. Malech, the Saracen spy! I know the fellow very well—a trusty fellow and a useful. Three times hath he brought me true tidings, and never once deceived me."

It seemed for a moment that the chamberlain was about to remonstrate, but Edward saw his hesitation, and speaking very shortly if not sharply, bade him begone and do his bidding!

"By St. George," he exclaimed, as the other half reluctantly departed,—"By St. George! one would think that a single Saracen was a mad dog, so loath are these bullheaded Englishmen to deal with one in private, while in the field they care not for the wildest odds, but charge them soundly home if they be ten to one."

As he ceased speaking, the curtain which closed the entrance of the cabinet was lifted, and the tall form of the stalwart chamberlain was seen, conducting with a watchful eye and his hand on the hilt of his broad-pointed dagger, the slight and dusky figure of the spy.

"Ha! Malech, my good fellow," exclaimed the Prince, speaking in the *lingua Franca*, as the crusaders called it, a species of Patois, or jargon rather, midway between the French and Oriental languages. "Right glad am I to see you; for sure I am that you bring us news of coming battle. Speak, man, what have you in your wallet?"

The Saracen was, at first sight, as compared with the tall and bulky Europeans, a small slight man; but when you came to examine his figure

and his muscular frame more closely, it was apparent that, although bare of flesh, and reduced in fact to a mere mass of bone and brawn and sinew, he was both powerfully and elastically built. He stood about five feet ten inches high, and was proportionately broad-shouldered and strong-limbed. He wore a crimson turban, perfectly plain, without embroidery or fringe, over a close white skullcap, a close-fitting jacket over a large loose shirt, with falling sleeves of coarse white silk, and muslin pantaloons, all gathered at the waist by a red sash, which, contrary to the usual custom of his people, contained neither poniard, knife nor scimitar, nor any semblance of a weapon.

On entering the chamber, he cast his eyes about him for a moment, with a quick anxious look, but it was only for a moment, and instantly assuming a quiet and even downcast look, he made a low obeisance to the Prince after the Oriental fashion.

"I have, most noble Prince," he said, as he arose from the deep genuflection,—"I have important tidings, and such as in your wisdom you have imagined, shall lead you speedily into the field, where your own valour shall ensure you victory and glory; but," and he glanced a side-long look toward Wilford, the stout chamberlain, who, half distrustful, as it seemed, of the spy's real errand, kept a close watch upon his every movement, never withdrawing his hand at all from the hilt of his dudgeon dagger.

"But what?" cried the impatient Prince, as he perceived the hesitation of the messenger. "But what, man? speak—speak out, I say! Mother of God! what fear you?"

"My tidings, noble sir," answered the Saracen, "are of so grave and dangerous importance that I dare hardly trust them to the air even in your single presence, lest any passing breeze should bear them unto ears, which, should they reach, it would be death to me in tortures inconceivable, and ruin to the schemes which most would benefit your valour. Let him beware who tampers with the councils or divines the thoughts of princes. Birds of the air have spoken, nay not dumb living things alone, but stocks and stones have sometimes spoken to betray the secret traitor. Let my lord therefore pardon his faithful slave, that he may not speak into other ears but those which it alone behoves to hear his tidings."

"Wilford," said Edward instantly, in whose bold nature doubt or suspicion had no portion, "hearest thou not the man—begone, that he may speak without fear, what he beareth it much concerneth us to know and that fully. I know the fellow very well. Begone then, my good friend, and tarry in the knights' hall, out of earshot."

But Wilford bent his knee to the ground, and obeyed not, but spoke in a low and humble voice, "Noble sir, and my right loyal prince and master, I pray you of your grace, if I have ever served you truly at any times heretofore passed—if I

have ever merited any favour at your hands, pardon me that I leave you not, nor obey you. Surely my ears are as the ears of my Prince, to hear nothing that he would not have me understand, and my lips as his lips to reveal nothing that he would not have made public. Bethink thee, noble sir, how treacherous and false these infidels be ever unto us of the true faith, holding it no reproach, but honourable cunning rather, and good deed to murder under trust, with cord or bowl or dagger, whom they may not even think to cope with in the field."

"Ha! Wilford," exclaimed Edward, "dost thou fear for my safety—*mine!* and from so slight and base a caiff, as that frail shivering traitor!" and here it should be mentioned that both the baron and the prince spoke in the Norman French, which still was for the most part used as the court tongue in England, and which they believed utterly beyond the comprehension of the infidel, although it might be doubted by the quick sparkling of his small keen eye, and the scornful smile which curled his thin lip, as the royal warrior spoke so slightly of his manhood, whether his ignorance was indeed so great as the stout Englishman believed,— "Why, man," he added, laughing, "I thought you had too often seen me deal with such craven cattle by scores or even hundreds, to fear to trust me here in my own guarded tent with one poor renegade. Fie! Wilford, fie! your fears do misbecome your judgment and my manhood."

"Were you, fair Prince, but standing in your stirrups, with your proud destrian beneath you, belted as best becomes a knight, with casque on head and spur on heel and that good broadsword in your hand, which clove the sultan of Damascus from silken turban to gilt saddle-bow, right gladly would I trust you with a hundred, right gladly be your godfather in such a championship, and win or fall beside you! At least, at least, my prince, if you will speak with him alone, let me call in the yeomen of your guard and have him searched if he bear no weapon. My life on it, a venomous kanjar shall be found within his belt, for all he seems so innocent and fenceless!"

"No! Wilford, no! it must not be," Edward replied; "it doubtless would offend him, and he for spite would hide those counsels which I would give a year of life to know. Tush! man, I will be cautious. Thou knowest I can be cautious if I will."

"Not of yourself, my noble Prince," said Wilford,—"not of yourself I fear me! Yet I implore be so now—think what a loss and shame it would be to England, Europe,—yea! all Christendom,—what joy and triumph to the vile paynimrie, if aught should now befall you in the full tide of glory! and think how should we, thy faithful followers, who would die for thee, dare to look England in the face, and thou slain in the midst of us. Nay! nay! fair Prince, wax not wroth with me, nor impatient. I go, and may God keep your highness."

"A very faithful fellow," said Edward to himself, as he departed, "and bold as any lion in his own person, but timid as a girl if but a shadow wave toward me. Now, Saracen," he added, changing the language in which he had spoken hitherto for the *lingua Franca*, "Now, Malech, speak—what are your tidings?"

The spy, before he answered, unwound the crimson shawl which formed his turban, and, as he untwisted it, produced from the central fold a long strip of white parchment, closely written on both sides, which he handed to the eager prince.

"Read these," he said, "my lord, and then thy slave will speak what there you may not understand."

Edward took the scroll, and so cunningly was the device framed, that it appeared to him at a glance that it related to matters of the most intense interest, and his whole soul was soon engaged in the perusal; still he did not for some little time, entirely neglect the caution of his chamberlain, but raised his eyes once or twice and fixed them with a piercing scrutiny on the quiet and seemingly passionless face of the infidel. Perceiving nothing there to justify the suspicion which he in some sort shared with Wilford, and feeling a sort of half shame that he should find himself fearing or suspecting any thing, after another sidelong look he gave himself entirely up to the subject of his thoughts, and read attentively and without interruption, though at times he had occasion to ask for some little explanation, which was in every case promptly and understandingly given, until he reached the bottom of the first page. Then he once more looked up, and met the eye of the infidel fixed on his face with an expression so bland and calm, and free from the least shade of consciousness or apprehension, that he cast all care to the winds and actually smiled at his own doubts, as he turned the scroll and directed his attention to the rest of its contents. Had he however seen the answering smile which stole across the dark and now speaking features of the Saracen, who had read easily the meaning of Edward's confident calm smile, he would have altered his opinion. But he saw it not, and read on. Apparently, the contents of the scroll became line after line more interesting—the prince's colour came and went, he clenched his right hand and unclenched it rapidly, and even muttered a few words in English to himself, so thoroughly engrossed was he in his high studies, so utterly forgetful that any mortal being stood beside him. Scarce had he read ten lines, however, upon the second side before his false security was fearfully and well-nigh fatally invaded. Freeing by a motion of his right hand, so slight as to be almost imperceptible, a long straight two-edged dagger with a blade waved in the shape of a curling flame or rippling water, from its scabbard within the loose sleeve of his right arm, while it hung down by his side, the infidel collected all the energies of his muscular lithe limbs, drawing himself back

a little and crouching like a tiger for its spring, with his fierce eye upon the bosom of the prince, with a long noiseless and elastic bound he stood beside the couch, and rearing the blade high in air unseen and unsuspected, struck with the whole might of his body at the heart of the fearless reader. An accident alone diverted his sure aim; a casual movement of the prince's arm, which thus received the blow intended for a part more vital. A long and ghastly wound was the result, ripping the flesh clear down to the bone, nearly the whole length from the shoulder to the elbow; the blade rose into air again, now crimsoned with the noble blood, to speed a second and a surer thrust; but, every energy alive, cool and collected, though in the midst of sudden pain and strange surprise, Edward arose to meet him, and, with an iron grasp even of his wounded arm, he seized the wrist of the assassin as he brandished the keen knife on high, and held it there fixed and immovable as though it had been griped by a vice of steel.

"Ha! dog! Ha! traitor," he exclaimed in a voice clear as a trumpet call, feeling at the same time with his right hand for the dagger which should have hung at his own girdle, but finding it not, he struck him one blow on the chest with his clinched hand—one blow that would have felled a bullock. "Ha! by St. George! Die thus!" and under that tremendous blow the whole frame of the infidel shrank palsied, and as it were collapsed, his eyes rolled wildly in their sockets, his lips turned white as ashes, and, hearing footsteps rushing to the door, Edward now flung him off with his whole power, that he reeled blindly backward, while the Prince reached his own dagger from the table, and quietly unsheathing it, stood in an attitude of perfect majesty, awaiting if perchance his enemy could again rally to attack him.

But, while the villain was yet reeling to and fro uncertain whether to fall or no, Wilford rushed in with his long double-edged sword drawn, in his hand, and crying out in his blunt English,

"By God! I knew it would be so! Die, dog!" ran him completely through the body, that he hung for a moment on the blade which transfixed him, until the baron cast him off with a blow of his foot, and rushed forward to assist the Prince. A faint smile played upon the lips of the dying infidel, and he muttered in his own tongue, "It is done—it is finished—God is Great, and Mohammed is his prophet," and with the words he rolled over with his face to the ground, and expired, dauntless and confident that he had won by that awful deed an immortality of bliss and glory. Scarcely had the assassin fallen, and the breath had not as yet left his body, ere Edward, faint from loss of blood, and not that only, but still more from the effects of the poison with

which the blade of the murderer had been anointed, turned pale as death, and after staggering for a moment fell at full length upon the couch from which he had arisen to do battle for his life, drew a long sob or two, and fell into a swoon.

The outcry of the chamberlain soon brought assistance; pages, and squires, and aged knights, came crowding round the bed of their loved Prince, and terror, grief, and consternation occupied all the camp. The leeches, who had examined the wound and succeeded in arresting the flow of blood, pronounced the cut in itself trifling, and scarcely even sufficient to account for the sudden swoon of the stalwart Prince; but at the same time hesitated not to give it as their opinion that poison had been used, and that unless some person could be found who would risk his own life, by sucking the venom from the wound, the life of the young warrior might be considered forfeit. Meanwhile, supposing that a sally of the enemy would be made while the camp might be deemed in confusion, owing to the assassination of the Prince, the veteran knights of the array proceeded to get the host under arms—the wild and pealing clangor of the trumpets, the deep booming of the Norman kettledrum, and the loud shout of "Bows and bills! bows and bills! St. George for Merry England!" were blended with the clang of arms and harness, the trampling of barbed chargers, and all the din and dissonance of battle, so dear to those ears that heard not now, nor perceived any mortal sound—if ever they should do so any more.

So sure it is that the hardiest and bravest spirits, nursed in the very lap of peril, and accustomed to incur the deadliest dangers of one especial order, will often shrink and tremble at the first encounter of something new and strange—that it was perhaps scarcely to be wondered at, that of the gallant and determined band, who clustered round the bed of their Prince, who would have rushed upon death if he came on the arrow's point or the spear's thrust, who would have bared their brows undauntedly to the dread brunt of mace or battleaxe, all now shrunk back aghast at the idea of drawing from the veins of him—to preserve whose life or crown or honour they would have gladly met death in the field—the poison which in their ignorance they fancied would slay as surely if admitted by the lips, as when mixed with the lifeblood in the vein.

Stranger, perhaps, it was, that one in that array was found to brook the terrors of that imaginary terror; but so it was—the love—the pure, strong, holy love of woman—stronger than death—prevailed o'er woman's terror; and it was doubly sweet to Edward, when life ebbed back to his chilled heart, and sense returned to his disturbed and unstrung mind, to learn that he owed his life to the undaunted faith and more than heroic valour of his own loved and lovely Ellenore.

A SKETCH; IN THREE PARTS.

BY MRS. MARY H. PARSONS.

PART FIRST.

"A WIFE and bride! Can it indeed be? The wife of Walter Everhart!" And a smile broke like sunshine over the face of the young and radiant Eva. She stood in front of an open window, with one foot forward, as if in the act of moving, her hands slightly clasped together, her blue eyes beaming with tenderness, and nothing dimmed by the tears that gathered into them. Her skin was soft, and very fair, her cheeks flushed with the hue of health and happy feelings, while the open brow was calm and noble. She was lovely in her youth, lovely in her beauty—and where is the heart that will not respond?—lovely in her happiness too!

"Can it indeed be!" once more she murmured.

"Why should you doubt, my own Eva?" and the voice was sweet and gentle, and the arm a kindly one that wound itself around her graceful form—"mine you are dear Eva, and the world's cares must not separate us in spirit, in the journey we make through life together. Shall we talk of the future that lies before us, Eva, or of the past that has been so full of life and love?"

"Of the future," and she smiled, as he drew her to his side, for she felt that future was of *each other*.

"Those who have lived long, would prophesy many cares, and much trial, but we will look only on the bright side, my gentle one. We have known each other but for a short time, and I am much your elder—shall our confidence in each other be entire, shall we have mutual sympathy and forbearance?"

She looked up for a moment timidly, but the kind, benignant glance reassured her.

"We shall not be happy without, and sure of these, nothing can affect our happiness, and my husband must believe I will do my part faithfully to practise them."

"I do believe; but when the cares of the world press heavily on me, and I am drawn much, very much from you and home, will the assurance of my love content you still, and will you rest in that assurance?"

There came no answer, and the blue eyes filled with tears.

"I will try," she answered sadly: "but oh! surely you need never be drawn much from me! Ought I not to be the first object, business cares the second?"

"You always will be the first and dearest object of my affections; but the time may come, nay

will, when business cares must be the engrossing object of my attention. Will you distinguish, Eva, and shall we not love one another, even as now!"

"It must *never* be thus," said Eva, energetically. "You are my sole earthly idol, and without you life is a desert. I could not live, and suffer from your indifference, for into that it would grow. Ah, cruel to imagine any thing so improbable."

"My Eva, how little you know of life!" he sighed, as he gazed on her youthful and sunny face, and added mournfully, "Accustom yourself to think of such a result as probable, and it will lose half its terrors, remembering always that my heart's best and tenderest love will be yours, although absorbing cares may draw my time and thoughts elsewhere."

"We cannot be happy thus," said Eva, making no effort to check the flowing tears. The veil was lifting, and life's realities came up dimly and darkly over a spirit that had lived in a fairy-land of illusion, and had cherished the idea until the real had become peopled with its images. Walter Everhart spoke advisedly, as one knowing himself, and the darling objects of his life's long ambition. He loved his wife sincerely, but his heart had other avenues, out of which poured the strength and energy of his character, till they exhausted mind and body. Hers had but *one*! Ah, what need is there of prophecy?

"We have one security," said Walter, "let us trust in *mutual love*, it will overcome all untoward circumstances, it will gladden us through life, and go with us to the grave; sure I am the trust will not be in vain."

The hopeful nature of Eva rebounded from the shock, and she gave back smile for smile, and her sweet voice carolled like a bird the music that her husband loved.

PART THE SECOND.

"Eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock, and not yet come. Oh weariness, weariness, will he never come!" And Eva moaned, and her heart was heavy, and her step slow, as she paced the apartment. Her husband entered.

"What, up yet, Eva! Well, I have good news. I have made a capital investment, bought Norton's superb house at half its value, besides buying shares in — stock at the very moment when they were rising. If my luck don't desert me, I shall die worth a million yet."

"And do you live for nothing but money, money, money!" exclaimed his wife in a passion of tears. "Have you no thought for me or for your children?"

"I don't care a fig for the money!" he exclaimed, indignantly—"don't I give it to you freely? Have you a wish ungratified that money can procure you? It is not that—I choose to come off conqueror, to distance all competitors in the race, and to stand forth the first among the 'merchant princes' of a noble city. That is something, girl, to strive for; and, by the way, the money is very well too."

"I care not what it is," said Eva, bitterly, "the world engrosses you, to the utter exclusion of all family ties."

"We live in and for the world," said her husband firmly; "and to make our way there, we must go forward with strong steps, turning neither to the right hand nor the left. Half-way measures accomplish nothing, and a man who is, and does nothing, is hardly fit to live at all. But cheer thee, Eva," he said with returning tenderness, as her pale face struck him, "I love you as well as ever I did, and will try to be as good a husband as I can."

"You deceive yourself," she answered, and she pressed her hands over her heart, "you never did love, or you are fearfully changed. Oh, Walter, listen to me! I have counted the hours until your return, for I have schooled my heart into submission, and I can tell you without anger—I know I am often chafed, dear—exactly what I think and feel. Will you listen patiently, Walter?"

"To be sure I will." And she sat by his side.

"You know I was married young, very young in years, darling, and the realities of life were afar off, and had not come near enough to pain me. Our wooing was a short one, and the wedding soon followed. Oh, my husband, you were my first love,—my first and only! You know not, you can never know how strong, and deep, and pure is the love I have borne you. After our marriage your cares seemed to multiply by your own efforts, and they completely absorbed you; then you grew cold, oh so cold! such an utter indifference to all my feelings, pursuits, or pleasures; what it has cost me, husband, to endure it! I became miserable, out of temper, and ever anxious, restless, and troubled; at first my reproaches annoyed you, at length you disregarded them, till weary and desperate, I vowed a hundred times I never would love you, care about you, or think of you again. Ah! I cannot do it; my heart is breaking; we must live differently, we must draw ourselves away from a world that is eating to the very core of our happiness—I will be content with little, oh so little in comparison with what I once expected so confidently would be mine for ever. Sometimes come to me, sit with me, let me hear your voice in tones of kindly interest, as once I listened to it; look at me with love in your eyes,

and in your heart, take this leaden weight from mine, and I will bless you for ever," and she clasped her arms around him with a burst of passionate grief.

"My Eva," he said gently, and evidently much moved, "this is wrong, all wrong. You have mistaken my feelings; you know nothing of the depths of my love for you. When I am absorbed and care-worn, you call it indifference; you are displeased and grow cold, fancying the same in me. Have more confidence in me; you are often in my thoughts, though much conspires to drive you thence. Do you remember, I spoke of this after our bridal, and told you, our trust must be in our mutual love? And so it must be;—I am not conscious of unkindness to you, Eva."

"Nor indifference?"

"Never knowingly, or willingly."

"No—are you not?" she said sadly—"Well, I am afraid you will never understand me. My heart has a craving for affection, such as it does not meet with, for what it is willing to bestow. But, come, I will particularize, for I began this lecture with a determination to improve you, and I wish to give you some idea of what sort of a husband you are," and she lifted up her face now bright with smiles, and covered with blushes. "It is full three months, my good man, since you have given me a kiss. Oh, shame!"

"Bless me, is it possible!" he exclaimed with a look of astonishment, and, lifting her suddenly from the ground, he kissed her face and neck until she avowed herself fully satisfied. "That will do now, I hope?" he said laughingly.

"For the next six months?" she asked, inquiringly, while a sad expression, even then, stole over her face; "no, it will not."

"I have been to blame, dear Eva," said he, tenderly, taking her hand, "and I will do better. But do not get discontented; cheerfulness rouses one, and its reverse fairly drives one deeper in the mire of trouble and care, without being hardly conscious of it."

"But will you try and keep your promise? We have been five years married now, and how many of them you have broken."

"We must trust to circumstances—it will all come right I have no doubt. You have not enough of the sanguine, in this whimsical temperament of yours; trust to luck. By the way, talking of luck, did you ever know such a bargain as Norton's house?"

Walter Everhart did not notice, and could not understand why an expression of hopeless wretchedness and discontent settled dark and heavily over the face of his young and lovely wife.

PART THE THIRD.

The light was carefully excluded from the lofty and gorgeous chamber; every thing that wealth

could purchase was around the couch of Eva Everhart, but the pale brow was bent and suffering, and the eyes rested heavily and coldly on every object that met their view.

"How do you feel this morning, Eva?" said her husband.

"As usual."

"Will you ride? I will carry you in my arms to the carriage, and it is so softly and skilfully cushioned that a ride cannot fatigue you. Will you come, dear Eva?"

"Ah, do not tease me. I don't wish to be disturbed—I don't wish to ride;" and the peevish and irritable invalid turned on her couch uneasily.

"Here is the boy, our darling boy, Eva," he exclaimed, as a noble child sprang into the room. "That's a brave little man! why how rosy you look this fine morning; cannot you share that bright colour with your mother? Try and cheer her drooping spirits my boy," and fondly he caressed him, for he was full of beauty and promise, and very dear to the heart of Walter Everhart. The mother raised her head:

"My dear boy!" and she drew him near her, her eye lighted for a moment, "where is your sister, bright one, and what new mischief have your little heads been plotting?" Light steps came bounding into the room as she spoke, and a girl of four years old joined them. Eva roused fully to the pleasure of being with her children. But soon they differed, as little folks are apt to do, and there was some wrangling, and much pouting. The mother, wearied of their presence, sent them both away, and voted all children a plague. "Yet, what should I be without them," she murmured with one of those long drawn and heavy sighs that now so frequently oppressed her.

I pray you, my female reader, consider her as I now depict her, and reflect that you bear within your own bosom the elements of the same misery—in a greater or less degree—unless your affections be *rightly directed*. She had neglected the first great law of her being, "to love the Lord her God with all her heart;" she had made unto herself an earthly idol, and the cravings of disappointed affection were sapping at the springs of her life. She had grown irritable and peevish; she was alone, emphatically; without sympathy, love, or tenderness from her husband; she had cast off what he was willing to give, and he now felt in reality some of that indifference, which at first existed only in her imagination. Her blessings were turned to curses, and her mind was a prey to discontent and vacuity. To woman especially is religion of vital consequence *in this life*. Her love is ever deeper, stronger, more absorbing than man's, and where is the wife and mother living who has not suffered acutely from the want of an adequate return to her affection? There are moments known only to her own heart, when life has been a burden to her; true, she can shake off these desponding feelings in most instances, but they are a weight on her spirits, a stumbling-block

in her onward path, weakening her influence as a wife, destroying her efficiency as a mother, and filling her own mind with repining, that her lot is one of subordination, of trial, and of sorrow. Let those of my own sex then, whose experience of life convinces them of the mournful truth of what I have said, seek for the *source* of content, of patience, of cheerful submission to all that is unequal or painful in their position. Religion will not fail them in the darkest hours of adversity, and she will be true to them, though they walk in the slippery paths of prosperity; her mild and steady light will be around them even to the borders of the grave, nay, she will shine into its dark portals, making them glorious as the ushering place into that world of light prepared "for those who love their God!"

"They will die! the children will die!" she exclaimed frantically, as, wringing her hands, the distracted mother paced up and down her chamber. "Sick unto death! oh doctor, not that, surely not *that*, unsay what you have said, in mercy. They will not die! my children!" she stretched out her clasped hands to the physician, as though his word could determine the issue.

"Alas, there is little hope," he replied, mournfully. "Be calm, my dear madam, I entreat, this ungovernable grief will destroy you."

"It certainly will," said her anxious husband. "Oh, Eva, be calm, be calm. I cannot lose you all," and he laid his hand tremblingly on her shoulder, while the big tears rolled heavily over his face.

"Peace both," she exclaimed, "you know nothing of my sufferings. I shall be the veriest wretch alive, if I lose them. *Alive!* I will not live, if they die! Oh, save my children!"

"Life and death are with the Almighty," was the physician's brief, but solemn reply.

Eva drew back, and over the wave of human passion came "the still small voice:"—"Thou hast disregarded his laws and trampled under foot his commandments—canst thou complain that His hand is heavy upon thee?" And Eva listened to the voice that had slept within her bosom so long; she "communed with her own heart, and was still." Some hours after she sought the sick chamber; her loved ones were there hovering between life and death; she motioned all to leave the room, and she knelt by the bedside, and in her heart there was a voice, though her lips uttered no sound, and God saw, and heard, and answered.

There were many nights of care and watching after that, but the children lived, and the mother was their chief nurse. Long continued and faithful were the efforts Eva made to secure "the pearl of great price," and she found His promise true, whose word stands fast, and is sure, "seek and ye shall find."

"Ah, Eva, this is pleasant—and so cheerful

"too"—said the husband. "My sweet wife, I am afraid I have been but a poor sort of a husband to one so kind and thoughtful. How brightly this fire burns! I actually dreaded coming in out of the drizzling rain, and finding dark, cold rooms closed for the summer. And you are looking so well too! You seem a new creature, renewed in health and happiness, and perfectly satisfied of late it seems to me, with an unsentimental husband—is it not so, Eva?"

"I am satisfied and thankful for every thing," she said softly, while tears gathered into her eyes. "Oh consider, my husband, how much cause I have for gratitude, how wicked have been my past repinings, and how mercifully God has passed them by. The idol is removed from my heart, and I humbly trust, that love for the Creator has taken its place. I have endeavoured to obey the first great commandment, and 'other things have been added' unto me. Content and cheerfulness move patience and gentleness; and although these

virtues are but faintly developed now, they will continue to improve, I trust, and grow in strength and vigour."

"And have you no fear for 'our future?' Eva, I have been a better husband since the children were so near to death, but business may absorb me again and the past be forgotten."

"I have no more fears, nor doubts, and while I trust humbly, it is yet with entireness and strong faith that God will order all things for us aright. I do not look forward to perfect happiness, but I know that I shall have 'strength as my day.'"

An expression of thoughtfulness came over the husband's face, and he was long silent ere he said: "Then for our future happiness you do not trust in our mutual love, nor in the force of circumstances that after dividing must bring us together again, but?"—he hesitated—

"But in God, my husband, whose hand will lead us, and whose arm will guard us, through the narrow path that endeth in eternal life!"

LINES WRITTEN ON A VISIT TO MOUNT AUBURN.

BY REV. N. P. TILLINGHAST.

SWEET Auburn! often have I longed to gaze
Upon thy wooded vales, and alleys green,
Thy mimic lakes, that gem the woodland's maze,
Like diamonds on the bosom of a queen;
Thy upland slopes, that lift their heads of green
Above a landscape, beautiful and wide;
Thy dells that quietly repose between;
While many a column from the pathway's side
Tells, with mute lips, the vanity of human pride!

A scene of peace! whose pensive beauties vie
With the famed groves, where old Athena's son
Discoursed of death and immortality,
And realms unseen, by steadfast virtue won;
Save that life's pilgrimage was scarce begun
By those with whom the sage conversed—while I
May here commune with those whose race is run—
O'er whom the valley's silent clouds shall lie,
Till sounds the Archangel's trump to summon them on high!

But can it be—that man—whose forming hand,
Moulded each beauty that these shades disclose
To my enchanted eye;—at whose command,
Obedient, yonder waters breathed repose,
And proud and high, yon storied marble rose,—
Ah! can it be, that he should cease to tread
This subject earth,—these very shades enclose
His resting place—and o'er his lordly head
That very marble rise, to mark his narrow bed?

Ah yes!—yet not on man's majestic brow
Alone is set the signet of decay;
In turn the trophied column, too, shall bow
Its head triumphal,—neath the iron sway
Of Time, the imperial city fade away;—

Where art thou, hundred-gated Thebes, whose name
O'er trembling kingdoms scattered pale dismay?
Fallen are thy towers, and broke the gates, whence
came

Ten thousand chariots proud to many a field of fame!

And thus, some future age will view the day,
When this green Paradise shall be o'erthrown,
And even of thee, bright Empress of the Bay,
Be left with ruined Thebes a name alone!
Nought but the time-worn arch, the mouldering stone,
Thy monitory tale shall then recall—
Memorials desolate of grandeur gone—
While over moss-grown pile, and ruined wall,
The bat shall flap her wings, the midnight owl call!

Is all then transitory? no! o'er death
Triumphant still shalt thou, oh virtue! rise;
Thou, with angelic hope, and pure-eyed faith,
Shalt close in peace thy children's grateful eyes,
Pointing them to a land beyond the skies;—
Then bid their memories bloom in sacred song
Where'er the Sun in his broad circle flies,
Till Ganges roll no more his pride along,
And old Himmaleh rock upon his basis strong!

Thou, too, shalt give to them the golden keys,
That ope the portals of a happier clime,
Where amid groves more beautiful than these
Laden with blooming gold, the song sublime
They sing, of victory over thee, oh Time!
And smile superior at thy boasted power;—
While, ever-radiant in celestial prime,
No longer shall they weep the parting hour,
Nor see on pleasure's morn the clouds of sorrow lower!

NON-RESISTANCE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"He has wronged you, seriously."

"Indeed he has."

"But you will seek redress?"

"No," was the meek reply. "We are commanded not to resist evil:—when smitten upon one cheek, to turn the other. I must bear this wrong with patience and christian forbearance. Revenge is not a right principle."

"But, my dear sir, revenge has nothing to do with the matter. It is a simple question of justice. Surely, no thought of retribution can connect itself in your mind with the idea of an open contention for your rights!"

"You think I ought to bring the matter before a legal tribunal?"

"Certainly I do."

"What would that be but seeking to have him exposed and punished for the fraud he has committed? And would that not be dictated by a revengeful spirit?"

"Not necessarily. And I am sorry you do not seem to separate a principle of justice in your mind, from a mere feeling of revenge upon an injurer."

"But even if I were to separate these, would not my seeking redress be from a dictate of selfishness? Fisher has fraudulently obtained from me three hundred dollars worth of goods, which he now, under a mere pretence of right retains, and at the same time refuses to pay me for them. I can easily afford to lose the amount, in the first place; and, therefore, my family and those dependent upon me, cannot be injured by the transaction. And, in the second place, as he is a member of the church an exposure of the transaction may seriously injure the cause of religion. What, then, could prompt me to agitate the matter, but a selfish desire to get back the amount named, or to be revenged upon him for having cheated me?"

"You might be actuated by a far higher motive."

"What, pray?"

"By an abstract love of right."

"An abstract love of right! How?"

"Do you suppose that no one suffers but yourself in this matter?"

"I don't see how any one can suffer besides myself. I lose three hundred dollars worth of goods by a man who, while he is openly a fair and honourable dealer, is, in heart, a scoundrel."

"And there, in your idea, ends the matter!"

"It does."

"Do you suppose, that his success in cheating you will make him any the less a scoundrel?"

"No, I suppose not."

"Will it not, in fact, encourage him to take advantage of others, in the same way?"

"Perhaps it may."

"Then do you not see clearly, that you cannot be the only person injured by this transaction? That one successful scheme of villany only paves the way for ten to follow it? That, permitting yourself, passively, to be cheated out of three hundred dollars, really adds to the general amount of moral evil, and tends to infuse more of the poison of dishonesty and wrong into the blood of the great social body?"

"But, my dear sir, non-resistance in every form is with me a principle of action."

"And, my dear sir, does not what I have just said, prove to you that it is fundamentally a false principle?"

"I admit that there is a seeming speciousness in what you say. But I must bring you back to the Bible doctrine of non-resistance to evil. 'But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil.' 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay.'"

"You think, then, that resistance to evil is wrong?"

"I do."

"And yet, only a few minutes ago, you said that you did not think it would be right in you to encourage selfish and revengeful feelings, which would be the case if you sued Fisher. Was not this acting upon the principle of resisting evil?"

"Oh, but that is another thing. That is resisting evil in ourselves."

"But the rule does not specify the kind of evil. It merely says—'But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil.' If it, therefore, be applicable literally, as you understand it, in the one case, it must be in the other also. Is not that clear?"

"I cannot see it so."

"Tell me, then, by what rule you make the passage apply to evils in yourself, and not to evils in others when those evils trespass upon the well-being of society. Is law right?"

"Oh, certainly, as a restraining principle."

"And does not law resist evil?"

"It does. But, the law is the whole body of the people acting through appointed functionaries."

"Very well. Now, suppose no man would seek protection from the law when wronged, would not injustice cover the land? Would not evil-minded men cheat and oppress the weaker? Would not, in fact, the whole social body become diseased, decay, and perish? The law of resistance to wrong lies at the very foundation of so-

ciety. Suppose a man were to break into your house at night, would you not resist him? Would you not, if you could, prevent him taking your goods, and that too violently?"

"If I could not persuade him to go out."

"Persuade him! Nonsense! Would you not shoot him? Or, if without a deadly weapon, attack him with any thing you could get in your hands, and maim him if possible?"

"Not until I had, at least, made the attempt to convince him that he was acting wrong."

"While he quietly knocked you over, and then took possession of whatever he wanted! Depend upon it, neighbour, you are in error in this matter. There are two great parties in this world, and as these are opposite to each other in all their ends, they must ever be opposed to each other, and that actively. These two parties are the good and the evil. No peace can ever be made between them. Their war is for dominion—the dominion of peace, good will, and social order—or the dominion of anarchy, crime, and wretchedness, and this war is a war in which each of the parties seeks the total destruction of the other. For the good to assume that non-resistance is a wise principle, is to show that they do not unite the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove. They are like watchmen slumbering in the alarm tower, while the enemy is scaling the wall. Good must resist evil; and resist it at every point.—In no other way can order be maintained in society."

"But, in this case, harm would grow out of my seeking justice at the hands of Fisher. As you know, he is a prominent member of the church, and very influential in the bargain."

"What of that?"

"It would bring scandal upon the church were so active a member, as he is, exposed in so palpable a fraud."

"How scandal?"

"It would cause many to say that all religious people are hypocrites."

"Suppose it did. Could that take away from any one a good and a true principle? And if it did not, it could do no possible harm. On the other hand, by your suffering a wolf to remain disguised in sheep's clothing, you are permitting him to wound, vitally, the lambs of the flock. A corrupt humour in the body may, in its hidden activity, reach a vital part, and cause death: but in coming to the surface and passing off in violent eruptions, it relieves the body from a dangerous enemy, and leaves the system in a far more healthy condition. Some physicians, who seem to understand the human, about as well as you, judging from what you have said, do the social economy, attempt to drive in and dissipate interiorly incipient eruptions, while others give remedies and use means to bring them fully to the surface that they may pass off. The former too often entail upon their patients some incurable form of disease, as consumption, or visceral abscesses; and like

them, covers up and drivers in of evil and corruptions in social or religious bodies, provide for them incurable maladies."

"I cannot see it so," was the unconvinced reply to this. Mr. Walton, who had argued the point so closely with this non-resistance friend, a Mr. Anderson, finding that all he urged seemed to carry with it no conviction, thought it best to change the subject.

It happened, about three months after this conversation, that Mr. Anderson, the advocate for non-resistance, was awakened one night by a noise which seemed to proceed from below. After listening attentively for some minutes, he became convinced that there were robbers in the house. Here now was the chance of giving his non-resistance views a trial after a fashion that he by no means relished. Quickly dressing himself, his first movement was to take up a heavy cane. But then, he bethought himself, that, to use this, would be a violation of the law in regard to the resistance of evil. He must suffer even to be despoiled of his goods rather than seek to be revenged on his brother—so he argued, even under the trying circumstances in which he found himself placed—so he laid his cane quietly down. For some time he hesitated what to do—whether to go down and remonstrate with them upon the evil of their course, or to endeavour to alarm the watch by dumb signals, or shouting from his window. While thus debating, the door of his chamber, in which still lay his wife and children asleep, was thrown open, and two men stepped boldly in. Such was his position, that with the heavy stick in his hand, which he had just laid aside, and a brave determination to do his duty like a man, he could have knocked both of the intruders down, the moment they entered. But this would have been wrong in his view,—it would have been resisting evil. All that was now left for him was to reason with them.

"My friends, this is all wrong," he began in a mild tone, although he trembled from head to foot with fear—

But before he could utter a word more one of the burglars struck him with a heavy bludgeon, and he fell senseless to the floor. His wife, aroused by the noise of his fall, started up, but before her bewildered senses could fully take in what was passing round her, she, too, received a stunning blow, that caused her to fall back upon the bed, apparently lifeless. Fortunately for the children they were not awakened.

The robbers then proceeded quietly to rifle Mr. Anderson's drawers, from which they took a pocket-book containing five hundred dollars.—Plate, watches and jewelry were also carried off to nearly the same amount.

When Mr. Anderson was next conscious, he found himself lying on the floor. He opened his eyes, and perceived that all was dark. He listened, but not a sound could be heard. In attempting to rise, he found himself so weak, that he

could not at first support his own weight; he was seized at the same time with a faintness and deadly sickness. In placing his hand to his head, through which shot a sudden pain, it came in contact with a cold, slimy mass, the very touch of which made his flesh creep. It might be, for aught he knew, that half of his head had been knocked away, and that it was his brains that he had touched!

After lying quite still for some time, during which he was enabled to collect his scattered senses, he came to the conclusion that it could not exactly be his brains that he had felt. This prompted him to make another effort to get up, which proved more successful.

As soon as he had procured a light, he turned towards the bed where he had left his wife asleep, when he was alarmed to find that she had half arisen, and then fallen forward. As he raised her up quickly, he perceived that there was the mark of a heavy blow on the side of her head and face, and that she was very pale and apparently lifeless.

By the use of various means that suggested themselves in the emergency, Mr. Anderson succeeded in bringing his wife back to consciousness. His children were next looked to, and found to be sleeping quietly. After the blood had been washed from his head, the mass of matted and tangled hair smoothly parted from the wound which the robber's bludgeon had made, and the contusion ascertained not to be so serious as to let out his brains, Mr. Anderson with rather more sense than he had displayed previous to the slight excitement of his combative organ by the application of a little "club-oil," took up his heavy cane, and holding it in a guarding attitude, proceeded to ascertain whether his house was still infested by burglars. Certain it is, that if any such individuals had been found upon the premises, and had not fled precipitately, the law that had ruled in the conscience of Mr. Anderson, the law of non-resistance, would most certainly have been broken.

On the next day, the fact that he had been assailed by burglars, beaten and robbed of nearly a thousand dollars in money and valuable articles, became noised abroad.

Mr. Walton was among the first to call upon Mr. Anderson to sympathize with him in his loss, and to congratulate him upon having escaped with, personally, only a broken head. He found him writing an advertisement descriptive of the articles which had been carried off; to this advertisement was attached the offer of a reward for the apprehension of the robbers and the recovery of the goods.

"You certainly do not intend publishing this," Mr. Walton said, in well feigned surprise, on reading over the advertisement which was shown him.

"And why not?" asked Mr. Anderson.

"Because it will be a direct violation of your

doctrine of non-resistance. Let them go. Why should you seek to have them punished?"

"To prevent their robbing you next week, if for no other reason. If suffered to get off after their successful effort at my house, they will only be emboldened to rob more extensively."

"Indeed, friend Anderson! That knock on your head has brightened your ideas quite considerably, I perceive," Mr. Walton said smiling. "A similar application, doubt not, would do much good in all cases of like disease. And so you are really going to give up your non-resistance principles!"

"No, I cannot say that I am. The present is one of those extreme cases which require to be dealt with somewhat rigorously."

"But why didn't you resist the attempt to rob you? An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

"I didn't see it right to resist by violence, until I had first remonstrated."

"And you got knocked down, and your wife, whom you are bound by every human and divine law to protect, into the bargain for your pains. As far as you are concerned, I cannot help saying that I think you were served perfectly right. But do you think you could have resisted successfully?"

"O yes, there is no doubt of that. As they entered my chamber, if I had kept hold of my stick, and used it, I could have felled them both to the floor."

"As a man of sense ought to have done. Well, I hope it will teach you a lesson. But now, friend Anderson, that you see the propriety of seeking to have these burglars arrested and punished, can you not see, likewise, that it is your duty to bring Fisher also to justice?"

"Oh, no—no—no! I can see no such thing."

"Why not? Is he any better than your house-breakers? They only took by force what he did by fraud—your property. Why then make a difference between them. Both are dangerous to the good order and well being of society."

"But think of the injury that would be done to religion if Mr. Fisher were exposed? Why it's only a week or two since he was elected president of an auxiliary Bible Society, and you know that he is one of the vestrymen at Saint —'s. He is looked up to in the community. He is like a branch to which are appended many twigs. Cut him down, and numbers fall with him."

"And they had just as well fall as cling to a false-hearted, rotten limb like he is."

"I wouldn't do it for the world, Mr. Walton. The cause of our holy religion forbids it. I would rather bear ten times the personal wrong, than be a party to the injury that would follow his exposure."

"Well, do as you think best, friend Anderson. But if this don't turn out as bad as the housebreaking affair, or worse, I am mistaken. Let any man prosper in evil courses, and he is not

going to give them up—and they will be deeper and broader in their blasting effects upon society just in the ratio that he gains power and influence in the community. Better extirpate a cancer the moment its existence is discovered, than suffer its corroding fibres to dive down into the physical organs so deep, as to involve extensively the surrounding parts and render its removal almost hopeless, or only by the attendance of extreme suffering. Evil, unresisted, does not die of itself. Like a poisonous plant, it grows rapidly, and becomes harder and harder to subdue the longer it is suffered to remain in existence."

Mr. Anderson made his advertisement offering a liberal reward for the arrest of the housebreakers and recovery of his money. But it was all in vain. No trace of either his property or the men could be found.

It was a few months only from the period of the robbery, when the excitement in regard to it had nearly died away in the interest that other and more recent occurrences had naturally awakened, that Mr. Walton found himself placed in circumstances very similar to those that had presented themselves to his friend Anderson. In the middle of the night he was awakened from sleep, and soon became aware that some one was endeavouring to open the door of the room in which himself and wife and two younger children were sleeping. For a moment his heart fluttered, and sent the blood with suffocating repletion to his lungs. But he soon grew calm and self-possessed. Softly getting out of bed, he drew on a portion of his clothes, and then from a drawer which he always kept locked, he took out a large pistol. His pistol he carefully examined, placed in it a fresh cap, and then with a heavy stick by his side awaited the success of the intruder or intruders in their attempts to enter his chamber. The removal of the key from the lock seemed to be the effort of those outside. It was moved and turned as if by a pair of small pincers inserted into the key-hole. At last it fell, with a slight noise upon the carpet.

Now came the exciting moment. A false key was, in a little while, inserted, and the bolt sprung. Then came another pause, after which the door gently opened. Mr. Walton had placed himself so that he would be partly behind the door, and thus unperceived. In a moment after a stout man, carrying in one hand a dark lantern, and in the other a heavy club, stepped in noiselessly, and commenced nooting with hurried glances the position of things in the chamber. Before, however, this rapid examination was completed, he fell stunned to the floor by a tremendous blow from Mr. Walton's heavy stick.

Simultaneously with the fall of the robber, came the sound of rapidly retreating footsteps along the passage without. Swinging open the door instantly, Mr. Walton saw a man just in the act of descending the stairs. Taking at him deliberate aim he fired, and had the satisfaction to hear him fall heavily upon the landing. Then

returning to his chamber he threw open a window and raised a cry of alarm. Watchmen were in the neighbourhood and came at once. Descending to let them in, Mr. Walton found the man he had shot lying where he had fallen, while a large pool of blood had formed around him. He did not move. The entrance of the watchmen relieved him from further care over his fallen enemies, who were removed—the first with only a broad, black, tumefied mark from Mr. Walton's cane on his ear and the side of his face, and the other with a ball inside his shoulder blade, the extraction of which caused him most excruciating pain; but left him in no danger of his life.

Circumstances came out on the trial of these men, who were convicted, and sentenced to ten years imprisonment in the penitentiary, which made it clear that they were the same who had broken into Anderson's house, and escaped punishment on that occasion from his childish misapprehension of his duty as a man.

"There now, my friend," remarked Walton to him after the trial and conviction; "all this trouble has been brought upon me, because you did not resist evil when it encroached upon you a few months ago. Had you then opposed force to force, under the advantage which you had, you might have saved your property and prevented the depredation that the villains who escaped from you were emboldened to attempt upon me."

"I was wrong in that, I am fully convinced," Anderson replied.

"And not only wrong in that, but wrong in other matters."

"In what?"

"That affair of Fisher, for instance."

"Oh, don't mention him again, if you please. I cannot expose Mr. Fisher. I am content to suffer wrong for the good of the whole."

"Surely it cannot be for the good of the whole to permit a specious scoundrel to be in their midst and his quality unknown, and if he has deliberately cheated you, he will as deliberately cheat others."

"But he stands so high, Mr. Walton. Last Sunday he went to the communion table. I saw him myself. He is said to be getting very pious. Perhaps he has repented already of the wrong he did me."

"Has he made restitution?"

"No."

"Has he offered to do so?"

"No."

"Then I wouldn't give that (snapping his fingers) for his piety. A mere cloak under which the more successfully to carry out his evil intentions."

"I don't know, I am inclined to hope better things—though he did cheat me most shamefully."

"And you are not the only one that I hear complaining of him. I wish he would only try one of his games upon me. I reckon I'd show him up in less than no time."

Time passed on, and Fisher, who has been several times alluded to, went on prosperously in business. He was director in one of the insurance companies, also director in two banks, president of a Bible society, active member of a state missionary society, subscriber to various benevolent funds, and with all a very pious member of the church. So popular a man had he become, that even Mr. Anderson, whose indignation at having been cheated by him had been so warm as to prevent him for some time holding any intercourse with him, began to feel honoured in being seen in his company. Fisher's business had, likewise, become very much extended. From his connections with moneyed institutions, he had the command of as much capital as he wanted, and this he was using to the best possible advantage. But, as his facilities increased, his ideas became more extensive, and his head, consequently, filled with new schemes and plans by which to acquire immense wealth. At last the idea struck him of getting control of a banking institution, as the readiest means of accomplishing the ends he had in view. To do this, it would be necessary in the first place to manage the stock in such a way as to get himself elected president. The capital was two hundred thousand dollars. His first movement was to ascertain the names of the shareholders. Of the two thousand shares of stock that made up the capital of the institution, he was satisfied that he could readily manage one fourth, by direct application and through pliant friends. To make sure of a majority of votes at the annual election about to take place, he asked for heavy discounts in all the banks, and obtained the sum that he wanted, viz. one hundred thousand dollars. With this, through brokers and agents, he bought up half the capital stock of the bank. He was now certain of success.

It was about a week before the annual election for officers, that Mr. Anderson came into the store of Mr. Walton, and said—

"Haven't you fifty shares of stock in the Eagle Bank, friend Walton?"

"I have," was the reply.

"Well, won't you let me have your proxy at the next election?"

"What for?"

"We're going to put Fisher in as president."

"You are!" in surprise.

"Yea. And we'll get him in, too. You'll let me have your proxy?"

"No, that I will not. I wouldn't trust Fisher with a house full of millstones. Didn't he swindle you some years ago?"

"Oh, but that's all past and gone, Mr. Walton. I believe he's an honest man."

"And yet you were cheated by him? I don't understand such kind of honest men exactly."

"It has been one of the most pleasing recollections of my life," replied Anderson, with enthusiasm, "that I refrained from an exposure of that transaction—that I acted out the principle

of not resisting evil. Had I then brought that matter to light, his character would have been blasted inevitably, and look what a useful man in society would have been ruined."

"He'll do more harm before he dies than twenty of your non-resistance people can mend if you lived to be as old as Methuselah—mark my word for that. This scheming to get himself elected president of the Eagle Bank portends no good. That's my opinion."

"So you won't let him have your vote?"

"No, indeed, that I will not. And, moreover, if he gets in I will sell out my stock immediately."

In due course of time the election came on, and Fisher was declared president. For five years from that period he ran a brilliant career, inducing even prudent men to enter into his schemes. Then came a heavy crash, involving hundreds in loss, and far too many in utter ruin. For the latter two years of that period, he had but a nominal board of directors, who were his tools; and they deceived the public by a show of supervision over the affairs of the institution, while they had no more control, or even a correct knowledge of them, than the man in the moon.

The excitement occasioned by the failure of the bank made a legal investigation necessary. This was at once instituted, and developed a system of fraud and imposition that astounded the whole community. Among other things that came out, was the issue of nearly five hundred thousand dollars by the president, which never passed through the bank, and had, of course, been used for his private ends. During most of the time, he had lived in a style of princely splendour, and had reigned the little autocrat of the monetary circle.

The whole result was, that hundreds of persons lost their all either as stockholders, depositors, or operators, with and under Fisher; among these was Mr. Anderson himself. As for Fisher, he escaped the penitentiary only by the aid of money which he had managed to retain really, though not apparently, and upon which he afterwards lived at his ease.

It was during the excitement of these proceedings that Mr. Walton and Mr. Anderson again met.

"So his majesty has been uncloaked at last," remarked the former.

"And shown to be a scoundrel double-dyed in the wool," replied Anderson with bitterness.

"As I always said he was since you related to me the manner in which he took the advantage of you several years ago."

"And if I had not been a fool I might have been sure of it too. As it is, I have been ruined by my blind confidence in a man whom I had the best reason in the world for distrusting."

"If you alone were the sufferer," Mr. Walton said with some little severity in his manner, "it would be well, for you deserve to suffer; but the distress which that scoundrel has wrought in this

community is really heart-sickening. And for all this, I hold you, sir, to be almost as much to blame as Fisher."

"Me, sir!" ejaculated Anderson in surprise and indignation.

"Yes, sir, you! Had you, as a lover of order and justice, for their own sakes, protected this community by an exposure of the fraud practised upon you, and thus put the people on their guard, you would have saved many a widow and orphan from being robbed, and many an honest man from the loss of his all. But, instead of this, you covered up and concealed, from mere external

considerations, and for the sake of appearances, his crime, when I warned you of the danger of doing so, and showed you that you were acting from narrow and erroneous views of things; and not only so, but gave him your countenance and support in his grandest scheme of villany. But, it's no use for me to preach now. The horse is stolen, and to lock the stable door would be an idle ceremony."

Anderson turned away in silence, painfully conscious that he had his own share of the responsibility of Fisher's too successful villany to bear.

AN EVENING WITH MRS. S. C. HALL.

BY THEO. LEDYARD CUYLER.

I WAS strolling down the old Brompton road one pleasant evening last fall, and meeting a labouring man, I inquired if he knew the residence of Mrs. Hall. "Oh! yes," said he, with a tip of his hat, "go along this road till you come to a pretty little cottage, covered over with trees, with a green railing in front, and 'The Rosary' on the brass plate; that is the place." With such a luminous direction I could not well go astray, and in ten minutes I was giving a tweak at the bell-rope of this little "House Beautiful."

Having a commission from an American friend, I was shown at once into the snug parlour, where I found a group seated around the fireside. Oh! those English firesides! I never can forget them. Of all the pleasant recollections of the old world, the most perfectly pleasant are those connected with the homes of England. If a stranger wishes to gather the most favourable impression of the English character, let him not go to the Palace, or the Parliament, to the court rooms, or the counting rooms, to the splendid mansions of the nobility, or the huts of the poor; let him rather see the refined and well educated commoners, and those by their own quiet firesides. But to return from the digression. The most conspicuous figure of the group, of course, was the authoress—not as an authoress, however, but as the ladylike head of the family; for Mrs. Hall has too much sense to attempt any of that silly display of *lionism*, which is the sure mark of pedants and of fools. My reception was most cordial, and I found myself at once domesticated in the circle, enjoying the "full flow of London talk."

But how does she look? inquires some modest country lassie, who has sat up until her bright eyes ached, in reading "*Mary Ryan's Daughter*." I will tell you, my jewel, so that when you get another precious morceau from beyond the water, you may have a perfect image of your benefactress. She is not a very large woman, nor indeed

is she a very small one, and she has a bonny round figure. Her eyes are dark, and bright as your own, her forehead is exceedingly broad, and her hair is dark brown, dressed in the Grecian style. She has a complexion somewhat florid, and a nose slightly concave, which are the only marks she bears of her native land; she would not be an Irish lady without them.

I am no physiognomist, and never affected that superhuman knowledge of the character, to be drawn from the shape of the mouth, the contour of the nose, or the arch of the brow; I only saw that she was *goodly to look upon*, and that was enough. Her eyes, and her lips too, spake overflowing kindness, and that to me, young, and a stranger, was far more than if they had displayed the fire of Shelley, or the lordly curl of Byron. I do not mean by this that her face is wanting in intelligence; far from it. I only mean that the learned trash often written about the personal appearance of the eminent, is to me eminently ridiculous.

The evening was passed in most delightful literary conversation. Mrs. Hall is a charming converser, easy and vivacious; she laughs frequently, and sometimes almost immoderately. And no wonder, for Mr. Hall is an exceedingly humorous man. He tells an Irish story admirably, and illustrates it with most irresistible gestures.

Mr. H. is a lawyer, but is known to the world as an accomplished literateur, and the author of several very attractive little pieces. He is at present engaged upon a new edition of the old English Ballads, and is also assisting his wife in the preparation of a magnificent work on Ireland—its scenery, character, &c.

Were it not for the gross impropriety, too often committed by the *Boy Jones* school of tourists, of blazoning the private conversation of distinguished individuals, I might relate many anecdotes of Mrs. Hall and her literary cotemporaries. But I know

that she will pardon me for telling my lady friends how much I was interested in her description of *Miss Edgworth*, her trim little figure—her charming peculiarities—her girlish, vivacious manner—her attachment to her neighbours, and the successful diplomacy with which she settles all their quarrels. She told me, too, of an evening, many long years ago, when a brilliant array of talent and beauty thronged her little parlours to greet the gifted and ill-fated *Miss Jewsbury* on her first entrée into London life; and how the blushing girl, fresh from the adulation of a provincial town, wondered, in her childish simplicity, that all the wits and scholars that shone around her, did not fall down before the prodigy which had astonished the humbler wits of her native Manchester.

To give additional interest to these reminiscences, she took me into an adjoining room, whose walls were covered with pictures of the literati of this century. To me, who am no connoisseur in the fine arts, it was better than half the Louvre. The first that struck me on entering, was the soft, angelic face of L. E. L., the cherished friend of my hostess. Poor L. E. L.! Her star went down suddenly on a dark, foreign coast, and many a one who had rejoiced in its steady light, sought for it in vain, 'with wondering and with tears.' Close by, and in striking contrast, were the large rolling eyes, comical mouth, and long rakish hair of the inimitable *Boz*. Real gas burners, those eyes! One look from them is as overpowering as a shake of his brotherly hand. A thousand pities that the hand which created *Kate* and *Little Nell*, should have created those "American Notes." When will authors learn the valuable maxim that a half is often more than the whole; and when they have written themselves up, it is better to

stop before they have written themselves down.

Running your eye over Mrs. Jamieson, Campbell, Moore and Byron, you will spy the meek, fair, grandmother-like face of my dear friend, Miss Joanna Baillie, that lives up on Hampstead Hill. There she lives in her little brick cottage, the venerable survivor of the old school of authors. Sir Walter and Coleridge are long since gone, and Southey is just gone, and there is no one to talk with of the olden time, save when she enjoys an occasional visit from Wordsworth. But where is he? Look along the wall until you come to a long, melancholy face, with half closed eyes, and scanty white hair, falling gracefully on the shoulders, and you have the patriarch of Rydal. Here he is, looking just as he did that bright sunshiny morning, when he gave me his parting benediction before the door of his ivy-crowned cottage. It was worth a trip across the Atlantic, that "God bless you," from old William Wordsworth.

From this room we went into the *sanctum* of the authoress. It contains a well arranged library, an antique cabinet of bygone days, presented by a friend, and in one corner stood a little table, to which Mrs. H. pointed, and modestly said, "There I always write."

To that little table the Irish peasantry owe a debt as great as that which Scotland has already paid to the old arm-chair of Abbotsford, and the still humbler stool by the ingle side of Dumfries.

But my sheet is full, and I bid Mrs. Hall and my readers *good night*, with the heartfelt assurance that if our gifted friend shall ever visit our shores, she will find so many bright eyes, and open hands, and warm hearts, that she will verily believe she is once more among the green hills of her native Wexford.

THE CLIME OF THE CREOLE, THE ISLES OF THE IND.

BY A POOR SCHOLAR.

O SAY, have you sailed o'er those glad sunny waters,
In whose purple lap lie the isles of the south;
Where the goddess of nature, with richest hand scatters
The emerald tints of her beauty and youth?
O say, have you ranged o'er the translucent deep,
In the bed of whose crystal wave glistens the pearl;
On whose glassy bosom the winds ever sleep;
Whose wavelets melt softly on borders of coral?
O say, have you wandered through these sunny seas,
Amidst islands whose verdure is gorgeous and glowing;
Where cloyed with aroma through tamarind trees,
Over Llano and Loma, 'round Corraline keys,
Blows the breath of the heavens, the spice laden breeze,
Fruit, flower, and foliage waving and wooing?

At morn, from the shore upon perfumed wings buoyed,
It seeks the blue waters afar o'er the deep;
But when with the waves' purple crest it hath toyed,
Then back, in green groves and glad grottoes to sleep,
It comes, 'midst dark mangroves, its revels to keep,
Or play with their leaves where the lone willows weep.
O say, have you roamed o'er the region of palm,
Where the orange aye wears or its fruit or its bloom;
Where the amaranth burdens the zephyr with balm,
And the cinnamon wafts o'er the grove its perfume;
Where the pineapple ripens, the guava tree flowers,
And the broad-leaved banan casts its shade o'er bright
bowers;
Where the Paroquette flutters in forests of lemon,

And the Humming-bird buries itself in the rose;
Where the Oriole sings in the shade of the almond,
And the Mock-bird by moonlight, disdaining repose,
In glad notes, o'er the garden his melody throws;
Where the Troupiale springs to the mangosteen,
And the Gold-bird wings through the mangoes green;
Where the lone willow weeps by the door of the chateau,
And the slave boga sleeps by the oars of his batteau,
While like music from heaven, through garden and glade,
Comes the sweet wild song of the Creole maid;
While in bower and balcony—grotto and grove,
Breathe the accents of lovers, the soft tales of love!

Oh! 'tis bliss to recline by those gay jasmine hedges,
Where the bond-servant robs the red grape of its wine,
Which the Creole quaffs off with delight, as he pledges
The land of the aloe, the citron, and vine!
To dwell in those islands, whose heaven is azure!
Whose clouds are like snow tinged with purple and gold!
Whose daughters, to see, is to love without measure;
Whose bosoms are pyres that never grow cold!
In this land where romance with each day dream is
blending,
'Midst a band where the dance aye its rapture is lending,
In those fair climes of beauty, of music, and love,
O say, has it e'er been your fortune to rove?

Yes! in dreams of my boyhood, in days of my youth,
My soul longed to look on the lands of the South,
For its real romance my heart panted and pined,
Till the wind grasped my sail—then away on the wind—
For the clime of the Creole—the isles of the Ind!
And I wandered afar o'er that broad central ocean,
Where the southern cross in the blue vault on high,
Points to the believer the sign of devotion,
The symbol of passion revealed in the sky;
Where the Star of the pole stoops and kisses the billow;
Where the sun of the Equinox gilds the dark sea;
Where the moon of the tropics looks smiling and mellow
Through her veil of pure silver on earth, wave, and tree;
And I steered my light barque through the far rolling
stream,

Where the rose-coloured nautilus rides the blue wave,
Passing seas on whose bosom the purple weeds gleam,
Or hiding itself in some lone coral cave:
And I traversed the breast of the Mexican deep,
That circles around the fair isles of the Ind:
In a clime where the gold bordered clouds never weep,
I spread my white sail, braced my sheet to the wind:
And I anchored my barque in the Corraline sea,
'Midst those gems of the ocean, those evergreen isles,
O'er whose gardens the breeze, roaming fragrant and free,
Bearing balm from the flower, and spice from the tree,
Scarce rocks the bright blossom, whose wealth it despoils.
I have dwelt in those islands: then talk not of Eden!
'Tis here that the gorgeous, the glowing, the gleaming,
On fruit, leaf, and flower, in color aye streaming,
Begarland a home for the fair Creole maiden,
In bowers with foliage brilliant and beaming.
'Tis no fabulous heaven, where Houris abound,
But here the Jorullo of Earth may be found:
Then talk not to me of your Houris and Peris,
The mirage of fancy—the mocking ideal,

Whose dreamy conception the mind ever wearies,
'Till the long baffled sense turns to beauty that's real:
And where will you match the fair form of the Creole?
'Tis not with your Georgian, your Gaul, or your Greek.
No more of your blue-eyed Circassian speak.
O cheat us no longer with lies of the Roman,
Your parvenu tourist whose theme has been woman!
The fables of poets—the fancies of fools—
The visions of dreamers—the hack themes of schools.
Not e'en the dark daughter of Spain can compare
With the lovely senora whom God has placed there;
Though the same liquid eye, and the rich raven tresses,
And the deep lasting love for the heart she caresses,
And the pouting red lip, with its smile so enchanting,
Yet the Paphian form to Spain's maiden is wanting;
To the Creole that forma divina is given,
It bears the true stamp of the signet of heaven!
It marks the broad Llanas—the Mexican Highlands,
The cerras, savannas, the pampas, the islands;
'Tis found in the pueblo—'tis found in the ranche,
From the Chilian shore to the northern Comanche:
'Tis found in the casa, the castle, cabana,
But fairest of all in thy portales Havana!
Then tell me no more of the climes of the East,
Where loveliness lives but the vision of story,
But come to the flowering isles of the West,
Where beauty still reigns in a halo of glory.
Come, see in those bowers with elegance laden,
As she, 'midst the flowers, the lost one of Eden,
Far fairer than fancy, the proud Creole maiden,
Still lofty and lustrous, still lovely and loving,
Like an angel of light, in those fair bowers moving.
There is love in that bosom that's heaving so high—
There is bliss on that lip, there is soul in that eye—
And its deep liquid light gushing forth in each glance,
Thrills the heart of the gazer with more than romance:
There is mind in the dark orb; there's mind on that brow;
Does not each graceful action its presence avow?
There's the music of heaven in that melting voice;
Oh! such melody even makes sorrow rejoice!
For it speaks to the heart like the wild words of Æole,
In the night lone and drear when the shade's on the
dial;
Vain the notes of the lute—vain the voice of the viol,—
Let the harp strings be mute, by the song of the Creole!
'Tis the sweet song of love, which the heart cannot sate,
Like the song of the turtle-dove wooing his mate!
Oh! how lovely at morn, when her languishing eye
Resembles the mellowing blue of her sky!
But lovelier still at the hour of even,
When the light contradanza its rapture hath given;
Then her glance is as bright as the stars of her heaven—
Oh! the gleams of pure love from those rolling orbs given,
The pen of a poet would wildly inspire!
The heart of a hermit would kindle to fire!
Then ho! spread my sail! lay my barque to the wind!
Once again hath my heart for those fairy scenes pined!
Up aloft! loose the gaskets! lay out! loose away!
Haul aft—on the starboard! come lads—let her pay!
Sheet home—the jib!—foresail! sheet home—there, belay!
Like an eagle's broad wing the white sail grasps the wind!
Ho—hurrah! for the land of the noble in mind!
The clime of the Creole, the isles of the Ind.

KITTY MAYO.

"I often came where I did hear of her."—*Merchant of Venice.*

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

"WILL you go?"

"If possible, but I cannot promise."

"Well, if you do not, may you meet Kitty Mayo!" So saying, Thornton waved his hand, and turning his horse's head towards the Chiaja, left me in the midst of the crowded Toledo. He had been arguing for a quarter of an hour, to induce me to leave Naples with him the next morning in the steamer for Civita Vecchia, and happy should I have been to secure such an agreeable companion, but it was so doubtful whether I could obtain the requisite signatures to my passport, and despatch a variety of parting arrangements, that I steadily refused to give my importunate countryman a more decisive answer. A curious malediction, methought, after we had separated, "may you meet Kitty Mayo!" What can it mean? Probably nothing more than one of Thornton's jokes, broached for the very purpose of mystifying me. Before night, I had reason to congratulate myself on my non-committal reply, as I found it desirable to linger for several days more within the beautiful precincts of Parthenope. Indeed, so fully occupied was my time the next day, that I did not reach the quay soon enough to bid my friend farewell, which I regretted the more as he was on his way home. The steamer was still visible, however, and as I watched her recede, the thought of the mysterious penalty annexed to my stay, came freshly to mind, and revived my curiosity, so that the name of "Kitty Mayo" uttered in Thornton's mock-heroic tones, rung in my ears all the morning.

Some weeks after this incident, S——, our excellent consul at P——, stood by the carriage window in the act of handing me some letters of introduction, when his confidential porter came up, and drawing him aside, whispered a few words which instantly brought a cloud to his brow. He expostulated for several minutes in a subdued voice with the man, and as he withdrew cried out to him, "tell her I am gone to America, tell her any thing, but get rid of her by all means."

"You need not smile," he added, as we shook hands, "it is of no forsaken beauty of whom I speak."

"Who, then," I asked, "can have excited such aversion in so friendly a heart?"

"Kitty Mayo," he replied, and before I could obtain an explanation, the postillion cracked his whip, and we were dashing noisily along the pavement. I solaced myself by resolving to write

for a solution of the problem, as soon as I arrived at my journey's end; but the execution of this purpose was indefinitely postponed, and months glided by before my latent curiosity was gratified. I was taking my first walk in Malta, under the guidance of Lieutenant H——, whose gallant frigate had been ten days in the harbour of Valetta; long enough to initiate a keen, observing man into the chief wonders of the island. We had paid our devotions at the tombs of the Knights at the church of St. John, enjoyed the fine view from the ramparts, caught the glance of many a dark eye from the balconies, and were now threading the street that leads from the Nix Mangare stairs, amid a swarm of beggars whose tattered garbs and haggard features contrasted strangely with the ample silk mantles of the Maltese ladies, and the gay uniforms and rosy cheeks of the English officers. In the midst of our lively discourse, while the vivacious lieutenant was unfolding, in his spirited way, a rich stock of anecdote and by-way comment, he suddenly grew silent, and casting a searching look along the line of pedestrians, hastily whispered, "excuse me, and come and dine at five." The next moment he had dexterously wound through the crowd, and disappeared at the first corner.

The best hotels in Malta were the palaces of the Knights in the palmy days of their order. The lofty and spacious rooms, floored with marble or polished stucco, and arched by elaborately painted ceilings, have an air of undecayed magnificence. It was in such an apartment that I sat at dinner with H——. The weather, though Christmas was close at hand, breathed the cool softness of spring. It was what a celebrated authoress terms a crystal day. The west wind that played through the open window, scarcely stirred the rich curtains, while the horizontal rays of the sun caught from them a crimson glow that touched every goblet with a ruby hue. The vase in the centre of the table was filled with the richest flowers; and on the sideboard was temptingly arranged a dessert consisting of grapes, pomegranates, prickly-pears, and that truly Maltese luxury, the China orange. A scene so redolent of the balmy south, was too captivating to our northern imaginations, not to induce corresponding associations, and accordingly our talk was of the clime, and music, and fair women, and the dreams of youth. But when twilight stole upon us, the sudden chill of the air, and the duskiness of the vast chamber, altered our mood at once;

and we were glad when the landlord had closed the ponderous shutters, and lighted a fire in a grate at a corner of the room. When seated beside the cheerful flame, with a Turkey carpet beneath our feet, and the circular slab between us adorned with an urn, throwing up its "steamy column," flanked by a row of bright candles, we naturally thought of Cowper and domestic life, tea and sleigh-rides, newspapers and home. My naval friend, like most brave men, was of a kindly temper, and this new train of ideas seemed to recall to his mind his abrupt desertion in the morning.

"Can you imagine why I quit you in such a hurry?" he asked.

"Why, no," said I, "if I did not know your aversion to debt, I should have supposed you saw a dun approaching, and were it not for your most unprofessional love of peace, I could fancy you suddenly recollected an affair of honour to be settled at noon."

"You are wide of the mark. I was frightened away by the sight of a yellow shawl, and a straw bonnet trimmed with faded green. A singular antipathy, you will say, but I have a better reason for my fancy than Shylock gave for his. It was not the costume so much as the wearer that I was fain to avoid, though I discovered afterwards it was all a false alarm."

"If it is no secret, pray who was the supposed monster whose very effigy could thus annihilate such gallantry as yours?"

"Kitty Mayo."

"How fortunate!" I exclaimed; "now for the long-desired explanation. Know, my friend, that a meeting with the mysterious personage you have named, has been assigned me as a penance. Who is she? What is she? Where is she? Shall I ever see her?"

"Heaven forbid!" replied the lieutenant, looking round as if he expected an apparition to start from the shadows of the opposite wall; then deliberately lighting a prime Havana, he drew nearer the fire, and composed himself to talk like a man who is conscious of that inspiring presence, a good listener.

"There is more than one elderly gentleman in Philadelphia, whose heart, lapped in a life of comfortable routine, yet warms occasionally at the thought of Catherine Mayo. She was the prettiest Quaker girl of her day, and an heiress besides. There was a schism among the Friends, and she joined the reformers. In a year the meek and silent Quakeress became a restless and zealous sectarian. The spirit of independence once raised in one whose existence had been so formal and constrained, knew no bounds. First she cast off the bonds of the church, then those of her family, and finally the ties of country became wearisome, and she embarked one day in a London packet, and for twenty years has been roving by herself about the Mediterranean. Her kindred have grown weary of interfering with her move-

ments, her beauty has long since vanished, but her money she hoards with miserly care. Being thus afloat upon the world, she claims the protection and services of every American she meets, with a pertinacity that cannot be refused. She clings to a compatriot like Sinbad's old man of the sea, and keeps reappearing to the same individual as often as Monsieur Tonson. She has no taste, no delicacy, no consideration, and no tact, and yet she is neither crazy nor wicked. She is for ever making blunders, and placing herself in ludicrous dilemmas; and whoever from motives of benevolence or patriotism befriends her, is sure to come in for a share of the consequences. She neither dresses nor talks nor acts like any other of her sex. You see her straying along, with a yellow shawl, straw bonnet trimmed with faded green, and a little old fur muff, under cover of which she clasps her purse. Kitty has persecuted the consuls in these regions well-nigh to death, and darts upon every unsuspecting traveller from America, like a hawk on its prey. Every one who has ever experienced her exactions, shuns her as if she were a poor relation. Her victims are numberless, and the history of their individual sufferings would make a series of tragic comedies. The first time I saw Kitty was one fine morning, when we were anchored in the bay of Naples. She made her appearance at the side with the yellow shawl, straw bonnet and muff, and called for me. I found her seated in a leaky boat, towed by a decrepid old man, who brought her for half price. She insisted upon coming on board, notwithstanding the wet decks, and urgently requested a private interview on business of importance. My brother officers turned aside to hide their smiles, and I led the way to the cabin. She began a rambling tirade against mankind in general, and her countrymen in particular, and set forth the decline of gallantry in no measured terms, concluding by adjuring me as an American and a gentleman, to procure her a ticket for the court ball that night. In a fit of good-nature, I promptly acceded to her request, and agreed to call for her at a seasonable hour. It was impossible for the carriage to enter the narrow street where she lodged, and it was with no little difficulty that I picked my way to the door, and mounted three flight of stairs. I found her attired in a white gown, very long in the waist and very low in the neck, with an old blue ribbon for a sash, after the primitive manner of country girls at home. Indian moccasins and a necklace of enormous black beads completed her costume. I was confounded at the idea of ushering such a figure into the palace, and, as a desperate expedient, dropped the extra ticket unperceived into a chafing dish that stood on the floor, and then, as politely as possible, informed Kitty that I had no ticket, and trusted she would take the will for the deed, and give up the idea of the ball. 'By no means,' she exclaimed, 'it is just like all you men, but I'll go in spite of you.' I bowed,

and expressing my regret for her disappointment, hastened away. An hour afterwards my whole attention was absorbed by the lovely Contessima Monti. A long cherished wish was that evening gratified. I had been introduced to that beautiful creature, and was in high spirits, playing the agreeable to both mother and daughter, and quite the envy of half the men in the saloon, when our attention was attracted by the announcement of the master of ceremonies, the Prince Mantini, General Noto, and the Signora *Non Importa*. The last name (literally, no matter) caused us to look towards the door, when who should I see but Kitty herself, in the same detestable plight, with the addition of a perfect mop of yellow curls upon her head. She advanced simpering, curtsying and looking about her, and, as it were by instinct, caught sight of me immediately. In vain I endeavoured not to recognise her. She came towards us with the most complacent familiarity, and exclaimed with no little triumph, 'You see I've kept my word,' and passing her arm within mine, declared she never was so delighted to see any one in her life. Imagine my chagrin and confusion. I seemed to feel the dark eyes of the Contessima burning my very heart with a gaze of mirthful curiosity. Kitty seemed totally unconscious of the notice she was attracting. 'Let a woman alone for invention,' said she. 'How do you suppose I got admission? Why, I made my hair-dresser bring me to the door in his cab, and waited till I saw the Prince Montini and General Noto, and walking up stairs before them, pretended to faint. They, supposing I had become separated from some party, came to my assistance, and accompanied me to the door, so that I entered in their wake, only that stupid fellow when I told him it was of no consequence about announcing me, must needs bawl out *Signora Non Importa*.' The Contessima, meanwhile, pitying my embarrassment, had engaged her mother in

conversation, and now, suppressing her inclination to laugh at the ridiculous airs and attire of my companion, addressed her in Italian, and inquired if she danced. Kitty was all agog at this voluntary politeness, and essayed to inform the Contessima that she could not dance, in consequence of having struck her foot against a stone the day before, but instead of *mapietra grande* she said *Pietro il grande*. The idea of such a figure coming in contact with Peter the Great was too much even for her gravity, and I was fain to lead Kitty away, amid the half-suppressed titters of the company. Our envoy at Naples at the time was D—. The moment we encountered him, Kitty demanded as an American to be presented to the queen, which the ambassador with obvious reluctance consented to, provided she could manage to appear in a proper dress. Mrs. G—, our amiable countrywoman, at that moment approached, and, with most superfluous kindness, sent Kitty to her own house in her carriage, with a line to her sister, and in an incredibly short time, she reappeared in an appropriate costume. D— gently insinuated that after the presentation, custom merely required her to bow to her Majesty, and pass on. But this was too great a sacrifice for her ambition, and she smirkingly told the queen that 'she was very happy to make her acquaintance.' This speech was too unique not to fly from mouth to mouth, and as Kitty had resumed her hold upon my arm, I was obliged for three hours to stand the battery of a thousand eyes, directed with no little amazement at my eccentric companion. There I stood in a cold sweat like a martyr, and you may be sure it was a full year before that evening ceased to furnish jokes aboard the frigate. Do you wonder the very idea of the woman is alarming? But your cigar is out, and much as I love the fragrant weed, I would rather never smoke another than have you meet Kitty Mayo."

AMERICAN SCULPTORS IN ITALY.

(Extract from a Letter to the Editor.)

"Mr. Brown, who has been in Florence but a few months, is now modelling a statue of a *Young Indian*. Clevenger is also modelling the statue of an *Indian Warrior*; and Powers has just cast a statue of a 'Grecian Captive,' which is much more admired than his statue of Eve.

"The report which, during the past winter, has been in circulation in the United States, relative

to the attempt to assassinate Powers, has amused the artists greatly; there was no truth in it. However, Mr. Powers had the gratification of reading his own 'Obituary,' very kindly written, also a 'Sketch of his Life,' which appeared here, in the English papers, copied, as it was stated, from the American."

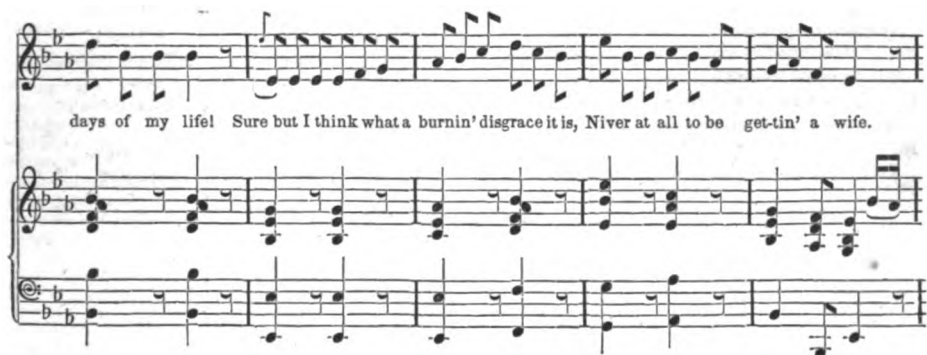
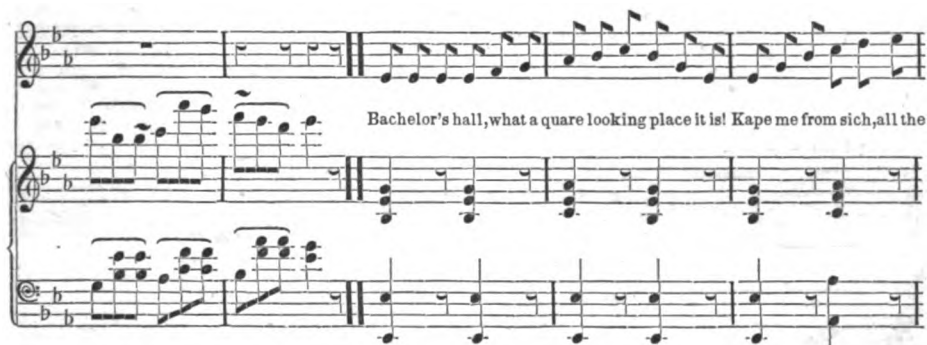
BACHELOR'S HALL.
THE POETRY BY T. MOORE.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY R. CULVER.

JUST PUBLISHED, AND PRESENTED TO THE LADY'S BOOK BY J. G. OSBOURN.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1843, by J. G. Osbourn, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court
for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

ALLEGRETTO HUMOROSO.



See the ould Bachelor gloomy and sad enough, Placing his tay kittle

o - ver the fire; Soon tips it o - ver St. Patrick he's mad enough, (If he were present) to fight with the Squire.

Sva.

ad lib - - - -

Now, like a hog in a mortar bed wallowing,
 Awkward enough, see him knading his dough;
 Troth! if the bread he could ate without swallowing,
 How he would favour his palate you know.
 Pots, dishes, pans and sich greasy commodities,
 Ashes and prata skins, kiver the floor:
 His cupboard's a store house of comical oddities,
 Things that had niver been neighbours before.

His meal being over, his table's left sitting so,
 Dishes take care of yourselves if you can;
 But hunger returns, then he's fuming and fretting so,
 Och! let him alone for a baste of a man!
 Late in the night when he goes to bed shiverin',
 Niver a bit is the bed made at all;
 He crapes like a tarapin, under the kiverin',
 Bad luck to the picture of Bachelor's Hall.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"There is a reaper, whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The *flowers* she most did love;
But she will find them all again,
In the fields of light above."

How many, many of the fair blooming flowers of household love will the stern Reaper gather during this, his harvest month! How many opening buds of sweet promise to the mother's heart, are now fading, day by day, while her cares to revive them are powerless, and her tears fall as vainly as the dew on the mown grass!

Is it, indeed, the order of divine Providence, that so large a proportion of the human race shall fall in the opening scene of life? Is it the law of nature that one fourth (in cities nearly one half) of the children born, shall die before reaching the age of five years? Or is it the ignorance, incompetence or ill management of those to whom is committed the care of infancy, that this early harvest of Death is so abundantly furnished?

That the latter must be true, in a good degree, is conclusively shown by the fact, that the mean duration of life has increased with the advance of Christian civilization, and is greater just in proportion as the moral and physical nature is developed and strengthened. In ancient Rome, the mean duration of life, among the better classes, with all their comforts at command, was but thirty years—and now the mean duration of life for the whole people of Great Britain, poor and neglected as many of them are, is about forty-four years. We see then that moral and physical improvement have already lengthened the thread of hope for human life, nearly one third; and yet no one will assert that all which is needed, which is possible has been done, while the mortality among children in our cities is, during the summer months, so great. "What shall we do?" inquire the poor, weary, anxious mothers, "how shall we save our pale, perishing flowers from the sickle of the destroyer? We are here in the hot, dusty city: we cannot leave it. The best food we can procure for our little children is often unsuitable. We have no conveniences for bathing. The very air even comes into our close rooms loaded with foul vapours; and we have no garden, no green spot, where our little ones can set down their tender feet and breathe the fresh cool breeze of the morning and evening hour. What shall we do?"

Truly, here are causes of sickness and sorrow and slow wearing cares, for all who are now in "populous cities pent," of which woman's heart only can feel the full bitterness. And is it not the province of woman to plead the cause of "little children?" Will it be deemed officious interference with man's prerogative if we venture to suggest, to the guardians of this pleasant city of Philadelphia, how much they might do to promote the happiness and health of those families who are obliged to remain during this oppressive season in the city, if

they would allow to little children and their attendants, the freedom of the public squares? We do not mean, the freedom merely, of the hot, dry, gravel walks—but the unrestricted enjoyment of the green grass, the luxury of walking and playing under the shade of the noble trees. There the tired nurse might set down her little fretful charge on the cool soft grass, where it would find that change and comfort, which she, in her warm arms cannot give it. The poor, weary mother too might rest and be refreshed herself, while her children were playing around her, and really finding that freedom of earth and air which the young require as the indispensable condition of health with growth.

You might as reasonably expect to raise a healthy, bright-coloured flower in a dark, close room, as hope that your children will be strong, active, cheerful and good-tempered, while they are kept confined within brick walls, or only allowed to walk on the brick pavements and the gravel walks, and this, too, when the August sun has heated both to an almost burning temperature. And then to see around them the soft green grass, under the cool shade of pleasant trees, and not be permitted to set the foot upon this oasis—can it be that *wise men* have made such a regulation? That is a question we often ask ourselves, when we see sickly, sad, discontented looking children and their weary attendants sitting on the hard seats of the gravel walks, in the public squares, as though they were doing penance for the privilege of seeing the green grass, which they are as peremptorily forbidden to "trespass upon," as though it were a bed of tulips, each flower valued as the fortune of a Dutch burgomaster. And though it were even so, could the worth compare with the health and life of those little human blossoms which are pining and dying for want of such healing and strengthening as those fresh, cool places might supply? Oh, do not allow the small calculations of possible injury to the grass to prevent at least, the experiment for this one month. Some fading bud of infancy may be revived, whose matured blossom will shed light and beauty over our land. The childhood of genius is, not unfrequently, of the most delicate and frail physical constitution. Many of the greatest, mightiest and best men have been, while young, feeble and sickly, requiring the most gentle and untiring care to keep them here to bless this earth, as though the angels were striving to obtain these precious gifts of God to adorn their own bright gardens in heaven. Surely in the public grounds of a city, bearing the name of one of the noblest and kindest men that the world ever saw, little children should find especial favour.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"The Deformed"—and "Autumn Musings," are both on file for publication whenever we have room in the "Book." Our contributors will, we hope, exercise patience, as the very large number of writers who favour us with articles, keep our Editor's cabinet always overflowing, and oblige us, reluctantly, to postpone for a long time, papers that we intend to publish.

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

The month has been sufficiently barren of new publications of value. The serial works to which we have so frequently referred, continue to be issued with accustomed punctuality.

The Harpers have issued a cheap edition of "*Martin Chuzzlewit*," with embellishments, and they have advanced to the eleventh number of "*Alison's History of Europe*," and have nearly completed "*Brande's Cyclopædia*."

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have advanced to No. 11 of the "*Encyclopædia of Geography*." They are also issuing Cooper's novels in volumes unbound, at 25 cents a piece. We have before us the "*Wept of Wish-ton-Wish*," in this cheap form.

Messrs. Carey & Hart continue the publication of the "*Furmer's Encyclopædia*," and "*Tom Burke of Ours*."

The Messrs. Appleton of New York and Philadelphia, have published Mrs. Ellis's "*Voice from the Vineyard*," a Temperance Prize Book, in a cheap pamphlet form; also "*Carlyle on History and Heroes*," the best and most readable of Carlyle's books. Their serial edition of the "*Pictorial History of Napoleon*," is just completed.

Mr. E. H. Butler has issued the third and fourth numbers of Professor Frost's "*American Naval Biography*," richly embellished with portraits of distinguished commanders, views of sea fights, *fac similes* of gold medals struck in honour of naval victories, and other pictorial ornaments well suited to the national sentiment and the popular taste. We notice with gratification that the biographer is careful to do justice to the reputation of our distinguished heroes of the lake and the ocean, the dead as well as the living; and we are confident, that in this laudable course, he will receive the support of his countrymen.

The fifth number, completing the first volume of Professor Frost's "*Pictorial History of the United States*," is now before us. It brings down the history to about the year 1666. The style of narrative as well as the style of pictorial embellishment, so auspiciously commenced, is fully sustained in this number, which in addition to several historical portraits and scenes, contains a splendidly engraved title-page for the volume, and appropriate embellishments for the introductory pages.

Hitherto but little poetry has been published in the cheap number form. Messrs. Carey & Hart have given Macaulay's "*Lays of Ancient Rome*," in one of the cheap volumes of his Miscellanies. Now they have commenced issuing "*Lord Byron's Works*," in ten numbers. The first contains the whole of Childe Harold with the notes, and a splendid steel plate portrait of the Poet. The second and third embrace the Giaour, the Bride of Abydos, the Corsair, Lara, the Siege of Corinth, Parisina, the Prisoner of Chillon, Beppo and Mazeppa.

Mr. Herman Hooker of this city, has published a beautiful little story, translated from the German, by Elizabeth Maria Lloyd. It is entitled "*Thirza; or the attractive power of the Cross*." The instruction it conveys is of the moral and religious kind, enforced by a very striking narrative. The same publisher has issued M. Sismondi's "*History of the Crusades against the Albigenses in the Thirteenth Century*," one of the most interesting passages in the history of Europe in the middle ages; yet one which has attracted but little attention. It is in the pamphlet form so fashionable at present, and sells for 25 cents.

The Harpers have issued a new novel by James, entitled the "*Fulke Heir*." The scene is laid in France, and the story is full of interest, fine sentiment and sound instruction. The Harpers' cheap edition of Shakespeare is now complete.

The Harpers in addition to their other valuable serial works, have commenced the publication of "*McCulloch's Gazetteer*," edited by D. Haskell, A. M., Late President of the University of Vermont. It comes out in parts of 112 pages each, closely printed, at 25 cents a number. It is to be very fully illustrated with maps.

Mr. Colon has sent us the "*Magnet, devoted to the investigation of Human Physiology*," by Le Roy Sunderland; and "*The Pierian, or Youth's Fountain of Literature and Knowledge*," edited by Mrs. Anna L. Snelling. The last is a very ably conducted Juvenile Magazine, and appears to have an excellent list of original contributors. We do not exactly understand the propriety of the editor's copying from the "*Young People's Book*" a piece entitled "The Use of Learning," by T. S. Arthur, without acknowledging the source from whence it is derived. If Mr. Arthur is made to appear as an original contributor for the "*Pierian*," his pieces should be furnished by himself originally, and paid for. If his pieces, paid for by the publishers of the *Young People's Book*, are copied into the *Pierian*, the source should be acknowledged. Magazines intended for the young should not teach dishonesty by example. We have also from Mr. Colon, the "*Lancel Offering*," and "*Darley's Scenes in Indian Life*," with spirited outline engravings, representing hunts, fights, war dances, &c., in a very effective style.

"*The Lives of the Queens of England*," by Agnes Strickland, is issued by Messrs. Lea & Blanchard, in neat volumes, in polished paper covers, at 50 cents a volume. The character of this work, an invaluable addition to British history, we have already had occasion to mention.

We have received from the publishers a volume of the "*Lady's Musical Library*," for 1842, elegantly bound. This valuable publication comprises about one hundred and eighty pieces of the most popular and fashionable music, of the usual varieties, for the piano; among which we observe a large portion which have never been published in any other form. We hear that its success is proportioned to its merits; and considering that with all its excellence, it is also wonderfully cheap, we should be surprised if such were not the case. The Musical Library is still continued as a monthly periodical, and continues to receive, as it richly deserves, the lavish encomiums of the press, and the most liberal patronage of the public.

"*Wild Scenes of the Forest and Prairie, with Sketches of American Life*." By C. F. Hoffman, Author of a *Winter in the West*, &c. New York, William H. Colyer. This is a reprint from a London edition of the works of Mr. Hoffman, who is extensively known abroad as a writer of rare descriptive power, and great energy of style; artists having owned their indebtedness to him for his graphic and picturesque delineations of American scenery. They have the very aroma of the woods, and we almost hear the plashing of water, and the echo of the wild rook, as well as the rattling of the shell under the haunts of the squirrel. He writes like a man full and at home with his subject. There is no reaching after expression—his thoughts leap readily dressed from the full brain.

Perhaps the most remarkable trait of Mr. Hoffman as an author, is his extreme individuality, so to say. If his subject be a fancy, he grasps it like a reality. He handles it with a hearty manfulness, that carries a conviction of truth. In this way his fictions even become facts. This is a grand attribute, and Mr. Hoffman should look well to his power in this respect, for it is one rarely to be met with amongst American authors; who are half the time floating away in a misty atmosphere, or dallying upon the confines of thought for lack of power to grasp it.

Many of the sketches of the present volume are Indian legends, remarkable as establishing an identity of tradition amongst all rude nations, and beautiful in the force and simplicity with which they are related. These will become a part of Indian mythology, and every year will add to their value.

Mr. Hoffman is American in his tastes, his pursuits and his subjects, and this fact alone is enough to establish him among the popular authors of our country.

We understand the enterprising fosterer of the American muse, John Keese, Esq., proposes publishing a collection of the songs of Mr. Hoffman, already familiar to the lovers of music, but rarely associated with the name of their author.

"The Moral Instructor; or Culture of the Heart, Affections and Intellect, while learning to Read." By Thomas H. Palmer, Author of the Prize Essay on Education, entitled "The Teacher's Manual." Published by the Normal School Society. Boston, Jenks & Palmer. Philadelphia, Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co.

This is what may be described as a "Reading Book" for the young. It is arranged in four progressive parts, and we have little hesitation in pronouncing it a work which well deserves the attention of parents and teachers, as better adapted to the purposes of training and instruction than any that has fallen under our notice. The author has two important objects in view — to develop, from the first step in education, both the intellectual and the moral nature of the pupil — to cause children to exercise their reason and to consult their conscience, in a manner proportioned to their capacity, from the very outset. In general, that which is dignified by the name of education, is an appeal to the memory alone. It is a dull parrot-like routine, in which the judgment slumbers and the heart lies torpid. We are satisfied if the child is able to remember, without taking it into consideration that this is but a part of the business, the great purpose of which should be to put forth thinking creatures and moral creatures, capable at once of forming opinions for themselves and of acting for themselves, in a way worthy of their responsibilities. To this end, the labours of Mr. Palmer have been directed, and, to our view, very successfully. By the plan on which the "Moral Instructor" is founded, the attention of the child is fixed by inducing him to reflect on what he reads. The narrative is simple but interesting, and is succeeded by questions referring not only to the incident, but to the merits of the action, carefully adapted, by repeated experiment, to the capabilities of the youthful intellect, that the mind may not be overstrained or taxed beyond its healthful power. In this way, the child is not only entertained and instructed, but its undivided attention is secured, while its faculty of discriminating between right and wrong, is brought into frequent and wholesome exercise. We may say indeed, that a sound morality, cultivating the conscience and the affections, is thus educed, as it were, by the pupil himself — a mode of attaining wisdom which imprints it indelibly on the tablet of the heart, an advantage of no slight importance, when we reflect upon the slight and transient impressions which are made by merely didactic teachings and the repetition of abstruse maxims. It may not however be amiss to add that all this relates to points of morals only — to the universally recognized principles of right and wrong, such as cannot be objected to by any parent, whatever be the religious creed, nothing of a sectarian kind being introduced.

It gives us pleasure, therefore, to recommend "The Moral Instructor" to those for whose use it is intended. We are convinced that if it be tried by persons having charge of the education of youth, they will find it productive of the utmost advantage. The author, Mr. Palmer, formerly of this city, but now a resident of Vermont, is a gentleman who has devoted much time to the important subject of primary education. A year or two since, a practical essay on this theme, from his pen, obtained the prize of five hundred dollars, offered for the best work of the kind, by the "American Institute of Instruction," and during a recent visit to Philadelphia, his lectures before the Controllers and Teachers of the Pub-

lic Schools and many other friends of education, attracted much notice, and will, we doubt not, have results of a very beneficial character, many important hints having been given derived from observant experience, of which the intelligent teacher will not fail to avail himself.

In conclusion, it may not be inappropriate to remark, that the crying evil of the times is a lack of conscientiousness. In the march of intellect, morality has been suffered to lag behind, and this is painfully manifest in every grade of society, especially among those whose position and resources would seem to place them above the temptations to crime. Why is this? Is it a necessary consequence that as man becomes enlightened, he should be proportionably vicious? If it were so, it would be a matter of sad discouragement; but we believe that the evil, to a very considerable extent, arises from a fact that is forcibly indicated by Mr. Palmer in a brief preface to the work of which we speak. We are prone to cultivate only a part of our nature, and that part not the most essential to our well-being, either here or hereafter. The faculties are sharpened, but the development of the higher powers, the controlling sentiments, is left almost to chance. Our pride, our revengeful feelings, our arbitrary dispositions, our cruelty and our selfishness, not only remain unchecked, but in some respects are actually stimulated into more luxuriant growth, by the pernicious maxims which many books intended for the use of children, fasten upon the mind. The obvious distinctions of right and wrong — the inward delight arising from the pursuit of virtue, and the unhappiness incurred by deviations from the paths of rectitude, are talked of, it is true, but they are not brought home to contemplation in an effective manner. On the contrary, false incentives to goodness are proposed, which in the end have the usual consequences of falsehood, engendering doubt, distrust and a want of confidence in all precept which runs counter to inclination. No child who is taught that virtue invariably receives a temporal reward — that it is the shortest way to successes and earthly gratifications, and, at the same time, is left to suppose that these things of themselves form man's chief happiness and the main object of his existence, soon discovers the contradiction and the fallibility of the rule, and is left upon the sea of life without chart or compass. Taking care, therefore, not to undervalue the objects of merely human ambition, it is Mr. Palmer's purpose to inculcate a sounder morality than this, by strengthening the conscientious instincts which exist in every bosom, before they are either weakened or effaced by the errors of education, and by showing that real happiness springs from the unswerving performance of our duty to others and to ourselves, from the heart and from the affections — that it is not altogether, as many unfortunately suppose, in the possession of riches, in prosperity, and in the capacity to vie with and to surpass our neighbours in glittering display, but in being true to virtue, true to the purposes of our creation, that we may enjoy felicity ourselves and impart it to others. Surely this is a work of no slight importance, when we contemplate the havoc which is continually made around us by a want of knowledge of these truths!

"Classical Studies: Essays on Ancient Literature and Art, with the Biography and Correspondence of Eminent Philologists." By B. Sears, B. B. Edwards & C. C. Felton. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

Three of the most accomplished scholars of our country have here united to produce a work, for which every other scholar must be grateful to them. Its subject is Classical Literature, or rather the influence of that literature as exhibited in the lives and writings of some of its most distinguished cultivators. Nearly all the articles in the collection are from the German, or relate to Germans, — a circumstance which must be considered as almost a matter of course, in a work treating of a branch of study in relation to which, more than to any other, the literature of Germany, as is well remarked by one of the writers, "fills nearly the whole intellectual horizon." There is, however, a fine essay, beautifully translated by Professor Felton, from the illustrious Swedish poet, Tegnér, on the "Study of the Greek Literature." Two other papers, se-

lected with much judgment by Mr. Felton, from the writings of Frederic Jacobs, will make the distinguished worth of that learned and great man more known and prized by the scholars of this country. There is also a collection of the letters of the most celebrated European philologists of the last and present century, illustrated by copious notes and by two original and very interesting articles, one from the pen of President Sears, on the "Schools of German Philology," and the other by Professor Edwards, on the "Schools of Philology in Holland." In short the book, as a whole, fully comes up to the expectations excited by the names on its title-page. The only portion to which we feel inclined to object, is the introduction, which strikes us as not being perfectly well adapted, in its tone and temper, to the work which it prefaces,—though it is forcibly written, and would make a pungent article for a review. We might compare it, as it stands here, to a Gothic porch—very pleasing in its place, but very much out of place before a Grecian temple.

"Readings in American Poetry. For the use of Schools."—This appears to be a very good selection, and will doubtless be well received. The compiler, Rufus W. Griswold, has devoted much time to the subject of American Poetry, and the Publisher, John C. Riker, has brought out the work in very good style.—The same publisher has also issued a very valuable *"School Dictionary of Roots and Derivatives,"* designed to train children in tracing the origin of words. It is by Theodore Dwight, Jr. We commend it to parents and teachers. *"The Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven,"* &c., is the quaint title of a curious old work, by that great and good man, Mr. John Cotton, Teacher of the Church at Boston, in New England. Reprinted by Tappan & Dennet, Boston. It will be highly prized by all who wish to see the religious aspect of "two hundred years ago."—*"Lessons on the Book of Proverbs,"* is a small work, by the Author of the "Pastor's Daughter," whose fine taste and excellent judgment are displayed to the best advantage in this selection.—We have also, from Tappan & Dennet, the fifth Number of the *"Life of George Washington,"* by Jared Sparks. No commendations of this work are needed.

Mrs. S. Colman's juvenile periodical, *"The Boys' and Girls' Magazine,"* has reached the fourth number of the second volume. It has an excellent list of contributors generally speaking, and the articles are written always apparently with the best intentions, but not in every case with perfect success. The article entitled "The Old Slate," (which represents a boy, old enough to cipher, expecting his slate to do his sum,) forms one of the exceptions. We like better the pieces in which the children are treated as though they had common sense; and these pieces we are happy to observe abound in this magazine. A child will take more interest, and gain more instruction of every desirable kind, from the piece of poetry about Izaak Walton, than from a thousand in the peculiar style of the "Old Slate." The article in the July number, entitled "Philosophy at Home," by Mr. J. Abbott, suits us better than any thing in the Rollo Books, because there is no affectation of extraordinary wisdom, method, and subtlety about it. "The Captive Children," is a story of the right sort, "Presence of Mind" is another. So are many others, which we have not space to notice. On the whole, this is the best juvenile magazine now issued; and it will, of course, succeed.

Kohl's *"Russia and the Russians"* is just issued in cheap numbers, by Messrs. Carey & Hart. It forms the first two parts of the Foreign Library, and is one of the most lively, picturesque and entertaining books of travels we have seen for a long time. It descends into all the minutiae of Russian life without being tedious, and it unites the vivacity of Stephens with the fidelity of Sil-dell.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATES.

Fig. 1.—Dress of plaid silk. Corsage gaged; trimmed with a cape of the same material as the dress; narrow at

the waist; broad on the shoulder, trimmed with fringe. Sleeves are gaged same as the waist; skirt perfectly plain. Rice straw bonnet, trimmed on the outside with ribbon, and on the inside with ribbons and flowers.

Fig. 2.—Dress of white muslin, made plain, with the exception of an insertion down the front and round the dress. Body and sleeves à la puritan; collar and cuffs of cambric, lightly embroidered; cap composed of lace and ribbons.

Fig. 3.—MORNING HOME COSTUME.—Dress of light green pekin, checked with brown, and a darker shade of green. The skirt is long and very full, and set on in gathers round the waist. The corsage is of a three quarter height, and made full. A piping of the silk confines it round the neck, where a lace chemisette peeps up all round. The sleeves are tight to the arm, but made with one seam only, and are finished at the top by an epaulette with two folds of the material of the dress. Cuffs of lace are turned up over the wrist. The front hair is in smooth bands, and a cap of lace, with a rosette formed of artificial roses, to confine it at each ear, conceals the back of the head, and gives an air of extreme simplicity to the costume.

Fig. 4.—Peignoir of thin muslin, worn over a primrose colour under dress. The skirt, as usual, is long and full, and opens in front, where it is trimmed with a row of insertion, edged at each side with valenciennes. The corsage is tight to the figure, very long in the waist, and trimmed down the centre to match the skirt. A small cape of muslin is also edged with lace, and a collar entirely of the latter finishes the dress at the neck. The sleeves are small, cut considerably longer than the arm, and gathered into the proper length at the seam, which is inside the arm (see plate). An epaulette trimmed with a double row of valenciennes takes off from the length of the arm. A ruffle of the same lace falls over the hand. A ribbon glaze primrose and white is put round the waist in front, crossed behind and tied at the left side in a small bow with two long ends. The hair is worn in one long ringlet in front, and a simple cap of valenciennes placed carelessly on the back of the head. This is trimmed with three flat bows and long ends, one on the summit, and one placed over each ear.

FASHIONS.

In our next number will be commenced an interesting series of articles, accompanied with *well-executed illustrations*, showing the variations of the Fashions from 1785 to 1801. This has never before been attempted in our country, and will show the various mutations of that fickle Goddess FASHION.

The September Number of Godey's Lady's Book will be the richest, in point of illustrations and literary matter, that has been issued for some time.

NOTICE.

The poem of "Marianne," published in the March number of the Lady's Book, is the production of W. H. Carpenter, Esq., of Spring Grove, Md. We mention this in answer to a request for the name of the author, made in the Brother Jonathan of the 4th of March.

Original Pictures by the First Masters are in the hands of the engravers, and will be given as fast as finished.

Fashions.—We are pleased to find that our new style of Fashion Plates gives so much satisfaction. The fact is now conceded, that Godey's Lady's Book is the only reliable work for the latest and handsomest Fashions.

Contributors.—We are making many important additions to our already extensive list of writers.

G O D E Y ' S

L A D Y ' S B O O K .

SEPTEMBER, 1843.

THE FAIR ARTIST.

BY MRS. HALE.

(See Plate.)

"Two hundred years, two hundred years!
How much of human power and pride,
Of towering hopes, of trembling fears,
Have sunk beneath their whelming tide!"

"I can never finish this picture, Sir Anthony; it does not please me at all," said the fair artist, as she rested her palette on her lap, while the hand which held her pencil fell listlessly at her side. "I will try no more," she continued, fixing her gaze half sadly, half disdainfully on the easel where stood the unfinished portrait of *Edmund Waller*!

This youth, for he had not yet attained his twentieth year, was already a great favourite with the ladies of the court of Charles the First. His sweet songs that he sung sweetly to the accompaniment of his Spanish guitar, which he touched with exquisite skill, had already won him the coveted smiles of Lady Dorothea Sydney, (so well known as "Sacharissa,") and even Queen Henrietta herself, had deigned to bestow praises on the handsome minstrel poet. But there was among the ladies who attended the queen, one whom the young favourite had never been able to charm either by his poetry or music. This was the lovely and accomplished Mary Gowry, usually designated by the king, and, of course, by all others, as the "fair artist."

Mary Gowry was the orphan daughter of the unfortunate Lord Gowry—and after his death,

she had been brought up by her aunt, the old lady Morton, in her secluded country residence. There the young girl became an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of nature, and after the favour of Queen Henrietta towards her Catholic subjects and their descendants, had sought out Mary, and established her as maid of honour in the elegant and refined court over which she presided, this taste it probably was, which led the new favourite to cultivate her talents for painting. She loved quiet and retirement, and her devotion to her pencil was permitted by the queen to apologize for the little interest which Mary seemed to take in the amusements of the court.

The revelations of Miss Burney, in her lately published "Memoirs," must have dissipated all the pleasant illusions with which the fancies of young ladies or gentlemen may have invested life in a palace. A more uncomfortable place of residence for rational beings can scarcely be imagined. The slavery of royal etiquette which never relaxes, never even sleeps without its fetters, which subdues the mind while it controls the every movement of the body, is a burden so revolting to the free spirit, that, when reading descriptions of the routine, it seems impossible that men, or even

women who have constitutionally more patience, can submit to it.

Pope, in one of his letters, describing a dinner given him by some of the ladies at the court of George the Second, says—"We all agreed that the life of a maid of honour was of all things the most miserable; and wished that every woman who envied it had a specimen of it." And from this life it was that Mary Gowry sought to find some relief in cultivating her talents for painting, which the indulgence of her royal mistress was graciously pleased to sanction.

Sir Anthony Vandyke--for it was this celebrated painter whom the fair artist addressed--had been her instructor in this divine art, and it had been remarked by many a watchful eye in the royal household, that the lovely pupil engrossed a wonderful share of attention from her noble-looking master. And the favour of Sir Anthony Vandyke was not of slight moment. Those who cared nothing for his genius or his worth of character while he was only an artist, now that the king had knighted him, and heaped fortune and honours upon him, were his most obsequious flatterers. Still, the friendship of courtiers is, proverbially, hollow-hearted, and many who fawned on Sir Anthony, were eagerly watching for an opportunity to bring him into disgrace with the king.

Among this number was Edmund Waller. He had taken mortal offence at a rebuke which Vandyke had given him, for alluding--as the painter thought lightly and presumptuously--to the fair artist in one of his songs. In his heart, therefore, Waller vowed vengeance against Vandyke; and having discovered, as he thought, (and truly enough,) that this distinguished artist was deeply in love with his fair pupil, the envious poet determined to profit by the circumstance.

Mary Gowry had succeeded to a miracle, as it was said, in painting the portraits of the queen and her young daughter, the princess Elizabeth, and one or two of the ladies of the court. She had also succeeded in taking an excellent likeness of Vandyke himself; which she executed by command of the king, who wished to test her ability to paint a masculine head, and then, he said, he should sit to her for his own portrait.

It was while Miss Gowry was painting the likeness of Vandyke, that Waller contrived by various artful manœuvres, to obtain from Queen Henrietta the expression of a wish, (which from royal lips is the same as a command,) that the fair artist would paint the portrait of Waller. Accordingly she began it, though with no good will, for she disliked his trifling manners, and the vanity and egotism which she had discovered to be his governing characteristics.

What was Waller's motive may be easily understood. He intended to charm Mary, to torture the noble-minded Vandyke with jealousy, and, if possible, to provoke from him a declaration, which Waller thought would be both rejected by

the lady and disapproved of by the king and queen.

"I will try no more," repeated Mary in a low but decided tone.

Waller bent down his head with a non-chalante air, while with a furtive glance he watched the master and pupil. "I will at least, have a story to tell," thought he.

Vandyke was not, in heart, sorry that the fair artist had failed in this instance; still for the credit of his élève he must strive to encourage her; so he said, as he placed his right hand on the back of her chair and bent his regards on her fair face in a manner rather too tender for that expression of reproof, which a master conveys to a refractory pupil--"I think you may succeed yet; that shade by the corner of the left eye, and that near the mouth also," pointing with the forefinger of his left hand, while he spoke, to the portrait, "are a little too dark. There is a sinister, unpleasant expression too in the face. Can you not see these faults?"

"I see faults, many faults, Sir Anthony, which I cannot remedy. I am weary of the subject. It is vain for me to try longer."

"Yet you succeeded admirably with the queen's--with all that you have attempted."

"That was because I painted from the image in my heart, and not from the form before me. I loved the queen and"--she stopped suddenly as the thought flashed on her, that he must think that she *loved* the others also whom she had painted so admirably. The deep blush, the succeeding pallor, the effort she evidently made to conceal and overcome her emotions, these which, to an indifferent spectator, would have seemed of trifling import, were all harbingers of a blessed hope to Sir Anthony Vandyke. For the first time, the thought that Mary Gowry, young, beautiful, high-born and accomplished as she was, would permit him to love her, would return his affection, came to light up his soul with such brightness as the morning star sheds when we are weary with watching for the day. It was the crisis of their fate; the moment when the beatings of each heart seemed, as it were, to be heard and echoed by the other.

The denouement is known to all who are conversant with the history of those times. We need not go into the particulars of this love passage, which enlivened in a most unwonted manner, the dull monotony of the court of Charles the First. That monarch had shown his good taste in appreciating the fine genius of Vandyke. He now showed himself capable of a wise and disinterested friendship towards those whom he had patronized. He gave Mary Gowry with a handsome marriage portion to Sir Anthony Vandyke, though he felt that in thus making the artist happy at home, he was lessening his dependence on his royal master. This species of self-remuneration Queen Elizabeth never would make.

The scene which our engraving displays, was,

we have reason to think, painted originally, by Vandyke himself, to illustrate the story which he related to the king of the manner by which he "won his Genevieve."

It is somewhat more than two hundred years since these events occurred, yet there sits Mary Gowry, in a costume almost identical with the present female fashions of dress. But those worn by the men are indeed antiquated. The long-curling hair, which adorns the magnificent head of Vandyke, from which he has just thrown aside his plumed cap, is, in a picture exceedingly becoming. The cloak too is very graceful, its dark folds relieved by the broad falling collar of lace, and white puffs at the sleeves of his dress. But on Waller the costume is much less becoming,

and will not be apt to excite any wish of returning to the fashions of those old times.

How many changes have passed over the world since that picture was painted! The proud and powerful nobles who graced the court of the unfortunate Charles, who now remembers their names? And Waller, though he did possess a spark of the divine light of genius, yet as he devoted it to the mean purposes of exalting self, or flattering folly, he left little which deserves or receives a place among the world's treasures. But Vandyke, the favourite pupil of Rubens, the indefatigable and ardent seeker after the beautiful, true and perfect in nature and art, who that loves the beautiful in art does not keep his name among its precious remembrances?

SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

(See Plate.)

THE illustration of this plate is taken from the Spectator. It is No. 112 of that work. Addison's beautiful description of a Sunday in the Country.

I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the Change, the whole parish-politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common prayer-book: and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct

them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees any body else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces 'Amen,' three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when every body else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody pre-

sumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side: and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church-service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the

'squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the 'squire; and the 'squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The 'squire has made all his tenants atheists and tythe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them, in almost every sermon, that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters have come to such an extremity, that the 'squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

KEEP AWAY!

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Keep away! keep away!
Too wild is thy joy,
Such heart-cheering play
Will work thee annoy,—
Keep away!

Keep away! keep away!
Too bright is her glance,
And doubt soon will stay
Hope's frolicsome dance,—
Keep away!

Keep away! keep away!
Too sweet is her tone,
Ere long it will sway,
But ne'er echo thy own,—
Keep away!

Keep away! keep away!
Too fond is her smile,
All her fantasies gay
Do but win to beguile,—
Keep away!

Keep away! keep away!
Too great is thy bliss,
And sadness alway
Blasts delight such as this,—
Keep away!

Keep away! keep away!
Too deep is the tide,

For thy will to delay
Or thy wisdom to guide,—
Keep away!

Keep away! keep away!
Too swift fly the hours,
No creature of clay
Finds a home among flowers,—
Keep away!

Keep away! keep away!
Such devotion of soul,
Will o'ershadow thy day
And mar self-control,—
Keep away!

Keep away! keep away!
Communion so rare,
Such perpetual May
Will end in despair,—
Keep away!

Keep away! keep away!
For the valley of time,
So celestial a ray
Is a boon too sublime,—
Keep away!

Keep away! keep away!
Look calmly above,
Nor here dare to pray
For so fearful a love,—
Keep away!

WIDOWS AND STRAIGHT-JACKETS.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN SANDERSON.

ROXALANA,—(I am about to relate a story of real life, and am not allowed to be more personal.)—is a young and handsome widow, my next door neighbour, to whom her husband, dying two years ago, left money enough to console any one, if widows could be consoled under such afflictions. The following story I have from her own lips, and may answer for its truth—but indeed, gentle reader, if you knew to what excess she is beautiful, you would be glad to have any thing from her lips, even if it were a lie. She is just completing her twentieth year, is gay, affable, affectionate and a little mischievous, with a mind already whetted by books and good society to a sharp intelligence and wit, and is altogether one of the most affectionate ladies of which Walnut Street, Philadelphia, has any example—and a bright star it is that can sparkle in so brilliant a firmament.

She has a cousin in New York, to whom she pays occasional visits, travelling often in boats and rail-cars unattended, which in these days of steam, when whole communities are passing and repassing continually, is, she believes, not transgressing the rules of feminine propriety. I assent to this opinion, and think that female modesty, when it chooses to venture into public, does not need a Prætorian cohort for its protection—that generally it is safe enough, unless the garrison be corrupt, under its natural defences—Widowhood, moreover, is a woman's only chance of a little self-government. Her parents first claim her obedience, then her brothers, who, not knowing how to conduct themselves, are of course very nice about the conduct of their sisters—to say nothing of the husbands. I am then for giving a widow the keys of the field, and leaving to the only independent condition of the sex its rightful immunities.

Autumn has retired with his sober sunsets, and winter has usurped the tyranny of Broadway, inviting the Loves and Pleasures to his glittering court. Sleighs course up and down with jingling bells, and school-boys, instinct with new life, fill up the streets and avenues—their loud whoop falling like the voice of one's childhood upon the ear; and over her tea the New York girl sits and gossips, or flutters to an air of Rosini, or graces the front boxes of the Park or National. Mixed up with these gaieties of the elegant Metropolis, you will please imagine our princess Roxalana,—upon the fashionable promenade, super-eminent, as Diana among the nymphs, the young hearts gathering about her, beating brisker, (Lady's charms

and a dowry, what hearts, alas, can resist?) the Peruvian gem sparkles upon her bosom, and from her broad shoulders the shawl hangs gracefully, that had fed upon the pastures of Cashmere; the ermine too has lent her its furs, and the bird of Paradise its plumes, and about her graceful limbs the multicaulis falls as if by instinct in becoming folds, varying its hues,

—————“as the orient beam
Varies the neck of Cytherea's doves,”

or under summons of the bell, slowly, she walks with prayer-book to Grace Church; or at the side of her gallant cavalier, and glowing in beauty, the runnie, chiming its tinkling music to the hoar frosts, scuds along the hills of the Weehawkin, and looks out, warm-wrapped in a buffalo, upon the wide and wintry desolation of snow, or in a blaze of chandeliers, daintily bedecked, flutters in the quadrille, languishes in the waltz, and round and round turns with the merry throng, till peeping through the eastern windows daylight sends her pale and trembling to her pillow.

How far widows in the brisk blood of youth may rightly indulge in such scenes of merriment, it is not my province to decide. I am but the historian, and confine myself to a simple record of facts, without commendation or blame. It is certain, indeed, that the domestic affections wither and die away, if not nourished by the social, which is one of nature's wise provisions for the promotion of a more diffusive benevolence, and the discouragement of the selfish passions. It is certain too that amusement is among the wants of human beings, and must be supplied like the rest, and moreover that occasional recreation of the mind does not lessen the love and devotion, which in our moments of serious reflection, we owe to those, living or dead, who have been dear to our affections. It is enough, I believe, that our pleasures be not immoral or excessive. In this I can answer for the lady Roxalana. For what virtue has she neglected? She attends her church duties, gives alms to the poor, reads the Lady's Book, is a very Clotho at spinning, and Arachné is no match for her at tapestry, or Pallas at embroidery.

But a much more delicate inquiry occurs here. Can a lady, whose first loves have been unhappy, love again; or ought she to throw herself into the opportunities of loving or of being loved a second time, and employ all the potent witcheries of her sex for this very purpose? I attest the queens of Caria and of Carthage, both of whom died of

their second loves. Thee, fair Artimesia, pattern of ancient fidelity! thou didst build upon thy deceased lord a tomb to be reckoned with the "Seven Wonders," and even drink, in the appetite of thy intemperate loving, his triturated bones—then fall in love with a young gentleman of Abydos;—and thee, hapless Dido,—Didst thou not, before the Mayor of Carthage, swear—Him whom thou lovedst on earth to adore in the grave, imprecating Jove's thunder as the penalty of violated faith, yet a very woman, though a queen, the next day, the very next day! On these two witnesses alone I give judgment for the plaintiff.

Why, moreover, does Time bind up the broken heart, and pour his healing balm upon the wound, but that he is commissioned for this office by the benevolence of nature. Love then again—*again!*—what care the buried ashes? And forget not above all that the torrent rolls onwards; that the leaden god intent upon his horoscopy notes down the truant years, the fluttering moments; that at Saturn's court there are no writs of bankruptcy, no stay-laws, no repudiation; and that the very worst sin chargeable to a lady's indiscretion is to pass forty. It is the voice of nature to be happy—it is duty, it is religion, your hearts being green to be happy. If it is a sin—alas, I know not why the tear trickles upon my cheek, and the inarticulate word dies upon my tongue—if a sin—dear ladies, I reprove it with a sigh!

Thus the winter has turned round, and the sweet sun again, peeping as a church through Brooklyn's roofs and spires, announces the spring, the buds are bursting their husks, and swallows repairing their nests under the eaves of the old Trinity. Every one leaves town in this season, instinctively, as the bees their hives. So Roxalana, satiated with the New York gaieties, meditated a return to her sober household gods of Walnut Street. Her very dwelling, which had stood desolate through the bleak winter, now with doors and windows open, seemed joyously to hail the approach of its beautiful mistress; the drooping spirits too of her longing friends revived. She is the queen-bee, and absent, the hive dies. The number of birds caught in her toils, with the loss of more or less of their feathers, I omit to notice; one only excepted, who is to accompany us through the residue of this story. Suffice it to say, none were wounded mortally. Indeed I have heard that no instance of a New-Yorker being so affected is upon record. Their mode, transmitted from their Amsterdamic progenitors, is to put themselves, as in other cases of inflammation, on spare diet; which I take to be the very best receipt in desperate cases. Our Philadelphia way of blowing the brains out leaves no chance of repentance.

The youth, above alluded to, now demands our attention. He was baptized Theodosius—I was going to add his cognomen, but relating, as I have already said, a story of real life, it would be a violation of the private sanctities to make a more

explicit revelation. Posterity (if we have any) will give me credit, with Mrs. Trollope, Boz, and other Englishmen, for this delicacy. I will only observe that his mother's name was Mrs. Goslin, of the well known house of Goslin & Co., Wall Street; that hunting about for a christian name for her only son, and son of her only husband, she stumbled on Theodosius, and since his years of discretion, he has been regularly printed Theodosius Goslin, Esq. in the New York directories.

Theodosius grew up under the care of his mother, having lost his father when an infant—the very way the lives of great men begin in Plutarch, greatly creditable to the mothers. He had Hyacinthine locks, eyes of a soft emerald blue, and the nurse (a very pretty girl) was stopped continually by gentlemen on the street and asked "whose dear little baby that was?—If it was hers?—and who was its papa?" and twenty such curious interrogatories. He weighed at his birth twenty pounds, no ounces and two pennyweights, troy. Achilles was rocked in a shield to make him warlike, which Mrs. Goslin having read, always wrapped Theodosius up in a lady's shawl to make him gallant. He could before the end of his twelfth month, conjugate a verb in the first person, indicative mood (*Dosy sleepy, Dosy hungry*—the verb being understood,) and began to wear trousers at two, an epoch afterwards commemorated in the family by an annual dinner. In his tender years great care was taken not to control him in any thing; this gave him great spirit.

"Mothe—r! nurse wont let me stick pins in her!"

"Ai'n't you ashamed of yourself, Helen—Poor little dear! let me kiss him."

He wanted — to spit in the frying-pan, the flitters sputtering so temptingly in the fat, and the cook, ill-natured thing! was turned away for hindering him.

In the intervals of repasts he was coaxed with seducing *petit patés* to eat, and at meal-times he always dined himself into a little spheroid. This developed early his bump of alimentiveness. One of the trying (crying?) situations in the life of American children is taking medicine.

He was now to be educated; and not to spoil his temper, or make a toil of what nature, according to Mrs. Goslin, designed to be a pleasure, she provided him with sets of A B C's in gingerbread, and so had him initiated into the elements—(or dilmets as his Irish mistress pronounced them) after the system of the renowned Martinus Scriblerus. For classical history he had a small "Rape of Helen" in molasses candy, and a little sugar "Siege of Troy," and for biblical, the "Plagues of Egypt," *en grenouilles à la*, and the "General Deluge," in a *soupe à la julienne*, and other like facilities. At eight years she thought it advisable to consult him on the choice of a profession.—"What will you be, deary?" she said, and to her delight he replied,

"A lawyer." Both Clay and Webster were lawyers, said Mrs. Goslin to herself, and she smiled in the presentiment of her son's future greatness. Then she stepped round to the principal of the Academy, to whom she had just sent a fat turkey, a Christmas present, to have his opinion.

"Capital talents, Madam—any thing, Law, Medicine, or Divinity. But, between you and me the true bent of his mind is the law. If there is any one thing which Theodosius is better at than another it is the law. He is so fond of argument." Mrs. Goslin felt like the mother of the Gracchi. He was very fond too of pies, but it never occurred to Mrs. Goslin that he should be brought up to pastry. Then the Master cited an example of his argumentative powers, which settled definitely the question of his legal abilities. "Sir," said he to me the other day, "reading 'Neal's Sketches,' here is the notice of a negro so black that charcoal made a white mark on him. Might not a thing then be so black—so very black, that this stove along side of it would be white? Therefore *black is white*." Then the mother cited another example at a much tenderer age. "Yes, indeed, he was always for having a reason for every thing. When he was quite a baby, at three years of age—not quite three—one day I happened to say, 'what makes the wind blow so?' 'Because him's so fat,' the little creature replied." So the law was his destination, not indeed as a profession, but just to fit him for Congress or the like; for thanks to fortune and the deceased Mr. Goslin, he had no need to meddle with business for a livelihood.

During Mr. Goslin's youth and approach towards manhood, events no doubt occurred of great moment, which for want of space I omit. I will merely state that Mr. Goslin grew up in the usual way, to be a fine-looking fellow; made his European tour; was admired at Tortoni's, Tattersal's, Crockford's; sported a cab and tiger on Regent Street; was seen of a summer afternoon at the side of my lady Blessington (Bless her!) in the parade upon Hyde Park; has made the usual capital out of her ladyship, and talks yet of countesses as familiarly as did ever Caligula of the moon; that he has attained quite an historical celebrity on Broadway—in plain English, that he is now one of the very bloods of Goshen.

A predominant beauty such as Roxalana was not likely to escape his observation. He saw her on the street, traced her home, met her at Mrs. Van Trotter's route, was introduced, and danced with her. Hearts to palpitate, tender glances to be interchanged, sighs to breathe, and be answered by other sighs from his belle—did not require of Mr. Goslin more than a single meeting. He was not a man to sail round and round about a lady, like a Captain Ross about the pole a whole winter only to kiss her little finger towards spring. He made at least three-fourths of the declaration in his first quadrille, which Rox for

want of time, perhaps inclination, took in good part; she even added a smile or two to her affability; or it was perhaps from kindness, as we see tender-hearted persons, having inadvertently wounded a weaker animal mortally, not to keep it lingering, kill it right off; or it was because women, as military men, feel in them a spirit of conquest, and she merely wished to add Mr. Goslin to the number of her victories. Of her motives history has been silent, and I imitate her prudent example. Whatever the cause, it is certain that it enhanced exceedingly the lady's charms, gave new fire and expression to her eyes, and she glowed in colours so loving and voluptuous, that the Cyprian queen herself would have been jealous this night of her beauty. She looked, as Mr. Goslin thought, with unutterable tenderness on him; a tear even would sometimes start in her eye. He was moved, he was sorry, he was delighted, he was—brief, he was in love. Not, indeed, on his own account so much as the lady's. He had great good nature mixed up in the composition of his mind, and he could not bear to see a young and beautiful creature (and rich!) fall a victim of unrequited affection. Every man has love in him, awaiting only the occasion of development—the spark remains forever in the flint, if not struck out by collision. Mr. Goslin had seen many women, foreign and native; he had seen that prettiest of the three graces Mrs. Norton, and Penelope Smith, from an Irish spinster, princess of Capua; and at home, Miss — and Miss — and two or three other irresistible misses, yet loved himself only. But his time was come.

A merry fellow at Plato's supper, (whom Mr. Goslin thought of but could not recollect the chapter or verse,) says, that man was first produced double—two faces—two sets of limbs—every thing double; that his mode of travelling was by a kind of rotatory movement like the spokes of an omnibus; that he grew proud of his duplicate powers, and insupportable, and Jupiter at last split him into man and woman, (with at the same time an admonition that if not less insolent he would split him again and send him hopping through the world on one leg;) and of this androgynous composition that one half went wandering about the world in perpetual desire of the other till they met in matrimony—a rare occurrence, for one man taking a half not appertaining to him, and another being thrown into the same necessity, all was in confusion. Mr. Goslin was persuaded that he had met his congenial other half in Roxalana.

The city lights were out; a glimmering lamp only seen here and there casting its faint gleams through a dark and solitary alley. The stars shone dimly, and Dian was not bigger than a lady's comb—reflecting her serene rays upon the black walls and slimy carpet of the streets. The graceful trees of the Park, as Mr. Goslin passed, assumed gradually a shape through the gray tints of morning, and seemed as if painted upon the

opal sky. A walk in mute meditation through Broadway at this hour is poetic—is almost sublime. The unquiet city was at rest—its rest yet a little troubled—at last still; as a cross child, that has cried itself asleep, sobs now and then, fetches a deep sigh, and finally is lulled. The fashionable circle was broken, and the last coach winding its way was heard rumbling in the distance, and a few other noises struggling, as it were, through the fogs, fell upon the ear, as indistinct sights upon the vision. A dim and deprecating knock was occasionally heard, of a truant son or hen-pecked husband, and here and there a cat that had spent the night out in dissipation, was scrambling in at the cellar windows.

Alas, nor silent stars, nor flickering hydrogen, nor trees of the Park, nor hen-pecked husband, nor scrambling cats entered the perturbed apprehension of Theodosius Goslin. Nor went he to his home straightway, but through the wide city, wandered about distractedly; as the wounded deer, which the unwary Indian has pierced, wanders the long day, nor lays itself down at night, in the vast forests of the Oregon, inconsolably, and the deadly arrow cleaves to its side. At length however, he reached his domicile, and putting his whiskers *en papillote*, and shutting out the obtrusive sun with his window curtains, crept into bed.

But the widow trotted in his brain incontinently, and defeated all his efforts at sleeping. He turned now on this side, now on that, and now thought of distant waterfalls, of waving pines, of the monotonous rain-drop, that falls, drop! drop! from the dripping eaves, and finally of a flock of sheep jumping one after another over a rail-fence—all to no purpose—till the queen of love in pity despatched Somnus from his Cimmerian cave, who fluttering to Mr. Goslin's chamber, stood over his pillow, and steeping his temples in poppies and juice of the dandelion, sealed up his eyes in a quiet and balmy sleep.

Roxalana too in another part of the city, bedewed in Lethean slumbers, reposed quietly, and she wore a little blue night-cap with a white fringe. Gracious spirits! who watch upon sleeping widows, preserve, I entreat you, the sweet Roxalana; hover over her to inspire her kind and genial dreams, and drive far from her couch the malign influences which under shape of nightmares and other phantasms, disturb mortal senses, that she may rise up refreshed and invigorated for the great events of to-morrow—events which come now to be narrated. Happy Livy and Herodotus! whose pretty accomplishment of joke-ages have so recommended your narratives to the world. Why, Nature, who has bestowed sweet and ravishing discourse upon so many, has she made me mute and ineloquent, and unable to transmute into others' bosoms what so charms my own!

At eleven o'clock, precisely, *ante meridiem*, Mr. Goslin was seen to stir one leg. I know not why it is, but persons intent on a journey

awake as if instinctively just at the premeditated hour. The vision of travelling next day, and the necessity of rising at eleven, and setting out at two, of being in the same boat and car with Roxalana, of seeing her, hearing her, and being admired by her, had slept quietly in a secret cabin of his brain for the six previous hours. It was Mr. Goslin's morning sleep, which by the kindness of nature, creeps so agreeably upon the human senses. A small gallipot of essences, which stood on the chimney, bright in the rays of Phœbus that poured through the lattice, (nor was it a dream, for Mr. Goslin saw it with his open eyes, and heard its voice distinctly with his own ears)—by degrees seemed to move and become animated; at length it stretched out its little arms and poured out these words;—"Theodosius! canst thou sleep in this emergency?—Roxalana goes at two. Presently you will see the steam-boat alive with travellers and trunks and band-boxes, as a flowery field of Wyoming with bees, or a sugar-house with ants, and presently the boat bell dinning the hour with its noisy tintinabulations. Awake! arise!" . . . And the vision vanished into thin air.

In New York a patch of withered sod as large as Dido would have covered with a bull's hide is called "*The Park*." (It insists on the definite article.) Two or three scraggy elms stand drooping their shrivelled branches imploringly, upon which labels are posted up with admonishments not to injure the shrubbery. Strangers arriving here about the end of August, when the caterpillars (ignorant of the Park laws) have consumed the last leaf, take this prohibition to be ironical, and the name itself facetious. They are mistaken; the New Yorkers do ingenuously believe they have done wonders in thus sacrificing two acres of the western continent to the public pleasures; which might have been let out on a ground-rent—perhaps a hundred dollars a foot.

The dwellings overlooking this Prado of the *New Yorquois*—this Tuilleries of the Astor House, are costly and fashionable, and that in which sleeps Mr. Goslin is of an elegance the most *recherché*. His sleeping apartment especially, is draped with most exquisite grace, and enlivened by appropriate pictures. Venus and her doves are looking down from the ceiling,—by an artist expressly from Italy; the screen has a Cupid and arrows, emblematic of kindling a fire. His bed is of the *or-moulu* and couch of the eider down, and the curtains, to match a ruddy complexion, are of gray, and the other furniture of a suitable hue; luxurious ottomans are set in front of broad mirrors, upon which a gentleman may lie in relief, and brought out on all his points. In a word it would be difficult to find any thing in the New World, altogether so magnificent as the bed chamber of Mr. Goslin—which will mitigate somewhat the indelicacy of admitting the fair readers of the *Lady's Book* to "assist" at this gentleman's *levée*.

At twelve Mr. Goslin disclosed his eyes with sundry blinkings, and stared upon the heaven of his bed curtains, and reflecting awhile sorrowfully upon the horrible unfashionable hours of steam engines, his lids gradually closed again for half an hour, when the thought of the boat retwitted him by the ear. Oh leave me, importunate queen of love, he muttered in a half whisper. Why comest thou to tempt me from my dear, soothing, fascinating slumbers. But the twitches were only the more frequent, and at half past twelve precisely, Mr. Goslin was seen to put out one leg, which in the usual manner hung dangling towards the floor, and after a reasonable time the other, and finally with a resolute struggle to set himself upon the bed-side. Having reposed awhile in this sedentary posture, and stretched and yawned twice or thrice, he was seen, after observing the clock, to walk in a hurried manner across the floor and seizing the bell-string, to ring violently; when a valet, as Aladdin's genius by the rubbing of the enchanted lamp, was before him. And now a consultation followed upon the morning dress.

"—been thinking, Tom,—(Yaw-e-yaw!) thinking—I should look—(yaw-w-w) best this morning in a redingotte of—(yaw!) blue."

"And white pants, your honour, contrasted with a black vest and coloured cravat."

(Opens the curtains,) "Why fellow, the weather is hazy."

"True,—did not observe. You must wear your polonaise, invisible, with black trowsers and white satin vest."

(The toilet in preparation.) In the mean time you are to imagine Mr. Goslin at his table, in a magnificent *robe de chambre*, damask, in green emerald ground. He has looked over his invitations for the day; he has written a *billet doux*, and enfolded it in a cover scented and embroidered, and reflects—in doubt whether he shall direct to Miss Tripp! Miss Bunnt! Miss Bonnell! or—at length he decides, takes his pen and writes—"To Miss Julia Cynlagea,"—an affair settled. Then opens, and reperuses. "Just arrived—Saratoga—in town—dying to see you—I fly, dearest, on the wings of love—inform me where you live—Miss Julia, &c. Present."

(The toilet is now in process)—"That left eyebrow a little darker—that moustache on the left—It must curl a *leetle* upwards, the other as much downwards—Don't conceive why widows are more dangerous than maids—those gloves—let me examine them—they are not calm enough for a hazy day—a little more subdued—Miss Jourdan—poor Sall!—pity her—do indeed but—can't marry them all!—What snowy tints; they are Mrs. Frederick's doings; only look at them! is innocence whiter? and the corsets are Baudry's, *Rue Richelieu*, sign of "the Guardian Angel." What adaptation to the human shapes! Not a ripple.

"Many a man's skin don't fit half so nicely."

Stultz in coats is supereminent—never have the air of being quite new—the reason, I think, is that a maid's sense of propriety keeps persons at a distance, while a widow admits one to the more immediate vicinity of her acquaintance—Mr. Bulwer thinks more mischief is in the vest. Perhaps true, it contains the heart, as he observes, and has often the heart's dearest affections interwoven in its embroidery. Anderson had a proper sense of trowsers—these are his *façon*. "An artist," said he to Lord D.—a gentleman of unusual delicacy, who apologized for never paying his bills—"who has a right sense of his profession is above mercenary and temporary views of recompense. His recompense is fame—the name that lives after him. You understand? Yes, that is to say, he makes breeches for posterity. It brings custom to the shop, Tom, so that to make gentlemen's trowsers is its own recompense. Do you see?"

"To be sure. The breeches of the nobility, you mean, are always paid for by the commons."

The boots next were commented on, from Bentley's, and the hat from Jupp's. The little finger now sparkled with the diamond, the gold snuff-box reposed upon the palm of the hand, and in full panoply Mr. Goslin stood at the glass—a long time stood in *uno obtutu*. A bright smile at length lighted up his handsome countenance. He was thinking of the happy woman who would one day be Mrs. Goslin.

Tom had been valet to the "*fastest*" gentlemen of London—to the elegant Mr. McKesly, Beau Renolds, so chaste in colours, and Lord Baltimore, so clever both in dress and equipage, and to that Proteus of the toilet, the exquisite Count d'Orsay. He had dressed Mr. Sutton, Mr. Jones, Mr. Finsbury, so exact in the harmonies, Lord Cunningham, ditto, and Mr. Clagget, tasty in dress as inimitable in horses; and finally my Lord Jersey, who has given his name to the sportsman's spurs and hat, and the Duke of Leeds, close upon his heels, and the Duke of Dorsett, Col. Lea, and Sir Charles Knightly; and rich with this English experience, which he exerted to the uttermost on this occasion, he turned out Mr. Goslin, as a Jupiter from the hands of Phidias, to the admiration of Broadway. Pity, the style was somewhat above what our inelegant cisatlantics can yet appreciate or conceive.

The widow's fondness and intended journey, were whispered by Goslin's friends, and the envied slander ran about town, slander with her million of mouths, timid at first, impudent at last, grovelling in the mire, and revelling in the skies, perching at midday upon the church spire, told, "that Roxalana, her other wooers slighted and jilted, loved at first sight Theodosius, and careless of her lady reputation, had chosen him, a stranger, partner of her journey to-morrow." Then on pernicious wings, fluttering to Rox's chamber, whispered in her ear the naughty calumny, and went out to tea at Mrs. Goslin's, in the very act of tak-

ing leave of her pet, her arms about his neck. "Wont be long, Dossy, wull 'out'" and then her utterance choked up by her feelings—she could say no more.

"Come, don't be a fool, mother; I'll come back in twenty-four hours."

"Wouldn't—mind it, if I hadn't—hadn't—hadn't had—such a dream! A wicked woman, I dreamed, set—set—set her trap!—trap!—trap!"

"Oh! never mind women's traps, mother; you'll rumple my bosom. I shall have to dress over again. Good bye," and he tore himself away from the dolorous Mrs. Goslin.

The reader's attention is now requested to the gentleman just opposite, upon the sunny side of Broadway, I mean the tall, well made, and elegant person, right foot in advance, the left reposing gracefully in the rear, and kissing his fingers to the lady descending from her coach—as one of those Mercuries that, standing by the chimneys of great houses, at utmost stretch from the forefinger to the great toe, hold out a candle. (Great sensation!) Who can he be?

"From the South, I believe, sir,—one of the distinguished families *there*. A Carolinian—no, a Virginian."

"No, of Kentucky—heard of him. A fellow of spirit too, they say—one of the best shots of the country."

"Mistaken—he resides in one of those splendid houses of the Girard Row, Philadelphia."

"All three in error, gentlemen—a New-Yorker, for a certainty—has half a million in the stocks, and sports the best equipage in Broadway. He is son of old Timothy Goslin, the rich Wall Street broker."

Female curiosity, too, stood tiptoe. "Did you ever!" exclaimed Miss — to another Miss of the *haut ton*, tying her shoe, (the New-Yorkers excel in little feet) "Do you know, Julia, I am charmed with this shoe-string? (Never saw any one so handsome!) Isn't it lovely? In short, the whole shoe is heavenly!" They vanish like a mist.

Vraiment! jolies demoiselles—lestes et pimpantes—j'en suis enchanté. Pursues them with his glass—his gold snuff-box gracefully balanced between the white gloved thumb and finger—and then proceeds onwards, with servant, baggage and barouche, moving slowly at the wayside. Prefers to walk—a gentleman's figure is lost in a coach. And now, fronting the printshop, wonders at the mimic world. "Ascot Races," a "Butterfly," "St. Peter's," "Elesler refusing the gravitation," and "Joe Smith." The attitude a study for a sculptor—chin protruded, and feet eminently gracefully; a pickpocket in the meanwhile removing his handkerchief. And now by the fashionable shop, upright, admires—not the cashmeres so artistically arranged, and doubled in mirrors, and silks so rich they stand alone—but the figure that in the distance forms the elegant

counterpart of oneself. Hush! Mr. Goslin is going to speak.

"Why she goes to-day home, that's all, and I accompany her."

"Peru to sixpence!"

"Between you and me—Van—"

"Not a word of it. Do I believe—why, she is a perfect Amazon, with no more conscience at killing a lover, than her chambermaid a flea. I came into her room only two days ago, she was at her embroidery, and a young gentleman sat near, flushed in the face, and twirling his hat on his knee, looking confused. I made a movement to retire. 'Oh, come in,' said she, 'it's only a declaration.'"

"Hah! hah! hah!"

"And this inexorable woman, all at once falls in love with you."

"Hah! hah! hah! I like inexorable women."

"Goslin! it's a gasconading world. Take care, I warn you. She has the bump of destructiveness horribly large."

"I'll show you her note, if you are incredulous—of this morning—perhaps you will believe. No—yes—no—I've left it."

"After all is it quite fair to expose the lady's weakness for you?"

"Did not every body see it—if she herself exposed it?"

"Well, well—if you are to buy her with a long stay in Philadelphia, welcome—at this season, too. Not I, for all the widows, beginning at the Ephesian dame. You have made your will, I hope, and settled up your affairs."

"Hah! hah! hah! To be a good looking fellow, you see, has its disadvantages." Mr. Goslin being outrider, the fashion now, mounts his barouche.

Fiz-s-s-s—the steamboat pours its reeking smoke, and dims the town. *Ding-dong! ding-dong!* Hacks, cabs, wheelbarrows, porters, black and white, idlers, travellers, jostling each other, and hurrying luggage in at the last moment, tongues are set loose, the din of Babel. "*Spirit of the Times*!" "*Horrible Murder!*"—the steam is off, the paddles move. A rosy youth wipes away a tear, and imprints the parting kiss upon his sweetheart's lips, long lingering. "Hallo, what are you about there," roars the captain, "hawl in them ropes." The boat is off; a fat man is running down the hill, holding up his red umbrella. "Stop! stop!" and the little wharfrat, his thumb on his nose, "*No!*"

And now, like a great goose that flaps its wings and tries to rise above the surface, the Arena paddles her way through the lubberly Hudson, covered with craft of all sorts, ten thousand at a look; frigates, barges, scullers, skiffs, the grave East-India-man, moving with solemn gravity towards the dock; the gilded wherry scudding along, beautiful as Cleopatra's, the air love-sick with clustered ladies and their cavaliers; and a pitchy cloud of coal boats, with swarms of smutty coal heavers, which float with the tide, knocking against each

other, or warp inwards with the west wind; and steamers at the wharf-side, that lie fizzing or puffing, and blustering, set out on their voyages—"British Queens," "Great Westerns," "Britannias"—and streak the heavens with their smoke, whilst a whole fleet, with streaming masts, crowd around—as the multitude around some eminent person, Boz or Fanny Elssler—and caress the great city.

Clouds, fleecy and dark, were scattered on the firmament thinly, and presented these beautiful objects to the senses, now overcast with shade, now glimmering in tremulous light, or blazing in the sun, or glittering in the molten silver of its rays:—Long Island and its sumptuous villas, thriving plantations, fields ploughed and vivid green, hedges and farm-houses peeping through the trees, with the smoke circling over their summits, and the sweet romantic banks of the Hudson, and its waters losing themselves in the distance.

Mr. Goslin stood leaning gracefully over the balustrade and eyed the receding city, now become low and squat, and looking like a goose's nest; the pigmy multitudes upon the wharves, domes, pinnacles, and overtopping spires, all melted away, all but the Astor House, and like dim shadows flitted indistinctly; and were shrouded at last from Mr. Goslin's vision—so often at the theatre Mr. Goslin had watched the scene close upon Grisi, till her plumed cap, and glittering crown, and love-making eyes, and the embroidered tail of her queenly robe and sandalled feet, were hidden by the envious curtain, and the last note of her divine voice had melted in the harmony above. And now Mr. Goslin looked about for Roxalana.

She sat pensive at a book. She had already seen her hero, had heard of his boasts, and guessed at his purpose. She seemed to read, but meditated. Quick he was at her side. She received, with a sweet affability, his salute, and through the day wore an air of affectionate kindness that won him wholly to her favour, and brought out his most officious attentions. Did her handkerchief fall? it was spread upon her lap; was her shoe loose? it was tied with the prettiest complement to her darling little foot; did she want a pin? his pincushion was at her service. And round and round the steam-wheel whirled, and up and down the deck promenaded the jeyous pair, sociable and familiar, as the first honey-moon were in the glass. *Tinkle! tinkle!* went the bell, and the easy, confiding, fascinating Rox hung herself to the arm of the triumphant Theodosius, who, seated by her at the festive board, selected her dishes. She eat a little bit of fresh herring *a la braisé*, after a little soup *ana lentils*, with a little burgundy; then a *cotelette en papillote*; a little plate of *beuf a la Psyché*, with the side dishes, and a little slice of *dinde aux truffes de Perigord*, and finished off with game and dessert. Every thing he praised, she praised, every thing he offered her was discreetest, best.

"How like you that sauce, madam?"

"Delicious!"

"Strange, how our tastes concur."

"I shall have a better opinion of my judgment in sauces." (They touch glasses.)

"Dear soul!" said Mr. Goslin to himself, "how she loves me." Indeed, so it seemed. In her requests the most simple,—if she but said, "give me a bit of that *omelette soufflée*," it was instinct with the tender passion, and when Mr. Goslin laboured to dislocate the tough wing of a goose, Roxalana would labour too. It was like the vivacity of the child, whose face, gesture, tone, words, every thing expresses the transient emotions of feeling with which the bosom is possessed.

By such enchantments she coiled herself about the heart and fascinated the senses of the unwary youth, who to his ruin rushed headlong—

"As hurls the moth her wing
Against the light wherein she dies."

The Jersey sands were left at the heels of the car at the rate of two minutes a mile, but with no event worthy of memory, except the usual ones of horses getting into fits by the way-side, cows staring, then running away, and the very trees seeming to scamper off in fright at the engine, that moved on puffing and suffocating like a monster in a passion, or blustering like a bully through the forest. Alas for the poetry of travelling! Our refinements of art, are they to be bought every one at the expense of romantic beauty? We have for the coach and noble steeds, with winding path through the wood, a straight-onward, monotonous railroad; a lubberly steamboat for the graceful schooner with canvas spread to the winds, and curtsying her way among the waves; a ploughed field, a heath, or congregation of stumps for the virgin forest; noisy stocking-looms for the matronly knitters, and for burring wheels and distaff, greasy and rattling spinning-jennies; and, what for the graceful bow and quiver?—that straight unmeaning thing—a gun. The archer, too, so delightful even in a picture—alas, no archers now

—"but the little rogue—that lies
Concealed in Roxalana's eyes."

I travelled this same road when there were events. The jostling against one's neighbour was an event, a wondering what the lady just opposite was thinking about one was an event; and there were bobbing of heads together in a sleep, leanings up to this side, and that side, besides stallings and upsettings, and smotherings with trunks and petticoats, and taking refuges in lone and bedless cottages for the night—all these were events. There was something, too, in the sudden bobbing up and down on a stony or corderoy road that inspired merriment—which always set the little girls a-giggling; they seemed to be jumping the rope. We used to stand still also, at times, to

enjoy a delicious prospect, and sometimes we entered a lone village in the evening twilight, perhaps of the melancholy Indian summer, winding round a hill, when the steeple of the village meeting-house and low dwellings, and the sheep and cows with tinkling bells, and an old woman gathering withered sticks at the way-side, a poor donkey tied to an empty trough, "while earthward hangs its moveless head;" little pigs, too, which had bitten one another's tails off, and drivers' boys that looked like fiddle-cases, and fifty other rural images, grew upon the vision gradually—furnishing pleasurable variety to the traveller, and to English and German tourists matter for books—all now reduced to a simple sense of locomotion and the bursting of a boiler!

Roxalana and her gallant sat speechless at the side of each other, the wind fanning its sweet breath gently in their faces. But they spoke, nevertheless. It was one of those occasions in which words spoil conversation. Looks are love's short-hand, love's cypher, love's stenography, (no laconism can equal them,) love's cyptigraphy, love's dictionary. But suddenly a storm, frowning like an angry demon over-head, poured down a deluge of rain with muttering thunder. Mothers pressed their babies closer to their bosoms, and Roxalana sat up closer to Theodosius. He conceived a noble courage from the sense of protection, and to show his security, as persons not afraid of ghosts in a graveyard, whistled, and sometimes hummed softly little scraps of Latin about—*pone me pigris* and *salagen amabo*.

"Good heavens!" everybody suddenly exclaimed. It was a clap so loud it silenced "the Vesuvius," and Mr. Goslin, in a convulsion, sent Rox head to head bang against a Frenchman. "Mercy!" she cried—*Merçi*, the Frenchman interpreting it, restored her with a smile, and had a good opinion of her wit. Mr. Goslin recovered, too, and wiping the dust from his coat, renewed his assiduities, and the lady's affectionate words soon restored him to his wonted courage. He remembered that the famous Albuquerque, on a similar emergence, placing an infant on his shoulder, stood out serene amidst the lightnings. As the Portuguese hero was secure in the innocence of the child, so felt our hero as he looked upon the innocent face of the fair Rox, and so he clung to her during the rest of the storm, as a kind of life-preserver; he seemed to owe her his safety, and loved her the more. It was an unusual storm, so black and thick that tobacco-juice—blacker somewhat than Erebus—was mistaken by foreign travellers for the "ripping up of feather beds."*

Our travellers now are grazing along the broad and squat Pennsylvania. The storm is hushed; its last mutterings have rolled along the flinty ribs of the Lehigh, and expired in the distant valley of the Lackawanna! The gorgeous rainbow had spanned the two Jerseys and faded into air;

the vernal sun has returned more bright and joyous from its temporary obscurity, and brought into vision a hundred pretty rural images. Bristol boys playing by the margin of the stream, and making little stones skim along its smooth surface—a boat covered by ladies and their gallants, passing by—see how the oars dip simultaneous, bend under the vigorous arm, struggle with elastic spring, then stand, dripping together, dip again, leaving far behind a rough path, and like a lighting bird, with wings outstretched, it approaches the shore. Mr. Biddle's Andalusia, too, heaves to view its grapery and luxurious gardens, where Flora has unbuttoned her prettiest buds, her daisies, honeysuckles, jessamine, heartsease, and coy strawberry, that hides its blushes underneath the leaf. A grave old robin is sitting on a bough, and a hundred birds are playing about in their pea-green jackets, some a little drunk with the too much spices, and a white goose is standing on the bank—another goose underneath the stream, its own antipodes.

There are two kinds of historians—one confining itself to a simple narrative of facts, another assigning causes and effects, and tracing motives of human action, and digressing sometimes from the direct path to enjoy the shade and gather flowers by the way-side. I belong to the latter class. Now I return.

"Mr. Goslin," said Rox, in the sweetest voice, (for her voice was of such musical sweetness that the listener would often sit for hours, not heeding what she said, bewildered with its harmony,) "do you see that goose? It was a goose that saved the capital when the Gallic knife was at its throat. And the shadow too, you see, is prettier than the goose. It is thus the mind reflects the images of things, and gives them back improved, as in this flattering mirror. Why don't you talk, Mr. Goslin! You see the night is coming on, and there is Philadelphia spread out before you. I was born there, and you don't admire it; you don't admire any thing."

Theodosius was pensive. I have told you he was a good-hearted man, having rather a large bump of conscientiousness. He saw the lady's fondness for him—he felt in his heart she was excusable. But—but—to leave Miss Jewbilly, and Miss Singo, and Miss Gabbul, and all the rest, to marry this lady only, unless her fortune and rank, scarce to be hoped for, were equal to his own, gave him pause. No, he could not think of it—therefore he was pensive.

Rox had the power, when she took it into her head, of being very miserable. She had an easy expansion of the lachrymal glands; so she set a tear struggling into both her pretty eyes, which, trying to hide, she discovered. Theodosius was moved, and, grasping her hand abruptly, he kissed it. A little curl came upon her nether lip, but suddenly was smooth again. Who has not seen a lady but in her dainty aspect, knows little of her charms, as little as of her temper. A woman in

* See Notes for Circulation.

tears doubles her beauty; she must be seen in her anger, her love, delight, sorrow, and the various affections to which the human countenance is subject, and by which it is irradiated. He had seen her in her ordinary conditions, never so enchanting as now. Venus herself, to accomplish his ruin, seemed to have kindled divine honours in her eyes, and to have breathed upon her whole frame the purple light of youth and beauty. Damages are given for the deceptions practised upon woman, but is there no indemnity for the more potent seductions of the other sex? no retributive justice against those who delude thus our unwary heads of their reason, thus cheat our unsuspecting hearts of their affections? From this moment Mr. Goslin was her victim. His scruples were overcome entirely. He looked and looked upon her till his heart struggling, and almost afraid of its own voice, burst into a fervid protestation—"Dear Rox! I swear!"

She affected inattention. "That house, sir;—that palace that looks so lordly forth? why that's the madhouse! They keep mad folks in it. It is very silly too. Why don't they turn them out with the rest? You see the building is immense—the work itself of a city. One to put the sane people in would not be half so large."

By degrees the emotions subsided, and conversation again assumed the subdued and fashionable tone. They said little nothings, and told each other what both knew already: and then they surveyed from afar the low-lying city, its warehouses pushing one another, for lack of room, into the river—its colossal banks, and prisons, and fifty religions lifting up their spires, and the Girard College, standing nobly upon its acropolis, and the dimpled hills beyond, so sociably lying by the side of each other, till day shut its eyes, and the night spread its broad brim upon the city of Penn.

The stars soon were lighted up, and the atmosphere being purified by the storm, they seemed as if set in the clear marble of the sky, and the dainty moon shone brightly, and our lovers, seated on the verge of the deck, looked out upon the blue waters silvered by its beams.

Among the romantic incidents of a traveller's itinerary, is the coming on of a still evening at sea, or upon wide bays and rivers. There is a faint, soft whispering of winds, and plaintive murmur of waters meeting and mingling, and ladies' tongues in the night. Nor is the modulation of rougher noises, of chattering engines, or whirl and flutter of steam-wheels, with the titillating movement, without its expression; and there is now and then the splash of an oar, and confused din of broken voices softened in the distance—all which, in the phantoms of night, swell the heart with a mystic and sentimental inspiration.

Such scenes invite to silence till the bosom overflows and seeks relief in words—words often but the shadows of dreamy, indistinct perceptions.

"When we are moonbeams, Mr. Goslin," said Roxalana, "we will play upon the waters thus;

or we will dive into the abysses and sport with the sea-spirits in their crystal grottoes; or, should we become little rays of sun, why then we will gild the clouds, and sleep upon their soft bosoms, or travelling together through this bright galaxy, listen to the harmony of its infinite orbs, not one of which, Mr. Goslin,

'But in its motion like an angel sings,
Still quiv'ring to the young-eyed cherubim.'

What delight will it not be, escaping from the dull earth, to hold intercourse with beings of pure mind—to converse, as they say the mesmeric sleepers do, in thought only, without the intervention of imperfect words to cloy the imagination, and chill the brightness of its inspirations." Rox's thoughts here grew too big for the inexpressive tongue, and she was mute, and Mr. Goslin put his forefinger on his bump of ideality.

"Why did I not know you but a month ago," she continued, "when sitting here alone, I looked out upon our late celestial visitor, the comet? You would have told me, why comets have tails, some a hundred million of miles in length, some, like great Bashaws, three or four tails, and some no tails at all; and what they are made of, for alas, weak and ignorant woman that I am, I don't know. *Coma* means *hair*, don't it, Mr. Goslin? and so you see, that curry-comb and comet, with such unequal dignities in worldly esteem, have the same etymological descent.

"Poor lost Ariadne! that is she in the low north, and at her side Mercury's sweet mother, *Merope*, the only one of the seven who married a mortal; and that *Syra*, with her jewels on her toes, the one of ruby, as you see, and the other of milder emerald; that with languid and voluptuous light upon the horizon, I believe 'tis *Venus*, and that *Andromeda*. She who kindles her dim ineffectual lamp, so black and glaring, with a light of ebony—'tis *Berenice's* streaming hair; and those the *Hyads*—they are crying stars; poor things! they seem to take a sympathy in human affairs." Here Rox's voice became inarticulate, and she cried a little too.

Mr. Goslin, though he did not know *Venus* from the Great Bear, was delighted with the fair astronomer, and still listened for the accents of her voice, after she had ceased to speak, and sat in deep reverie—a kind of moony influence, light without heat, which bewildered his senses. He had an indistinct vision of some weeping *Hyad*, some *Berenice*, in glossy ringlets in Broadway, or Beecher street, inconsolable for his absence; or he wandered (for the mind knows no distances) into *St. James's*, to the *Queen's*, and looked up agaze upon that great milky way which encircles the *Opera* of a court night, till *Elsler's* twinkling feet superseded the stars, and *Grisi* got between him and the spheres. Then, waking up together, the conversation, as if without interruption, again went on.

And *Theodosius* was more and more charmed

—charmed with the music of her voice, though he comprehended nothing of its meanings, and summoning the entire force of his resolutions, concluded, not indeed without some sympathy for the disappointment of others, and much reluctance at becoming so soon a victim of matrimony, that if the lady's fortune bore any proportion to her sense and beauty, he would absolutely marry her—this time there was fate in his determinations, and in the heat of his resolve, seizing her hand, with a soft, affectionate squeeze, pressed it to his bosom. "Dear Roxalana," he said timidly, "if to love thee be a sin, (she almost relented, so sincere he seemed in his declaration.) then am I the most offending soul!" Bang! the boat went against the wharf, upsetting the speech, the speaker, and the audience.

Rox on the instant was on foot, and aiding Mr. Goslin to rise, hoped he was not hurt.

And now the happy couple were soon seated by each other in a coach, and pursuing their way through a blaze of gas-lights for miles through the city; through this street, through that, now west, now south, drew up in front of a magnificent mansion, and passing through a garden, with statuary in front, entered the saloon.

"You will now use this mansion as your own," Mr. Goslin. And, indeed, whoever uses the gifts of fortune, is, for the time being, the rightful owner. Nothing is ours absolutely. So for to-night, dear sir, you will be owner, as much as I myself am owner. I will be absent for a while, just to change this incommodious dress, and while absent—let me hope—I shall be with you still. Adieu, dear Theodosius." Her tongue faltered in uttering these last words, scarce knowing whether they were sincere or ironical, and she vanished.

"This is indeed a conquest—an empire. It is a palace fit for a prince. Oh, I'll marry her. My mind is made up. She must be a lady of great respectability. Yet I took no pains to win her affection. This happens only to me. My resolution is fixed. Henceforth I abjure them all, all, and to thee, sweet Roxalana; to thee alone, I dedicate my life." And now Mr. Goslin walked about, settled his looks in the glass, then sat by the window, his chin upon his hand, in an idyllic attitude, looking out upon the night.

"When I am lord of the domain, a graceful and airy fence shall take place of this haggard wall. For the sable figure in the centre, a *jet d'eau*, or image of the snowy Parian marble—perhaps a Saturn, with grave aspect, holding out a dial—graceful tulips, kiosks, summer houses—and I'll enliven them with Æolian harps, and in the distant angle, hidden in the trees, I'll build a cottage where shall be a column of smoke rising up slowly among the branches, and bringing to the mind the fancy

'Of some hermit's cell, where by the fire
The hermit sits alone.'

How softly the moon reposes upon the shrub-

bery! and how still is every thing around! not a footstep heard upon these silent walks!" He continued to look out till his fancy grew wild and full of conceits. He seemed to see the tiny elves that through the day sleep in rose-buds playing hide and seek among the shrubs, and now and then flitting by, a ghost wrapped in a moon-light shawl. There came softly through the doubtful light a gray cat on velvet steps, and would stand motionless awhile, as of marble, in the penumbra of a rose-tree, then with stealthy, noiseless foot move onwards a few paces and again stand still, as if communing with some devilish spirits of the night. A little fairy too came and walked with printless foot upon the cowslips and buttercups, and a bird now and then would talk a little in its sleep.

(A scream!)—"Bless me, what's that! (another!) Angels and ministers!—I hope nothing has happened to the lady. I'll ring"—(enter keeper)—"Is any thing the matter with the lady?"—"With the what?"—"With the lady?"—"Oh, yes, we understand—the lady. She'll be here presently." (Exit.)

"Understand!—the lady!—what means the fellow?—But she will explain all presently—(sits down again)—A dismal light this"—(The door ajar opens softly and a spectral figure enters in a black suit glazed and torn, his right finger in the air, in his left hand a manuscript.)

"If a man has his wits in a community of madmen, they thrust him into bedlam. Death and torment! and why do I bear it?—Hush!—'tis only fancy. They sleep! it is the keeper's room—And now to the work—There is no quailing now"—(He rushes on Mr. Goslin and stabs him with the manuscript—a scuffle ensues, and shouts follow—enter keepers, exit maniac.)

Mr. Goslin stood for a while motionless, arms pendant, knees introverted, and speechless. A ray of light now crossed his brain, and his spirits rallied. His eye kindled, his bosom swelled, and at length the tempest burst. The chair he had held for a defence against the mad poet, he grasped again and smashed into small pieces upon the hearth. Then attempting to escape brought on a struggle, in which he was stunned with a blow and overcome. After a reasonable time recovering, he found himself straight-waistcoated and seated in his cell upon a straw cot. Preparatory to blistering, the physician had caused him to be shorn of his mustaches, whiskers, and the waving locks of both temples—which seeing, like Samson's, his courage left him altogether, and pressing his dishonoured face within his two hands, he wept aloud.

During the first part of the night his fits of anger were frequent, succeeded always by relapses into tears and resignation. Then he walked about his little room killing one by one the creeping moments, for they seemed to crawl upon his back, till past midnight, when worn out by his emotions he stretched himself upon his straw.

The air was chilly, and rain fell dropping from the eaves, or was blown rashly against the glass; winds raved, shutters banged; and within, an occasional footfall was heard through the long and solitary corridors with the rattling of keys, and a door rolling back upon its gritting hinges, and now and then the scream of a maniac fell like the cold north upon his heart. "Heavens above! am I then to die," he exclaimed, "in the forlorn solitude of this hideous bedlam," and pressing his face upon his pillow wept again. Then tried to sleep. But, alas, poor Goslin! not all the drowsy syrups of the Dispensatory can medicinate thy troubled spirit to its rest this night! The roaming Indian is happy who lays him down at eve in the comfortless wilderness by the forest tree: toads lurked in the corners of his cell, poor Goslin; adders hissed, and the rattlesnake folding his crackling scales, rattled his deadly larum!

But it was not until morning that he felt all the horror of his condition. Dreadful as was the night, he could have wished darkness to linger yet awhile upon the earth. One has a deeper sense of disgrace, next morning, and a mean look. He looked out, caught the light and shrunk instinctively; then withdrew his head under the

blankets, and gathering himself into a circle, as the wounded glow-worm, his clenched fists upon his aching brow, he wept inconsolably, and lay sobbing till the entrance of the doctor, and keepers, and apothecaries, barbers, leechers, and vesicatory preparations roused him up and gave a reaction to his stupefied senses. He remonstrated, he begged, he supplicated, he implored—But his prayer was listened to as is the voice of the seamew in the ravings of the storm. Force became necessary, and he was seized. A note from Roxalana arrived just in time with the proper explanations—hoping her prisoner had been treated kindly during the night, with the request that he be set forthwith at liberty.

The mortification he endured at his return home for the loss of his honour and mustaches, I leave to the imagination of my readers. I will only remark that time, bear's grease and patience have restored them entirely; that he is again upon Broadway in curls radiant as Hyperion's, and corsets "patented by the king." I will add, too, that the beauteous Roxalana almost shed a tear or two on learning how much the severity of his punishment had exceeded her intentions, and her sense of his transgressions.

THE COVENANTERS' PRAYER BEFORE BATTLE.

BY W. H. CARPENTER.

Nor in a temple made with hands we worship thee, oh God!

But in this drear and lonely place, of heather and of sod.
Not beneath groined and fretted roof, where meek devotion's eye

Is lured from heaven, by crimson gauds and panes of curious dye:

But where the tempest whistles through our loose uncovered locks,

Where all above is lowering sky, and all around us rocks.

Not in the proud humility of surplice, alb or stole;

But in the garments of our craft, we offer up our soul.

Yea! in the garments of our craft, with hands embrowned by toil,

We call on thee to cleanse our hearts from earthly taint or soil.

We know that thou art mighty, and we feel that thou art kind;

That thou canst hear our suppliant prayer above the rushing wind;

That thou canst see our upturned eyes in this sequestered dell,

And that thy shield is over all, who serve and love thee well.

Lord! look thou down upon us now, as thus we bend the knee.

Lord! make us strong in this thy cause to bless and worship thee.

Lord! pour upon our thirsty souls the sweet dew of thy grace.

Lord! let thy people see thee in the spirit face to face.

Lord! let thy people hear thee, now the haughty spoiler comes;

Now the saints' blood stains the ingle side, the fire consumes our homes;

Oh, nerve our hearts to daring deeds, that we may flesh the sword

On all who scorn thy holy name, who scoff thy holy word.

Behold, oh God! the thousands of the fierce Amalekite,

Have sought in these our fastnesses to goad us to the fight.

Aye! even here we may not draw a free religious breath,

But like a wilderness of wolves they hunt us to the death.

Lord, God, Jehovah! full of faith, and earnest trust in thee,

We go to cleave our conquering way through yonder human sea.

We go, but not with roll of drum, or shattering trumpet blare;

Nor silken banner, gold-inwrought, that mocks the troubled air;

But solemnly and steadfastly, as serious men should move,

Thy Word our only breastplate, our only shield thy Love.

MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

MADAM:—The enclosed pastoral has been written from hints given in the first elegy of Tibullus. It scarcely deserves the name of translation, though I hope that some faint glimpses of the graceful beauty, that has won for the original such universal admiration, may be seen in my paraphrase. As Tibullus does not lie in the way of your lady readers, perhaps this English imitation may not be unwelcome.

Very respectfully and sincerely yours,

GEO. W. BETHUNE.

PASTORAL IMITATED FROM TIBULLUS.

LET him who will, hoard heaps of yellow gold,
Or vast domains in servile culture hold,
And tremble sleepless, lest he hear afar
The trumpet heralds of the invader's car.
Secure in humble quiet, let me trim
My vines and orchards, till the evening dim
Call me from wholesome labour to retire
Where peace awaits me by my cottage fire;
Content to hope that autumn's faith will bring
Full wages for the industry of spring
And genial summer's sweat, sufficient store
Of corn and wine-vats running freely o'er.
He never trusts in vain, who owns like me
A Providence o'er soil, and vine and tree,
And fails not still his ready thanks to pay
At village church where rustics meet to pray,
Whose simple porch entwined with creepers green,
And tapering spire across the mead is seen:
Nor there alone, but when by day a-field
Spontaneous praises from his heart will yield;
Or kneeling morn and eve at home before
The household group, recounts their mercies o'er.
Yes, for thy sake, Almighty Source of all,
The poorer stranger at my door shall call,
Nor empty thence without God speed depart—
The widow's and the orphan's saddened heart
Shall sing for joy, as they unhidden glean
Their bosoms full my harvest sheaves between;
And not unfrequent, summoned all to share
My humble feast, the neighbours shall repair,
The lads and lasses innocently bold,
Or more sedate, gray-beard and matron old—
For them the fatted calf I'll gladly kill,
For them the cup with ruddy pleasure fill.
This is thy due, my God, the sacrifice
Of all most grateful that to thee may rise;
So on my happy heart look mildly down,
And all my toil with moderate plenty crown.
Let me contented, thus remote remain,
Nor make long journeys for uncertain gain;
Shunning the summer noon's too ardent beam,
Prone in the shade beside some murmuring stream;
Yet ne'er averse, without excessive toil,
To break for tender plants the stiffen'd soil,
Or urge the slow-paced oxen, as I guide
The sharpened share with all a ploughman's pride.
And be it mine, with shepherd's love to bear
The bleating wanderer from its mother's care

Homeward again, and hush its wild alarms
In the safe shelter of my gentle arms.
So He, in whom I trust will guard my fold
From stealthy wolf, or human robber bold,
And not refuse the humble boon I crave,
My loaded vines from plundering birds to save.
Let the proud noble boast his wealthy store,
Enough be mine—I would not ask for more,
So that at eve I rest my weary form
On the dear couch by faithful love made warm.
Then, though without are winter storms, how sweet
To list the rain against the casement beat,
As, clasping fondly to my happy breast
My gentle wife, it lulls us to our rest!
Well do they earn the riches they attain,
Who tempt for commerce the tempestuous main;
Not all their gold or jewels would I buy
With one sad drop from Delia's anxious eye.
Boast thou, Messala, spoils of victory
Wrung from thy foes, or on the land or sea;
Let me fair Delia's captive blest remain,
Her fair fond arms my ever-welcome chain;
Nor shall I care tho' I inglorious be,
My gentle Delia, in thy company.
With thee still let me live, and when I die
Thee shall I bless with my expiring eye.
Thou' by my couch in gentle grief shalt stand,
And feel the last faint pressure of my failing hand.
Then wilt thou weep—thy bitter tears shall rain,
While I unconscious of thy tears remain,
Kissing the brow, the lips, whose icy chill
Answers instead of love's delicious thrill.
Then wilt thou weep—when following to the grave
Him, ev'n thy fond affection could not save.
Yet for my love, and for love's memory, spare
The rippling gold of thy dishevelled hair,
Nor wound upon the flints thy tender knee,
Their beauty spare, dear ev'n in death to me;—
And not a village swain or virgin then,
Tearless shall to their home return again
From the sad scene, but for thy sorrow's sake
And for thy loss, a day of mourning make.
Thus let us live and love while yet we may,
(For death will come at some too early day,)
And give to each our fond confiding truth,
Till age shall calm the transports of our youth.
With my snug farm, my cottage home, and thee,
Riches I scorn, and smile at poverty.

EUNICE ROOKLEY.

A SEQUEL TO THE STORY OF LEONILLA LYNMORE.

BY MISS LESLIE.

PART THE FIRST.

"I suppose you have seen the newspapers this morning?" said Miss Rebecca Roulstone, in a low voice to Eunice Rookley, after the compliments of the morning had passed between them on meeting at a large grocery store much patronized by the Bostonians of the North End.

"I cannot say I have," replied Miss Rookley, "I came out directly after an early breakfast, to order our fall supply of groceries, (you know we get all these things by the quantity) and I really had no time to look at a paper, having my list of articles to make out. But why do you ask—Is there another arrival from Europe—it was only yesterday we had a letter from sister Merial."

"Oh! no"—answered Miss Roulstone—"the news I allude to is much nearer home. If you had seen the morning papers you must have found an announcement that would have surprised you. What do you think of the marriage of the Reverend Eliphalet Stackhouse?"

"It is nothing to me"—said Eunice, after a pause, during which she first looked up, and then looked down, and first turned white, and then turned red.

"Really—I beg your pardon"—pursued Miss Roulstone—"I thought he was an old admirer of yours"—lowering her voice.

"That is no reason I should admire him"—said Eunice Rookley, trying to be smart.

"Certainly—and yet that is not an uncommon consequence of being admired. But you do not ask to whom Mr. Stackhouse is married."

"It is no concern of mine"—replied Miss Rookley—taking up a handful of rice from a barrel that stood near, and sifting it through her fingers—"I have not the least curiosity to know. My system is never to trouble myself with the affairs of other people."

"A most excellent system"—remarked Miss Roulstone—"if it can only be carried out—Mr. Balance, let me see some of your best figs."

Eunice Rookley thought she had inspected and selected every thing she wanted at the grocery store before Rebecca Roulstone came in; but she now recollected, bees-wax, ginger, and pearl-ash. She was unusually difficult to please in all these articles, and gave unusual trouble to the shopman that attended her. Miss Roulstone was also exceedingly fastidious in choosing her figs, and equally cautious in deciding upon some prunes.

But, at last, both ladies turned from the counter about the same time, and proceeding to the door they stopped together over the same coffee-bag, on which they chanced to fix their eyes simultaneously. Still it seemed that, as far as regarded the merits of the coffee, "there was no speculation in those eyes."

"And pray"—said Eunice Rookley—quite inadvertently—"who is the person that Mr. Stackhouse has taken for his fourth wife?"

"That person is a rich widow"—was Miss Roulstone's answer.

"Not that I can possibly care"—said Eunice—"but where does she come from?"

"Oh!—from the south."

"It can be of no importance to any one"—resumed Eunice—"but I have an idea that she is old, yellow, and sickly. Mr. Stackhouse must have married her for her money—and he may probably be a widower again before long."

"Oh! no indeed"—replied Miss Roulstone—"report says she is in the prime of life, and in full health."

"People in full health,"—observed Eunice—"are liable to sudden inflammatory attacks, which always go hard with them, at least usually. And now—(not that I shall remember it an hour hence)—but what was her name?"

"Mrs. Ludlam Ludlow."

"A strange-sounding name! And now—to be sure it is not of the slightest consequence—but where did Mr. Stackhouse become acquainted with this person?"

"Oh! at Newport—You know many southern people go there in the summer."

"I cannot imagine what Mr. Stackhouse could have been doing at Newport"—said Eunice—"Certainly, he has a right to act as he pleases, but I never supposed he would marry a widow."

"Well"—said Miss Roulstone—"now that he is always busy writing tracts, I suppose he cannot find time to court a young girl, or any sort of single woman."

The entrance of some other customers now interrupted this dialogue, which had been held in voices so low as only to be heard by the grocer, and his shopman, behind the counter; and by two shop-boys who were doing something among the boxes and bags near the door. Both ladies now left the store, and walked together as far as the next corner, exchanging their "more last words."

"Of course they themselves are the best

judges"—said Eunice—"but I wonder how the six Miss Stackhouses will like to have another step-mother brought home, and put over them?"

"Oh!"—observed Miss Roulstone—"you know Mr. Stackhouse's children are used to that. Besides, this lady is reported rich."

"All southern people are reported rich"—said Eunice—"however, I hope this time it is really so; that there may be some excuse for Mr. Stackhouse's conduct."

"Well, really"—resumed Miss Roulstone—"it is just the same conduct that he has been pursuing always—looking out for wives, and marrying them."

"He is welcome to marry as often as he pleases"—said Eunice.

"To be sure he is"—replied Miss Roulstone—"but I will now bid you adieu.—Have you seen Temperance Pumpton lately?—You know there was an idle report about Mr. Stackhouse when he was last in town, spending three or four evenings every week at her brother's.—There is no doubt that Temperance was desperately taken with him—she could think or talk of nothing else. I believe I will stop in, and make her a call this morning."

The two ladies then parted—each going her respective way. Eunice Rookley thought first of returning home; but recollecting that when any thing discomposed her she always felt the better for keeping herself as busy as possible, she resolved to go round, and order whatever was necessary to replenish the household stock for the coming winter. So she went from the grocer's to the china-shop: afterwards to the ironmongers, the tinman's, the wooden-ware repository, and the upholsterer's. In the course of the morning she met several of her friends, and she found immediately that they had all heard of Mr. Stackhouse's new marriage. One of them congratulated Eunice Rookley on having escaped Mr. Stackhouse and all his children. Another complimented her on her good sense in having refused him; and Eunice did not then think it necessary to waste words in explaining that he had never asked her. A third friend delicately made no verbal allusion to the subject, but squeezed Miss Rookley's hand expressively, and sighed audibly, and gazed in her face with compassionate eyes. A fourth, who had just come from Rhode Island, assured her that there was no doubt in Newport, or even in Providence, that Mr. Stackhouse had been taken in by the widow Ludlow, and that he would rue his bargain. With this last lady, Miss Glaphyra Glapwell, our heroine had the longest talk; enquired why she had lately seen so little of her; hoped that in future she would be less of a stranger; and finished by inviting her to tea that very afternoon.

"You look tired, Eunice"—said Madam Rookley to her daughter, when the latter had come down stairs from taking off her bonnet and changing her dress after returning home.

"I am tired"—replied Eunice—seating herself on the sofa—"I have been all round at the different stores, selecting and ordering the things that are wanted for the house at this season. But I have just found in the store-room a new barrel of winter-squashes, and a great keg of barberries. Where did they come from?"

"Oh!"—replied Madam Rookley—"Cousin Andrew Macrimmon has been here, and he was kind enough to bring them. He is in town with a wagon-load of things from his farm."

Just then old Charty, the black cook, made her appearance at the parlour door saying—"Miss Eunice, I've been a suffering for you to come home to ax whether it would not be better to have that kag of barberries picked, and made into jelly, right off the reel: for fear if they're kept shot up they might take into their heads to foment, as they're apt to do, (like most other things) if left too long to themselves. And it's a sin to let any thing spile that's good to eat. So I've got all ready to go to stemming the barberries, whenever I've sent in dinner, that we may go at the jelly to-morrow morning betimes."

"Very well Charty"—said Eunice—"you can attack the barberries as soon as you please."

Charity, who was always in her glory, when preserving, cake-making, or any nice extra cookery was going on, now joyfully departed—Eunice rose from the sofa, walked to one window, and looked out; and then walked to the other window and looked out at that; then paced the room, and showed evident symptoms of nervous restlessness.

"Eunice"—said her mother, looking up from the endless frill she was hemming—"what is the matter? You seem to have something on your mind—Are you doubting whether it will be best to make jelly of the barberries or to preserve them?"

"I am not thinking of the barberries"—replied Eunice.

"That's strange!"—observed the old lady.

"Has any one called this morning?"—inquired Eunice.

"Nobody at all."

"Then you cannot have heard the news.—Now I think on it, where is the morning paper?"

"Mrs. Borrowdale sent for it, just after you went out, and before I had time to look at it: and, as usual, she has not returned it. But what is the news?—Is there any thing from Europe? for now I have a daughter travelling there, I am very anxious that all the kings and queens should keep on good terms, and not quarrel with each other."

"It is of more importance, in the present times, that they should keep on good terms with their subjects: as I have heard Mr. Melworth say"—observed Eunice—"But the news I alluded to, is something nearer home. In short, it concerns Mr. Stackhouse."

"What! is he married again?"

"Dear mother!—how could you guess?"

"Because there is nothing more likely. How could I guess any thing else. It is his way, you know."

"To think of his making a fool of himself for the fourth time!" said Eunice.

"To tell you the truth"—observed the old lady—"I always thought that if he *must* make a fool of himself, he ought to have taken you. To be sure, second marriages are very silly things; but still, as they are always taking place, one has to give up to them. You know how very long Mr. Stackhouse has been visiting at our house. I was almost sure from the beginning he would have chosen you for his second wife; and it was my intention to have objected to it, for you were then a young girl, and I had no notion of your marrying a widower with half a dozen children. However, he saw proper to be taken with Jane Appling's round unmeaning face, and married her, after a week's acquaintance, which is shameful in any man, much more in one that ought to set a proper example. Well, after he lost Jane Appling, I was sure he really had you in his eye for his third wife, and I intended, if he came to the point, to refuse my consent altogether; for now there were more children added, and he was a worse match than ever. But, after coming and coming to our house whenever he was in town, and staying by the week, and praising every thing, and making himself so agreeable, what does he do but go away off into the state of Maine and marry a girl there, who was said to have a fortune in woodland; but the wood turned out to be all on the far edge of the disputed territory, and the British came and cut it down without leave or license. Well, that wife died at last, and I thought he had had a lesson, and that next time he would take care, and try to get somebody whose property was in good North End houses, all let to safe tenants. And then you know he visited us stronger than ever; and said that all preserved pumpkin but yours was actually disgusting to him. And do not you remember how he dwelt upon the excellent bride-cake that he had eaten at Hepsey Doolittle's wedding, and which you had kindly made for her? You must have noticed what a cunning look he gave you whenever he said bride-cake, as if he really meant something. Well, I fully expected he would ask my consent to address you; and I made up my mind this time to object at first, but to agree afterwards, if he was very persuasive. For I thought I could see that you had made up your mind just in the same way. It was plain to perceive too that all Boston calculated on Eunice Rookley being the fourth Mrs. Stackhouse."

"All Boston calculated very wrongly, then"—said Eunice—"and so did you, too, dear mother. To say the truth, even if he *had* made up his mind after delaying through all his three widowhoods, I do not believe, when he came to the point, I ever could have made up mine to marry an old, fat, red-faced fellow, with eight children living out of the house, and six in it."

"Eunice, be mild"—said Mrs. Rookley—"I never heard you speak so severely of Mr. Stackhouse before. The truth is, he is only a stout, elderly gentleman, with a good colour. But who *has* he taken for his fourth wife?"

"A widow from the south."

"Then she is rich, of course?"

"He thinks so, no doubt; but he may find himself taken in, after all."

"Well, I cannot understand Mr. Stackhouse"—said the mother—"He knew very well, Eunice, what your father left you; and that it is all well-secured, and no risk, and, besides, you are not a widow."

"That is the very thing, mother. Widows, somehow, always can get themselves off whenever they please; and single women have to wait till they are properly asked."

"Dear Eunice, be mild again," said Mrs. Rookley; "I never heard you so bitter. You go quite too far, both about Mr. Stackhouse and the widows."

"You would not wonder at my being ruffled," replied Eunice, "if you had heard all the disagreeable things that have been said to me to-day, about Mr. Stackhouse's marriage, as if I cared."

"And don't you!" said the old lady.

Eunice walked again to the window, and looked steadfastly at a wood-cart which was about depositing its load before the door of an opposite neighbour; and she continued looking with much apparent interest at the sawyer, and the man that transferred the wood to the cellar.

"Eunice," resumed Mrs. Rookley, "I have an invitation for you from cousin Andrew Macrimmon. He says his wife is quite hurt at your not having made them a visit for so many years. You know that, formerly, you always spent a few weeks at Glenbucket every summer; and so did Merial when she was a little girl, and we could persuade her to go. Now, cousin Andrew will be in town again the week after next, and he is coming in his chaise, and he says if you will be ready, and would like to go home with him, they would all be very happy to have you again among them."

"Excellent people!" said Eunice, "I really feel as if it would be quite a relief to get away from the meddling and impertinence of the city. But, how can I leave you, dear mother, now Merial is away? You will be so lonely."

"Oh! I can ask Mrs. Prosey and Mrs. Dozey to come and stay here and enliven me. I know it will make them very happy, as they seldom get an invitation anywhere, except just to tea. Poor dull things! you know people can't help being tiresome, if they were born so, and it's their nature."

"No doubt, every body would be bright and entertaining if they only knew how," was the sensible remark of Eunice.

"To be sure they would. But, indeed, Eunice, I really wish you could make up your mind to go and spend a few weeks at Glenbucket. It

is always right and pleasant to keep well with one's relations whether by blood or marriage. You know cousin Andrew's mother was a Howlet. It is true his father was a Scotchman; but as he did not come over till after the revolution, he never fought against us. And he bought a fine farm, and he became a naturalized citizen as soon as he could, and married one of grandfather Howlet's nieces, and Andrew and all the children were born within thirty miles of Boston."

"I think it highly probable I *may* go, and make them a visit," replied Eunice. "I like to gratify good, honest, quiet people: they are so scarce."

Eunice then got some sewing, and wished to pursue it with her usual industry, but she unconsciously kept it most of the time lying idly in her lap; her eyes being fixed on the ancient china jars that ornamented the high old-fashioned mantel-piece. After awhile, Charty appeared at the door, looked about mysteriously, and then came quite in, and carefully closed the door behind her.

"Well, Charty!" said Madame Rookley, rubbing her eyes, having been roused from a doze in the rocking-chair.

Charity walked up to the younger lady, and said, "Miss Eunice, as I was attacking the barberries, setting by the side-door in the kitchen, who should come in but the grocer's boy with a basket of things what you'd ordered this morning; and Job was rubbing up his silver, and he and the grocer-boy got into a talk; and the grocer-boy told such great news, that as soon as I had heard him out, and he had took his department, I thought I'd come and let you know. Only think—old Stackhouse is married to a widow-woman."

"Charity, Charity!" said Madam Rookley, "I cannot allow any minister to be mentioned in such a disrespectful manner."

"I don't care," replied Charty; "he deserves to be called old Stackhouse. Has not he forsook poor Miss Eunice three times over, and so I told the grocer's boy. Have not I lived in the family ever since he began to come about the house, just after he lost his first wife of all; and have not I been watching his proceedings the whole time. And only think, this here widow-woman is Mrs. Ludilam Ludilow: for the grocer's boy (who is very 'cute for a boy) remembered her name ezactly. But, when he said she was rich, I cut him short off, for I knows better than that any day."

"Is not she rich, Charty," inquired Eunice, thrown quite off her guard,—"is not she really a rich southern widow?"

"Well, she's not so very southern any how," answered Charty, "for she only comes from Delaware state, just t'other side of the Pensilvany line, about two miles from old Chester. My own brother belonged to her once, and lived with her till he run away. Talk of her slaves! She never owned but three, and there's none of them left with her now but an old neger-man and his wife, that would not sell for nothing hardly. When she

goes a travelling, she always hires a coloured gal to go along, and wait on her, and make a show. And then her plantation—what is it!—a frame-house, and a weedy garden, and an old mullen-field. To be sure, they say she has a few acres of pine-barren somewhere down near the capes; and that there pine-barren, which she always called her estate in the south, was the whole fortin she brung her first husband, who run through all *he* had with hoss-racing, and jupaps. And she's a great fierce-looking woman, with dark-red cheeks. To be sure she dresses powerful."

"But are you sure this is the same lady?" asked Madam Rookley.

"As sure as death; Mrs. Ludilam Ludilow; for her own husband bought my own brother, of the master that I belonged to myself, and who left me my freedom when he died, because I was such a great cook, and beat the whole world at tarra-pin. And then I went to live in Philidelfy, for I had took a dislike to old Delaware, after I was free. This is the very widow-woman; and so you see, Mr. Stackhouse (if I *must* call him so) has got no great bargain; at least of this present wife. And now, Miss Eunice, my advice is, that if she should die ever so much, you never take no further notice of old Stackhouse, nor dress plain to please him, nor waste pesarves upon him no more. I always thought him a poor match, with all his different specie of children, married and single, and the half dozen old daughters, all living at home through all the stepmothers; and nobody marrying none of them. I am so glad the widow Ludilow has catched him: for she's a rare tartar, when you find her out. And it's just what he deserves for marrying everybody but you. But be sure not to have him next time, even if he does make up his mind to favour you with an ax-ing."

Just then a knock at the street-door hastened the exit of Charty, who finished her advice by stepping close up to Eunice, and saying, "Upon further sideration, Miss Eunice, maybe we had better not call him old Stackhouse, and talk hard of him and his wife before people, for fear they should say 'sour grapes.'" Having lingered awhile in the hall, to see who came in when Job opened the door, Charty returned to her barberries, and to tell the other domestics in the kitchen, "that Miss Eunice was taking on awful; and had strong thoughts of suing old Stackhouse for breakage of promise."

The visitors were two ladies, who kindly came to discuss with their dear friend Eunice Rookley the loss of her quondam admirer. One of them informed her that Mr. and Mrs. Stackhouse were now gone to the lady's estates in the south, for the purpose of selling off all her property, including her mansion-house, her plantation, her slaves, and her tract of back-land; afterwards making arrangements to reside permanently in New Hampshire. The other visitor now *prit la parole*, and

added that in about a fortnight the bride and groom were coming to pass a few weeks in Boston, that the groom might have an opportunity of introducing the bride to his Boston friends, and giving her a taste of the hospitalities and civilities of the city.

Our heroine did not trust herself to speak; but she could not forbear biting her lips, and contracting her brow.

Presently, in came another lady to inquire why Eunice Rookley had allowed Mr. Stackhouse to give her the slip. Eunice now vehemently protested that there never had been any thing serious between her and Mr. Stackhouse; and that they had never regarded each other as any thing more than friends, or rather as mere acquaintances. One of the visitors seemed to believe that on the gentleman's part that might be true, adding,—

"Certainly, as you say, dear Eunice, I never did observe any thing particular in Mr. Stackhouse's attentions to you. Indeed, least any erroneous impression should get abroad, I made a point of telling every body that though, of course Mr. Stackhouse could not help esteeming Miss Rookley, as a very notable, prudent, respectable woman, they might rely on it he had not the most distant idea of making her the fourth Mrs. Stackhouse."

"Did you know," said another of the ladies, addressing Eunice, "that at the very time Mr. Stackhouse was staying here last spring, he was trying his utmost to get that little flirt, Fanny Flyabout, who quizzed him all the while, and then ran away with her cousin just from college."

As soon as these three ladies had gone, there came in two sisters, who made, however, a short visit, talking of indifferent things; but one of them said, on rising to depart, "Eunice, when you begin to go out again, we hope our house will be one of the first places you will call at. You are quite a stranger there."

"Begin to go out," said Eunice; "I really do not understand you, Maria. I go out every day, and shall certainly continue to do so."

"Oh! but after what has happened, I conclude you will hardly like to be seen much for a few weeks, till the thing has blown over. You know, when a gentleman has jilted a lady (more shame for him to do so) people are apt to look at her, and talk about her."

"No daughter of mine ever was jilted in her life," said Madam Rookley, "and I think it a very ugly word. If you mean Mr. Stackhouse, he never was any thing more than a mere visitor at the house—just a common acquaintance."

"Excuse me," said the other young lady, going close up to Madam Rookley, and speaking in an under tone, "I would not for the world wound dear Eunice's feelings; but did Mr. Stackhouse never offer himself to her—In plain terms, did he never pop the question?"

"Never," replied Madam Rookley, evincing

symptoms of great disgust; "and it would have been of no use if he had."

"There now, Maria," said the same lady, "that is exactly what I always told you. You know I wore myself out with arguing that Mr. Stackhouse was never in the least smitten with dear Eunice Rookley, and that, though he respected her greatly (as every one must), he had not the most distant idea of her as a wife."

"And why was it a thing so very impossible?" said Madam Rookley, reddening highly. "Miss Eunice Rookley is a match for Mr. Stackhouse's betters, though he is a minister. A great affair, indeed, to lose *him*. A man sixty-five years old, with sixteen children, and no money, except the trifle that he obtained with each of his three wives. I am sure he would have been no feather in the cap of the Rookley family."

Madam Rookley forgot Charty's caution respecting sour grapes. But it was easy to perceive that sour grapes came immediately into the heads of the two visitors; though they cordially agreed to this opinion of Mr. Stackhouse; and took their leave declaring they would take pains to undeceive the public, and to contradict all absurd reports of his ever having been an admirer of Miss Rookley. Eunice, teased and worried "to the top of her bent," tried to sit resolutely silent, determined not to reply a single word to any further conversation on the subject of Mr. Stackhouse, for whom she now imagined herself to feel nothing but dislike, as indeed he deserved.

The two sisters had scarcely gone, when Mrs. Upshaw, one of the opposite neighbours, came over. Her business, it seems, was to inform Miss Rookley that being herself from New Hampshire (where she was a member of Mr. Stackhouse's church), she felt it her duty when he came with his bride to Boston to give them a party. "I, of course, shall send you an invitation, as usual," said she, "but I leave it to yourself, dear Eunice, to come or not, just as you choose. If it will be in the least painful for you to meet them, I shall not be at all offended if you decline the invitation; though, of course, very sorry to miss the pleasure of your company. And I shall take care to discountenance all invidious remarks I may hear on the subject, and shall desire my husband to silence any jokes that the gentlemen may have about it. You know what men are on those occasions. But, I beg of you, my dear Eunice, to act exactly according to your own feelings, and come or not, just as you think best. I hear that the bride and groom are a very loving couple. Indeed that was always Mr. Stackhouse's way, with each of his former wives. His manner, to say the truth, is affectionate to every body, which accounts for his great popularity. If you should come, and find it the least disagreeable to see Mr. Stackhouse with his bride, I will let you slip off as delicately as possible. But I think you had best make up your mind to endure the sight, for they will be parted all round by his friends at the

North End, and I know not how you can always avoid meeting them. Perhaps it will be most advisable to try and bear it."

Eunice felt now as if she could not bear another word. Her patience was completely exhausted, and, not trusting herself to answer, she hastily quitted the room, leaving her mother to decline for her the invitation. Habit is second nature; and

our heroine paused a moment in the hall, and looked towards the kitchen-door, considering whether she should try and divert her mind by helping Charty to forward the barberries; or whether she should retire to her own room, and relieve her feelings by venting them in an unrestrained fit of crying. She chose the latter.

(To be continued.)

THE INNER CHAMBER.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

"En se retrouvant pres d'une femme qu'on a beaucoup aime, ou sent toujours une douce chaleur, reste du feu que nous brûlait autrefois."

"Tis not the white and red
Inhabits in your cheek, that thus can wed
My mind to adoration."

I FOUND myself looking with some interest at the back of a lady's head. The theatre was crowded, and I had come in late, and the object of my curiosity, whoever she might be, was listening very attentively to the play. She did not move. I had time to build a lifetime romance about her before I had seen a feature of her face. But her ears were small and of an exquisite oval, and she had that rarest beauty of woman—the hair arched and joined to the white neck with the same finish as on the temples. Nature oftenest slights this part of her masterpiece.

The curtain dropped, and I stretched eagerly forward to catch a glimpse of the profile. But no!—she sat next one of the slender pilasters, and with her head leaned against it, remained immovable.

I left the box, and with some difficulty made my way into the crowded pit. Elbowing, apologizing, persevering, I at last gained a point where I knew I could see my incognita at the most advantage. I turned—pshaw!—how was it possible I had not recognized her!

Kate Crediford!

There was no getting out again, for a while at least, without giving offence to the crowd I had jostled so unceremoniously. I sat down—vexed—and commenced a desperate study of the figure of Shakspeare on the drop-curtain.

Of course I had been a lover of Miss Crediford's, or I could not have turned with indifference from the handsomest woman in the theatre. She was very beautiful—there was no disputing. But we love women a little for what we *do* know of them, and a great deal more for what we *do not*. I had love-read Kate Crediford to the last leaf. We parted as easily as a reader and a book. Flirtation is a circulating library, in which we seldom ask twice for the same volume, and I gave up Kate to the next reader, feeling no property even in the marks I had made in her perusal. A little

quarrel sufficed as an excuse for the closing of the book, and both of us studiously avoided a reconciliation.

As I sat in the pit, I remembered suddenly a mole on her left cheek, and I turned toward her with the simple curiosity to know whether it was visible at that distance. Kate looked sad. She still leaned immovably against the slight column, and her dark eyes, it struck me, were moist. Her mouth, with this peculiar expression upon her countenance, was certainly inexpressibly sweet—the turned down corners ending in dimples which in that particular place, I have always observed, are like wells of unfathomable melancholy. Poor Kate!—what was the matter with her.

As I turned back to my dull study of the curtain, a little pettish with myself for the interest with which I had looked at an old flame, I detected half a sigh under my white waistcoat; but instantly persuading myself that it was a disposition to cough, coughed, and began to hum "suoni la tromba." The curtain rose and the play went on.

It was odd that I had never seen Kate in that humour before. I did not think she could be sad. Kate Crediford sad! Why, she was the most volatile, light-hearted, care-for-nothing coquette that ever held up her fingers to be kissed. I wonder, has any one really annoyed you, my poor Kate! thought I. Could I, by chance, be of any service to you—for, after all, I owe you something! I looked at her again.

Strange that I had ever looked at that face without emotion! The vigils of an ever-wakeful, ever-passionate, yet ever-tearful and melancholy spirit, seemed set, and kept under those heavy and motionless eyelids. And she, as I saw her now, was the very model and semblance of the character that I had all my life been vainly seeking! This was the creature I had sighed for when turning away from the too mirthful tenderness of

Kate Crediford! There was something new, or something for the moment miswritten, in that familiar countenance!

I made my way out of the pit with some difficulty, and returned to sit near her. After a few minutes a gentleman in the next box rose and left the seat vacant on the other side of the pilaster against which she leaned. I went around while the orchestra were playing a loud march, and, without being observed by the thoughtful beauty, seated myself in the vacant place.

Why did my eyes flush and moisten, as I looked upon the small white hand lying on the cushioned barrier between us! I knew every vein of it, like the strings of my own heart. I had held it spread out in my own, and followed its delicate blue traceries with a rose-stem, for hours and hours, while imploring, and reproaching, and reasoning over love's lights and shadows. I knew the feel of every one of those exquisite fingers—those rolled up rose-leaves, with nails like pieces cut from the lip of a shell! Oh, the promises I had kissed into oaths on that little *chef d'œuvre* of nature's tinted alabaster!—the psalms and sermons I had sat out holding it, in her father's pew!—the moons I had tired out of the sky, making of it a bridge for our hearts passing backward and forward! And how could that little wretch of a hand, that knew me better than its own other hand, (for we had been more together,) lie there, so unconscious of my presence! How could she—Kate Crediford—sit next me, as she was doing, with only a stuffed partition between us, and her head leaning on one side of a pilaster, and mine on the other, and never start, nor recognise, nor be at all aware of my neighbourhood. She was not playing a part, it was easy to see. Oh, I knew those little relaxed fingers too well! Sadness, indolent and luxurious sadness, was expressed in her countenance, and her abstraction was unfeigned and contemplative. Could she have so utterly forgotten me—magnetically, that is to say! Could the atmosphere about her, that would once have trembled betrayingly at my approach, like the fanning of an angel's invisible wing, have lost the sense of my presence!

I tried to magnetize her hand. I fixed my eyes on that little open palm, and with all the intensity I could summon, kissed it mentally in its rosy centre. I reproached the ungrateful thing for its dulness and forgetfulness, and brought to bear upon it a focus of old memories of pressures and caresses, to which a stone would scarce have the heart to be insensible.

But I belie myself in writing this with a smile. I watched those unmoving fingers with a heart-ache. I could not see the face, nor read the thought of the woman who had once loved me, and who sat near me, now, so unconsciously—but if a memory had stirred, if a pulse had quickened its beat, those finely strung fingers I well knew would have trembled responsively. Had she forgotten me altogether! Is that possible—

can a woman close the leaves of her heart over a once loved and deeply written name, like the waves over a vessel's track—like the air over the division of a bird's flight!

I had intended to speak presently to Miss Crediford, but every moment the restraint became greater. I felt no more privileged to speak to her than the stranger who had left the seat I occupied. I drew back, for fear of encroaching on her room, or disturbing the fold of her shawl. I dared not speak to her. And, while I was arguing the matter to myself, the party who were with her, apparently tired of the play, arose and left the theatre, Kate following last, but unspoken to, and unconscious altogether of having been near any one whom she knew.

I went home and wrote to her all night, for there was no sleeping till I had given vent to this new fever at my heart. And in the morning I took the leading thoughts from my heap of incoherent scribbles, and embodied them more coolly in a letter.

"You will think, when you look at the signature, that this is to be the old story. And you will be as much mistaken as you are in believing that I was ever your lover, till a few hours ago. I have declared love to you, it is true. I have been happy with you, and wretched without you; I have thought of you, dreamed of you, haunted you, sworn to you, and devoted to you all and more than you exacted, of time and outward service and adoration; but I love you now for the first time of my life. Shall I be so happy as to make you comprehend this startling contradiction?

"There are many chambers in the heart, Kate; and the spirits of some of us dwell, most fondly and secretly, in the chamber of tears, avowedly in the outer and ever-open chamber of mirth. Over the sacred threshold, guarded by sadness, much that we select and smile upon, and follow with adulation in the common walks of life, never passes. We admire the gay. They make our melancholy sweeter by contrast, when we retire within ourselves. We pursue them. We take them to our hearts—to the outer vestibule of our hearts—and if they are gay only, they are content with the unconsecrated tribute which we pay them there. But the chamber within is, meantime, lonely. It aches with its desolation. The echo of the mirthful admiration without jars upon its mournful silence. It longs for love, but love toned with its own sadness—love that can penetrate deeper than smiles ever come—love that, having once entered, can be locked in with its key of melancholy, and brooded over with the long dream of a lifetime. But that deep-hidden and unseen chamber of the heart may be long untenanted. And, meantime, the spirit becomes weary of mirth, and impatiently quenches the fire even upon its outer altar, and in the complete loneliness of a heart that has no inmate or idol, gay or tearful, lives mechanically on.

"Do you guess at my meaning, Kate? Do you

remember the merriment of our first meeting? Do you remember, in what a frolic of thoughtlessness you first permitted me to raise to my lips those restless fingers? Do you remember the mock condescension, the merry haughtiness, the rallying and feigned incredulity with which you received my successive steps of vowing and love-making—the arch look when it was begun, the laugh when it was over, the untiring follies we kept up, after vows plighted, and the future planned and sworn to! That you were in earnest as much as you were capable of being, I fully believed. You would not else have been so prodigal of the sweet bestowings of a maiden's tenderness. But how often have I left you with the feeling, that, in the hours I had passed with you, my spirit had been alone! How often have I wondered if there were depths in my heart, which love could never reach! how often mourned that in the procession of love there was no place allotted for its sweetest and dearest followers—tears and silence! Oh, Kate—sweet as was that sun-gleam of early passion, I did not love you! I tired of your smiles, waiting in vain for your sadness. I left you, and thought of you no more!

“But, now—(and you will be surprised to know that I have been so near to you unperceived)—I have drank an intoxication from one glance into your eyes, which throws open to you every door of my heart, subdues to your control every nerve and feeling of my existence. Last night, I sat an hour, tracing again the transparent and well-remembered veins upon your hand, and oh how the language written in those branching and mystic lines had changed in meaning and power. You were sad. I saw you from a distance, and, with amazement at an expression upon your face which I had never before seen, I came and sat near you. It was the look I had longed for when I knew you, and when tired of your mirth. It was the look I had searched the world for, combined with such beauty as yours. It was a look of tender and passionate melancholy, which revealed to me an unsuspected chamber in your heart—a chamber of tears. Ah, why were you never sad before! Why have we lost—why have I lost the eternity's worth of sweet hours when you loved me with that concealed treasure in your bosom? Alas! that angels must walk the world, unrecognised, till too late! Alas, that I have held in my arms and pressed to my lips, and loosed again with trifling and weariness, the creature whom it was my life's errand, the thirst and passionate longing of my nature, to find and worship!

“Oh Heaven! with what new value do I now number over your adorable graces of person! How spiritualized is every familiar feature, once so de-

plorably misappreciated! How compulsive of respectful adoration is that flexible waist, that step of aerial lightness, that swan-like motion, which I once dared to praise triflingly and half mockingly, like the tints of a flower or the chance beauty of a bird! And those bright lips! How did I ever look on them, and not know that within their rosy portals slept, voiceless for awhile, the controlling spell of my destiny—the tearful spirit followed and called in my dreams, with perpetual longing! Strange value given to features and outward loveliness by qualities within! Strange witchery of sadness in a woman! Oh, there is, in mirth and folly, dear Kate, no air for love's breathing, still less of food for constancy, or of holiness to consecrate and heighten beauty of person.

“What can I say else, except to implore to be permitted to approach you—to offer my life to you—to begin, thus late, after being known to you so long, the worship which till death is your due. Pardon me if I have written abruptly and wildly. I shall await your answer in an agony of expectation. I do not willingly breathe till I see you—till I weep at your feet over my blindness and forgetfulness. Adieu! but let it not be for long, I pray you!”

I despatched this letter, and it would be difficult to embody in language the agony I suffered in waiting for a reply. I walked my room, that endless morning, with a death-pang in every step—so fearful was I—so prophetically fearful—that I had forfeited for ever the heart I had once flung from me!

It was noon when a letter arrived. It was in a handwriting new to me. But it was on the subject which possessed my existence, and it was of final import. It follows:—

“DEAR SIR,—My wife wishes me to write to you, and inform you of her marriage, which took place a week or two since, and of which she presumes you are not aware. She remarked to me, that you thought her looking unhappy last evening when you chanced to see her at the play. As she seemed to regret not being able to answer your note herself, I may perhaps convey the proper apology by taking upon myself to mention to you, that, in consequence of eating an imprudent quantity of unripe fruit, she felt ill before going to the theatre, and was obliged to leave early. To-day she seems seriously indisposed. I trust she will be well enough to see you in a day or two, and remain,

Yours, truly,
SAMUEL SMITHERS.”

But I never called on Mrs. Samuel Smithers.

DON'T BE DISCOURAGED.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will."

"Don't be discouraged, my young friend!" said an elderly man to his companion, whose youthful appearance indicated that few more than twenty years had passed over his head.

"But I am discouraged, Mr. Linton. Hav'n't I been sadly disappointed in every thing that I have undertaken. Success is a word, the meaning of which I shall never realize."

"You are young, Henry."

"Quite old enough to have proved, beyond a doubt, that, try as I will, I shall never rise in the world. I am doomed to struggle on, like a swimmer against a strong current. Instead of advancing at all, I shall be gradually borne down the stream."

"If you cease to struggle, you will, unquestionably."

"And will, whether I struggle or not."

"No: that cannot be. Be vigorous, and long continued effort will gradually strengthen and mature your thoughts. Rough contact with the world, in which you are made to suffer keenly, will bring out the latent energies of your mind. Bear on manfully for a few years—falter not, though every thing looks dark, and success will as certainly crown your efforts, as an effect follows its producing cause."

"I wish I could think so," the young man replied, shaking his head despondingly. "But I am fully convinced, that for me, at least, the door of success is closed."

"How old are you, Henry?"

"Just twenty-seven."

"And you have already failed in three business efforts?"

"Yes, and what is worse, have become involved in debt."

"But you mean to pay all you owe, if it is ever in your power?"

"Can you doubt that for a moment, Mr. Linton?" the young man said in a quick tone, while a flush passed over his face. "I will pay it all, if I die in the struggle."

"And yet you were just now talking about giving up in despair?"

"True. And I do feel utterly discouraged. For the last five years no man has laboured more earnestly than I have. Early and late, have I been at my business, sometimes even till midnight, and yet all has been in vain. Like a man in a quagmire—every struggle to extricate my-

self from difficulties, has only had the effect to sink me deeper. And now, with honest intentions towards all men, I am regarded by many, as little better than a swindler."

"You are wrong, in regard to that, Henry. Such is not the estimation in which you are held."

"Yes, but it is. I have been told to my teeth that I was not an honest man."

"By whom?"

"By at least one of my creditors."

"That is the solitary case of a man whose inordinate love of self, showing itself in a love of money, has made him forget the first principles of the law of human kindness."

"No matter what prompted the unkind remark, its effect is none the less painful, especially as he fully believed what he said."

"You cannot tell, Henry, whether he fully believed it or not. But suppose that his words did but express his real thoughts?—what then? Does his opinion of you make you different from what you really are?"

"Of course not. But it is very painful to have such things said."

"No doubt of it. But conscious integrity of purpose should be sufficient to sustain any man."

"It might in my case, if I were not thoroughly crushed down. My mind is like an inflamed body—the lightest touch is felt far more sensibly than would be a heavy blow if all were healthy. You understand me?"

"Perfectly, and can feel for you. But knowing that the state of mind in which you are is, as you intimate, an unhealthy one, I cannot agree with you in your discouraging conclusions."

"But what can I do? Have I not failed in three earnest, and well directed efforts to advance myself in the world?"

"Try again, Henry."

"And come out worse than before."

"No—no—that need not follow. Try in a better way."

"Do you mean to intimate that I have not conducted my business in a proper manner?" asked the young man, in a quick voice, his cheek instantly glowing.

"I do not mean to intimate," returned Mr. Linton calmly, "that you committed any wilful wrong in your business. And yet, I suppose you will not yourself deny the position, that there was

something wrong about it, or success would have met your earnest efforts, instead of failure."

"I don't know," was the gloomy response.

"The fates, I believe, are against me."

"What do you mean by the fates?"

The young man made no reply, and his monitor resumed in a still more serious tone—

"You can only mean, of course, that Divine Being who is the author of our existence, and the controller of our destinies. That Being who is essential love and wisdom, and whose acts towards us can only flow from a pure regard for the good of his creatures. And if such regard be directed by wisdom that cannot err, can any act of his towards you be evil?"

*'Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.'*

*'His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.'*

"I try to think in that way—and try often," returned the young man in a softened tone. "But it is hard, very hard to believe that a Being of infinite goodness, would so hedge up the path of any one as mine has been hedged up—would so mock with vain hopes the heart of any one as mine has been mocked."

"Your mind is not now in a state to think calmly and rationally upon this subject, Henry," Mr. Linton said; "but the time will come when you will see in this state of severe trial a dispensation of mercy. It will then be perceived, that all this was for the purpose of giving you juster views of life, and confirming you in higher ends than any you have heretofore acted upon. For the present, I will only repeat—Don't be discouraged! Try again! Put your shoulder once more to the wheel. Depend upon it, your time will come; but not until you can bear success in a right spirit. And to have success before you are thus prepared to bear it, would be the worst injury that could befall you."

Henry Grant, the young man here introduced to the reader's notice, had, at the age of twenty-one, done the very imprudent thing of entering into business for himself. True, from the age of seventeen, he had been in the store of a merchant, who carried on a very extensive trade, and had, moreover, acquired so thorough a knowledge of business, that the most important subordinate position in the house had been assigned to him. But all this confidence reposed in him, and this familiarity with the business in which he was engaged, deceived him. He saw that heavy profits were accruing every year. That while he was toiling on through the long months of an annual cycle for a single thousand dollars, tens of thousands were added to the coffers of his already wealthy employer.

"Why should I waste the best years of my life in making money for others?" he asked himself, the day after he had attained his majority.

This thought was the germ of discontent in his mind. It was nourished, and grew into a tree, whose thick leaves so overshadowed his mind, that he could not see the clear sky of sober truth above, in which shone stars whose light beamed forth to guide him. He became eager for wealth, that he might have selfish enjoyments. Every beautiful dwelling, the reward of, perhaps, years of steady industry, and now enjoyed by some opulent merchant, he envied its possessor. He sighed when a rich man's carriage rolled by him in the street. Nothing rare, or new, or elegant, gratified his eye, because it was not his own.

Impelled by a weak and selfish desire to be suddenly rich, a few years after he had come to the age of manhood, he drew from the hands of his guardian five thousand dollars, the hard-earned and carefully husbanded treasure left him by his father, and threw himself with large ideas and unwavering confidence upon the troubled sea of merchandise. The story of this adventure is soon told. In two years he was compelled to wind up his business, having lost his entire capital.

This was a painful shock. But it was of use to him, in unsealing his eyes, and giving him a truer view of life, and soberer ideas from which to act. Still, he could not think, having once been in business for himself, of falling back into the monotonous, dull, and humble condition of a clerk. There was something in the fact of mingling with merchants on a plane of equality, that flattered his vanity. He had thus mingled, and thus felt flattered. The thought of taking his old position, and of losing the courtesies that had been so grateful to him, was more than he could think of enduring. This feeling alone, had none other operated in his mind, would have induced him again to make an effort to get into business.

A few months enabled him to so arrange his old affairs, as to be ready to go on again. He found numbers ready to sell him goods on short credit, and this determined him once more to cast himself upon the ocean. He did so. Two more years passed on, and at their termination he found himself, alas! again in a narrow place. Much more than all his profits in that time was locked up in bad debts, remnants, and unsaleable goods. For a time, by borrowing from a few friends, he had been enabled to meet his payments, but that resource at last failed, and trouble again came upon him. But it was a worse trouble than before, and shocked his proud, sensitive feelings severely. His goods and accounts, after all had been given up, were not sufficient to pay the claims against him. He was, therefore, an insolvent debtor.

As fairy castles fade away under the magician's touch, so faded away at this event, the glowing ideas of wealth and splendour that had passed so

temptingly before the eye of Henry Grant. He did not now ask for his tens of thousands—his country-seats, glittering equipages, and all the splendid paraphernalia attendant upon high station in society, united with immense wealth. To have possessed the few thousands of dollars that were exhibited as deficits in his accounts, would have compassed his dearest wishes. But even this humble and honourable desire was not granted. He was in debt, and what was worse, with a sense of helplessness and hopelessness added thereto.

In due course of time, his business was settled up, and he again thrown upon the world. While debating in his mind the propriety of accepting an offer from his old employer, and enter his store as a clerk, propositions were made to him from an individual to accept a share in his business. He did so without consultation with any friend. The result was unfavourable. Scarcely a year had elapsed, before *crash* went the whole concern about his ears.

It was under the disheartening effects of this last disaster, that we have seen him labouring. How far he had just cause of despondency, or just cause to suppose that the fates were against him, the reader will be likely to determine more wisely than he was able to do himself.

"Don't be discouraged, Henry!" said his old employer to him a few days after the conversation between the young man and Mr. Linton. "You are young yet. I was thirty-four when I commenced my present business, and you are but twenty-seven. You have seven years, therefore, in your favour."

"But I am in debt."

"How much?"

"Five thousand dollars. Or, if I am to be held liable for my late partner's obligations, some twenty or thirty thousand. But I believe those claims will not come against me. When I entered into the copartnership, I happened to be wise enough to have a clause inserted in the agreement protecting me from all prior obligations of my new associate in business."

"And well for you it is that you did so. Five thousand dollars, then, is all you owe. For your comfort, I will tell you, that, at your age, from imprudences similar to your own, I was ten thousand dollars in debt."

"And remained so for seven years?"

"Yes, and for more than that. It was ten years before I was able to wipe off old scores."

"O dear! I should die if I thought it would be ten years before I could write myself free from debt."

"It is not so easy a matter to die as you might think," the merchant replied, smiling.

"But, what am I to do?" asked Grant, in real distress of mind.

"Do! Why, there are many ways to do. All that is wanted is patience and resolution;—not mere excitement,—you have had enough of that.

You felt, six years ago, as if you had the world in a sling. I saw it all, and knew where it would all end."

"Why did not you tell me so?"

"Because you would not have believed me. And, besides, 'bought wit is best.' No experience like a man's own! A few years of disappointment and trouble I saw would be necessary to thresh off the chaff of your character."

"And pretty well threshed I have been, verily! But, to come back to the one question ever uppermost in my mind. What am I to do?"

"There is one thing you can do, Henry," replied the merchant, "and that is to come into my store and receive a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year."

"My heart thanks you for your kind offer," replied the young man earnestly. "But, to do so, would be to act from a mere selfish regard to my own interests."

"How so?"

"The salary of a clerk will yield simply a support; it cannot pay off my debts."

"You wish, then, to go again into business?"

"I must do something to relieve myself from debt."

"I do not see, as things now are, that going into business will accomplish this very desirable object. So far, business has only tended to involve you deeper and deeper."

"I know that, and it is because of this, that I am so terribly disheartened."

"Then come into my store, and devote yourself for a year or so to my business. It will yield you a living. By that time something may open before you. It is time enough yet, depend upon it, for you to enter the arena of strife as a merchant. The position is one requiring a cooler head and more experience than you are yet possessed of. I have long since been satisfied, from extensive observation, that, as a general rule, nine men out of ten fail, who enter into business as merchants, under thirty years of age."

At last, but with some reluctance, Henry Grant fell back into his old place as clerk, where he remained for four years. During that period, early painful experiences formed in his mind a true flame of thought. He was enabled to see how and where he had been in error, and how wrong ends had led him into imprudent acts. He could not, at times, help smiling as a recollection of former states came up, in which it seemed to him, that he had but to lift his hand and gather in wealth to any extent. Then he was eloquent on principles of architectural taste, and could descant wisely upon rural beauties, enhanced by liberal art. Nowhere could he find a mansion either in the city or country, that fully came up to his ideas of what a rich man's dwelling should be. But a spirit far more subdued had now come over him. He could go up into higher regions of his mind, and see there in existence principles whose pure delights flowed not from the mere gratification of selfish

and sensual pleasures. He was made deeply conscious, that even with all the wealth, and all the external things which wealth could give, for the gratification of the senses, and for the pampering of selfishness and pride, he could not be happy. That happiness must flow from an internal state, and not from any combination of external circumstances. About this time the oldest son of his employer arrived at his thirtieth year. Up to this period he had, since the attainment of his majority, held an interest in his father's business, which regularly yielded him about two thousand dollars per annum. A proposition to enter into business with this son, on a cash basis of twenty thousand dollars, and credit to any reasonable extent, was at once accepted by Grant.

Ten years from that day he was a sober-minded merchant, steadily and wisely pursuing his business, and worth every cent of fifty thousand dollars.

"The fates have at last grown propitious," remarked old Mr. Linton to him one day with a look and tone that was understood.

"I have only become a wiser man, I presume, and therefore better able to bear an improved condition," was the reply of Mr. Grant.

"Then you do not now regret your early disappointments?"

"O no. I am truly thankful that I was not suffered to acquire wealth while under the influence of my vain, weak and foolish ideas. My reverses were blessings in disguise. They were sent as correctors of evil."

"That you can now see clearly?"

"O yes. Had I been allowed to go on successfully, treasuring up wealth, I should have been made miserable. My weak desires would have been ever in advance of my abilities. I should have envied those who were able to make a more imposing appearance than myself, and despised all who were below me. And, surely, in this life, I can imagine no state so truly unhappy as that."

"He is the wise man," returned Mr. Linton, "who thus, from seeming evil educes good. The

longer we live, and the more of the ups and downs of life we see, the stronger becomes our conviction that there is One above all, and wiser than all, who rules events for our good. Between the ages of twenty-one and thirty are usually crowded more disappointments and discouraging circumstances—more trials and pains—than in all a man's after life. Will any one who has passed forty tell you in his sober reflective moments that he cannot look back and see that these have all worked together for his good? I think not. And this will be the case as well with him who has grown rich as with him who still toils early and late for his daily bread."

"There is then, you believe, an overruling Providence that has reference to a man's external condition in the world—permitting one to grow rich, and keeping another poor?"

"I do. And all this regards his eternal, and not his mere temporal condition. Our mistake lies in estimating the dealings of Divine Providence as referring particularly to our external condition. This is not the case. We are regarded with a love that looks to our higher and better interests—to our spiritual and eternal good. External things, because it is by these that we are most affected, are so governed, as to lead us to think of interior things that appertain to the life within—to that life which we are to live when separated from the body. It matters not how blindly we are pursuing a course in which we are determined to succeed—the Great Ruler and Governor of all things will obstruct our way, if that way leads to our spiritual destruction, and it is possible to turn us into a better way. Too often it happens that men are allowed to go on in evil courses, because, if turned from them, they would pursue after more direful, soul-destroying evils."

"If this lesson could only be received by us, and fully believed when we first enter upon life, how many bitter hours of discouragement it would save us," replied Mr. Grant with feeling.

"But experience is the only sure teacher. We only know what we have lived."

TO LAURA.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

I ASK not thy love,—'tis not thine to bestow,
And I could ne'er hope such a blessing to know;
I ask not thy smiles, for to all they belong,
Like breezes of summer or voices of song;
I ask not thy thoughts, they are sacred and free,
And in the world's page unrecorded shall be:

I but ask in the love of thy meekness to share,
To partake of thy spirit, to echo thy prayer,
To learn in thy presence the virtue serene
That beams from thy eye, and lends grace to thy mien;
O, let me unblamed in thy beauty rejoice,
And deem myself sometimes the friend of thy choice.

RED, BLUE, GREEN AND YELLOW.

BY MISS ANNA FLEMING.

We are a little family of four—we the primary colours. We have been in existence ever since the world began; we were in Eden before Adam was, and very busy we were getting it ready for him, and his gentle helpmate, Eve. I myself am Red. I am a fiery little fellow, hot and hasty, and when I get into the fire, beware of me, for I am a very demon then. After me comes meek, tender-hearted Blue; Yellow is a wild boy, something like me in his disposition; he and I are very good friends, and have many a sport together in the soft clouds at sunset. Green is a sober fellow, and a very pleasant one; he is busy just now in decorating the new grass and young leaves for spring. We would be very happy together, for we are always busy, although our occupations are all different. I say we would be a merry set of little fellows, if it were not for two enemies, and I grieve to say it, these enemies are fallen ones of our own race. I mean first, a dark fearful foe, who spreads his dingy wing over us, and in spite of our labours, all day, always gets the better of us at night. This is an imp called *Black*; and another, his opposite, who ever since the world began has been the servant of disease and decay, blanching the roses I paint, and the warm cheek I have under my special protection, and covering every thing in winter with his own cold semblance; his name is *White*.

The Sun, our good benefactor and parent, has a great hatred towards these enemies of ours; indeed, when he appears they have to fly. I like to see him in the spring, darting his angry rays at our last-mentioned enemy, and forcing him to run down the hills, and hide his head in the crevices.

But I am wandering from my story. As I said, we were in Eden before Adam was. The morning he first appeared, was very bright and beautiful. The sun was shining gaily, and I and my companions were up early and hard at work painting. Green had done the trees and the grass, and was now sitting down, to take in hand some young mosses, that had just come up and were calling him. And the katydids and the grasshoppers came and chirped lively music around him.

Blue had lent her colour to the morning sky, and was crossing a meadow, to lay her tiny brush on the waters beyond—when what was her joy to find, that here her labours might be spared. It was already painted for her, she had looked Heaven-ward, first, (and mortals, ye may find a moral in it.) her task upon Earth was lightened, the blue of the sky was reflected in the glassy

wave. Blue shook her wings for joy. "I shall have time now to finish all those violets in the hollow," said she. So she sat down on a pebble and began to colour these her favourites, looking up and smiling ever and anon at the blue birds, flying backwards and forwards over her head.

Yellow was busy too, that morning; thousands and thousands of flowers were calling him, and the golden sunbeams, on the tops, beckoned him hither and thither, and the golden fruit bending over the stream waved backwards and forwards reproachfully at his delay, for he was gilding the sands by the water side, and keeping a strict watch over the gold fish, that crowded to that part of the water.

I too had my hands full that day. Oh, how I worked and panted till my red face grew still redder, as I ran from flower to fruit, and from fruit to flower. The strawberries kept me a long time among them, for they were a very large family, and then I had such countless varieties of flowers, not including my darling roses. Further in the wood, I had to climb over wreaths of polished scarlet berries, and in the air my robin red-breasts, and on the beach there were shells to be lined, and in the ocean-depths more shells and sea-weed, and branching coral, and bright glowing rubies.

But by mid-day, it was all complete, and we stood and congratulated each other on what we had done. Suddenly a burst of celestial music was poured forth—and again all was hushed, and Adam, the Man, stepped forth.

For days we ministered to him, delighting his eyes in every possible manner; but, sometimes, at evening, when he was asleep, we would dance round him, we merry ones, and sometimes we would pity him that he was alone.

Another gala-day burst upon Eden. It was whispered among us, that we were to have another mighty guest. So we set to work again painting and painting; but we were well rewarded for all our pains, by the sight of the lovely creature, who walked timidly, hand in hand with Adam, through our forest shades.

Overcome with delight, and intoxicated with joy, for I always was a gay wild fellow, I raised my wings, and springing to her chiselled lips left there some of my choicest and rarest crimson, a peculiar shade, which I had never yet bestowed upon any earthly thing. I touched her cheeks also, and making one of the zephyrs waft a rose leaf by, I found the tint matched exactly.

Yellow settled in her hair, that luxuriant mass,

but I have my doubts as to that fellow's honesty. Eolus wanted a harp, I know, and I am very much afraid the rascal was persuaded by him to part with some of the golden strings confided to his care.

Blue and Green were more moderate than either Yellow or myself. Blue dared not approach her, but as Eve raised her eyes to Heaven, the blue light streaming thence fixed itself in them, and Green, poor fellow—how humble he was—he dared not come near her face, but in his great respect and adoration, he spread himself through the grass, at her feet, making it pleasant for her eyes to gaze on.

So we remained for some time, beautifying every thing for this noble pair; and in our gaiety of heart never suspecting that any thing was amiss—no, not even one day, when we saw the Serpent himself glide through our Paradise. We mocked him and laughed at him, and as we traced his winding course in and out through the openings in the brushwood, we threw our glancing colours across his back, as the sun shone on him. We might have observed, if we had been less giddy, that he wore the colour of our enemy, *Black*.

Things began to look sad now in Eden, and we knew some great evil had been done; for not long after, we saw Adam and Eve slowly and mournfully wend their way out, and oh! how reluctant was their tread. I was so frightened, that I recalled my crimson from her lips and cheeks, and gold refused to dwell any longer in her hair. Blue was more faithful: she would not leave the eyes, that had so often gazed on her with delight, as she frolicked in every direction.

Green grew dim on the forest leaves, and every thing mourned the departure from Eden. Our peaceful sylvan days were now over; we were obliged to mingle in scenes of sorrow, of suffering, and even of crime.

When Cain shed his brother Abel's blood, I was there. It was the first murder I ever witnessed, and with trembling hands I snatched the red from the lips and cheeks of the passers by, to supply the sudden and great demand there.

As to Cain, our above-mentioned dark enemy took possession of him; and as age after age has passed away, we have seen the rapid increase of his dingy descendants, with the brand of moral slavery marked on their brow.

At the time of the deluge, we gave ourselves up for lost, for how could we hope to escape, we little sprites, in the general destruction. It grieved our hearts sadly, to see the flowers beaten down and the trees, even the stoutest, giving away before the fury of the storm. So with one accord, we all dived down under the water, far, far down to the very depths of the ocean, and whilst all above us perished, we, the merry little band, remained unhurt. Blue would sit and sing, and string long rows of sapphires together.

Yellow scraped together heaps of gold, and searched the sand for any thing he could find,

and sent the gold-fish up above every day or two, to see what was going on, and to bring him word of it.

Green became very intimate with the mermaids. Indeed, I know he was their barber, and used to dye their hair for them every morning, and ornament it with emeralds. He very nearly got into a fight with a fiery young merman once, on this account, and high words passed between them, and they would certainly have come to blows, if the merman had not declared himself willing to let him off on consideration of his being young and very green.

One day, the gold-fishes coming down, brought joyful tidings, that the flood had subsided; so after one more merry game at hide and seek, with the little scaly fishes, we clasped each other's hands, and were wafted slowly upwards, higher and higher, higher and higher, till at last we reached our own Earth; but much as we loved her, we did not stop here, no! higher and higher, higher and higher we sailed, till we reached the heavens, and then our hands, still clasped, we assumed the form of a glorious arch, reaching across the whole Earth. Ye saw it, mortals, ye have often seen it; for many a time, when a storm in faint similitude of our first great Deluge, pours sorrow and dread into all hearts, do we, clasping our hands, again rising to Heaven, higher and higher, higher and higher, assume the form of the glorious Rainbow, and repeat to you God's never to be forgotten promise.

Our lives from that time became very different. As centuries passed away, we heard of strange events, and stranger pursuits. The quiet forests where we dwelt, were burnt and destroyed, and cities built in their places. I, myself, have seen strange sights; sights, that in Eden I never dreamed of, and we must confess, that like mortals, we have been put to baser uses than we were born for.

I have been made to expend my choicest crimson on a tyrant's robe, and for this, the hungry orphans who worked on it, grew pale. Proud court beauties have sought my artificial aid to restore the bloom their own folly had driven away, and which I would so gladly have brought back by natural means, if they would have let me.

I have dyed the conqueror's sword, the heathen's idol, the guillotine. I have been where men have died for their religion. I have been where, in the silent night, the murdered man has given up his soul to God, where there was none to hear his cry, and none to save him, and no vestige remained, save the dark red spot on the grass, where I would cling!

But think not, mortals, when I speak of bloodshed, and horror, think not these are my only or my favourite avocations: no! roses bloom as fair as ever; and I have all my gay insect world that come to me daily for their hues, and the same blood I have so often seen oozing out, and taking with it life, the same blood warms many and

many a young heart, capable of high and lofty resolves. The evening sun-light is as beautiful as when I saw it in Eden, and as unsullied, though it has lighted the way to many evil deeds.

Maidens blush now just as Eve did, and infants' parted lips smile in slumber just as did those of Cain and Abel, in their infancy, ere sin had come upon one, or fear upon the other.

But I am talking so much about myself, that I am forgetting to speak of my brothers and my sister. They have fallen into strange ways too. Poor Yellow, he has never been happy since the day he began to scrape gold together, with such eagerness, down in the ocean bed. Somehow or other, after that, he got into the service of certain treasure seekers, and was always going under ground, whenever he could get a spare moment. I am always glad when the autumn comes to keep him busy with the corn-fields and the apples, and later still with the leaves.

As to Blue, she got herself into a sad scrape, one day not very long ago, by chancing to alight

upon a lady's stocking. Poor little thing! she meant no harm; but the confused din of women's voices, consequent thereupon, frightened her so much, that she has never held up her head well since.

Green still goes on his straightforward course, busying himself with the trees and grass, and his green insects, of whom he is very fond; he is reserved and silent, and every now and then pays a visit to the ocean. I say nothing; but as an elder brother, I certainly have a right to an opinion, and I cannot help thinking, that young mermaid has a great deal to do with it.

So we go on, following our various paths, which occasionally cross but never blend; looking forward to forming, one day, an eternal rainbow in the heavens.

But I must run, for they are calling me in impatient tones to lay down my butterfly-featherpen, and come and join them in looking at themselves, reflected in a diamond, on the throat of Beauty.

M A R G A R E T.

BY HENRY WM. HERBERT.

It was wild and winter night, cold the wind was blowing,
Not as yet 't the lonely farm was the red cock crowing;
Only from the reedy fen came the bittern's booming,
Long before the misty morn in the east was glooming—

Long before the misty morn in the east was breaking,
Only on the moorland dun was the hill-fox waking,
Only from the ivied holt sad the owls were hooting,
And the gusty skies along falling stars were shooting—

Only from the gusty skies falling stars were gleaming,
Not a light from lordly tower, or lowly hut was beaming,
Only o'er the green morass meteors pale were creeping,
Yet was Margaret awake, early awake, and weeping—

Early Margaret was awake, early awake, and sighing,
For how could she lie warm asleep, while he lay cold
and dying?

There was a terror in her ear as of a bell slow-ringing—
A deep dull toll—though toll was none—upon the night-
wind swinging—

A heavy tremor at her heart of strange shapes round her
wheeling,
A steed all blood, a saddle bare, a dark route blindly
reeling.

Sad Margaret, she only heard that bell's unearthly tolling!
Pale Margaret, she only saw that red tide round her roll-
ing!

Yet now there came, when lulled the wind, a sound of
war-steeds stamping,
Adown the hill, along the fen, across the bridge, slow
stampng!

And now there came, amid the gloom, the flash of torches
glancing,
And harness bright, and lance-heads light, and plumes
and pennons dancing!

It was wild and winter night, cold the wind was blowing,
Not as yet 't the lonely farm was the red cock crowing—
It was wild and winter night, all but she were sleeping,
When the war cry broke above them, changed their rest
for weeping.

Only from the reedy fen came the bittern's booming,
Long before the misty morn in the east was glooming—
When the sullen cloud of smoke o'er the roof-tree sailing,
Changed their brief and bootless strife into endless wail-
ing.

Sad Margaret, she only waked, when all the rest were
sleeping,

Pale Margaret, she only smiled, when all the rest were
weeping,

True Margaret, she only said, "I care not if ye slay
me"—

She only said, "I care not; but by his cold corpse lay
me."

Brave Margaret, she only said, when flashed the broad-
sword o'er her,

She only said, "I care not," when her life-blood flowed
before her—

She only said, as ebb'd her life, "This is the end of sor-
row,

For I shall be with him," she said, "with him and my
God to-morrow!"

LADY MORGAN'S FIRST AND LAST WORK.*

It must be forty years, or thereabouts, since Lady Morgan's first work, "*The Wild Irish Girl*," appeared. This second edition of the American print, which we have before us, was issued in 1805. The author, then Miss Owenson, was a young lady, not more than eighteen, and her advantages of education or position had not been such as would have warranted any hope of success. Yet the book had a prodigious sale. Within the first two years seven editions were published in Great Britain, besides two or three in America. It gained for Miss Owenson a celebrity which very few writers, of either sex, have won by their first work. It gained her the love and blessings of the Irish people, of course; and a far more difficult achievement, it won her a high reputation in England. Some of the best and brightest characters among the proud nobility became her friends and patrons. The simple Irish maiden was taken from the bogs of the county of Tirerah, in the wilds of Connaught, and dropped at once into the very "sanctum of English *ton*;" and her first winter in London was a continued scene of triumphs gained by genius over the prejudices of birth, rank and fashion.

What were the peculiar merits of the work which won this popularity? As a novel it certainly cannot be rated very high. The plot shows little inventive talent, and was, moreover, liable to some objection on the score of moral tendency. We allude to the plan of making the Earl of M—— and his son both in love with the same lady. The denouement is very awkwardly managed, and we think most readers must have been disgusted, if not shocked by the scene where the unconscious rivals, father and son, meet in the old chapel. There is very little development of character attempted, each person introduced being expressly designed, as is at once seen, to act a particular part, which is set down in the play.

Nor is the merit of the work in its style, which is both high-flown and puerile. The exaggerated sentiment, so often poured out by the fervid, but uncultivated writer, appears more nonsensical from the pompous phraseology in which it is so often expressed. We wonder how such great words could have been brought together to express such small meanings. This is particularly the case with the descriptive portions of the work. In short, the author, possessing naturally the wildest and warmest phase of Irish temperament, had had her head filled and nearly turned by what she calls "the witching sorcery" of Rousseau;

and as her taste had been very little cultivated by judicious reading, or her judgment improved by observation, it is not strange that she mistook hyperbole for elegance, and fancied that soft, mellifluous words would convey ideas of super-human beauty. The following description of her heroine, Glorvina, is a fair specimen of this tawdry style. "Her form was so almost impalpably delicate, that as it floated on the gaze, it seemed like the incarnation of some pure ethereal spirit, which a sigh too roughly breathed, might dissolve into its kindred air; yet to this sylphide elegance of spherul beauty was united all that symmetrical *contour* which constitutes the luxury of human loveliness. This scarcely 'mortal mixture of earth's mould,' was vested in a robe of vestal white, which was enfolded beneath the bosom, with a narrow girdle embossed with precious stones." Query, how did the lady look? Can the reader form any clear notion?

Such is the prevailing style of the book, though occasionally, when giving utterance to some strong deep feeling, which usually finds its appropriate language, the author is truly eloquent. How could a novel so written, gain such popularity? Because it had a high aim, a holy purpose. It owed its success entirely to the simple earnestness with which Miss Owenson defended her country. It is all Irish. She seemed to have no thought of self, nothing but patriotism was in her soul, and this feeling redeemed the faults of inflated style, French sentimentalisms, false reasoning, and all the extravagances of her youthful fancy. Ireland was her inspiration and her theme. Its history, language, antiquities and traditions, these she had studied as a zealot does his creed, and with a fervour only inferior in sacredness to that of religion, she poured her whole heart and mind forth in the cause of her own native land.

This sentiment of patriotism was so pure and soul-inspiring, that even the English reader, feeble as were his sympathies with her subject, could not at first refuse her his tribute of admiration and applause. Nor did the credulity, which this love of country induced, appear then as a blemish in her mind. Her enthusiastic praises of Ossian, and her firm belief in the antiquity of Macpherson's poem, seem very natural when we find that she claims Fingal and all the heroes of whom Ossian sung, as her own countrymen. Yes, Miss Owenson firmly believed then, and probably Lady Morgan now holds the same faith, maugre the arguments and ridicule of Samuel Johnson, and all other anti-Ossianites, that the "King of Morven" was a true-born Irishman;

* The "*Wild Irish Girl*" and "*Woman and her Master*."

and she makes Glorvina prove this to the entire satisfaction of her English lover. And herein we see displayed one of the peculiarities of this popular author, which, we think, is much more strongly marked in her than in female writers generally. We allude to the partisan tendency of her mind. She does not try to persuade but to conquer. She seizes on a theory which pleases her fancy, and then seeks for reasons to sustain it, not, as it seems to us, in the impartial spirit of truth, but to establish her own opinion. In her last work, as we shall by and by show, this one-sided view of her subject has led her into serious errors.

After such a successful *debut*, it was a matter of course, that the favoured author would continue to write. This she has ever since done, and a long list of works* attest her indefatigable industry, and do honour to the name of "Lady Morgan." The title she enjoys in consequence of knighthood being bestowed on her husband, an English physician of talents and repute, by George the Fourth. We do not intend to enter on any formal notice of Lady Morgan's many books, nor is it necessary; our readers are probably familiar with most of them, as they have been republished in America. We will only remark in passing, that of the novels, "The O'Briens and O'Flaherty's," is considered the best, and as regards style, is greatly superior to her "Wild Irish Girl." Still, there is too much ornament, too many French phrases, and what is much more deeply to be regretted, an under current (which runs more or less through all her novels) of the philosophy prevalent in the French school of sentimental free-thinkers. Still, over all this verbiage and *persiflage*, there breathes a redeeming, purifying, exalting spirit—the love of country. "I have written, from my youth up, under the influence of one great and all-pervading cause, Ireland and its wrongs," says Lady Morgan, in her "Book of the Boudoir"—and we believe her.

Since her marriage, she has resided much abroad, and her "France" shows her powers of observation, and "Salvator Rosa" bears evidence of her research and taste for the fine arts. The latter work was highly praised by Denon, and also in the Foreign Journals generally. Her literary reputation is, indeed, much higher on the continent than in her own country; for, chiefly in consequence of her political opinions, her British critics have been exceedingly severe. The most virulent personal abuse and ridicule of Lady Morgan, as well as the utter condemnation of her writings, was, for a long time, the fashion of the English press. The lightest doubt in her lightest novel, insinuated in the gentlest manner,

respecting the wisdom and advantages of the Union, as it regarded Ireland, or the justice and mercy of the Catholic restrictions, was denounced in the most ferocious manner, and "Jacobin!" "Atheist!" "odious woman" were names often lavished by the elegant Quarterly, and other kindred journals, on Lady Morgan, joined with a critical anathema maranatha of all her works.

What changes have come over public opinion in England during the last five years! The Catholic disabilities are not only removed, but almost universally condemned as having always been impolitic. And now, when O'Connell is shouting "Repeal!" and the thunder-tone of the millions of Ireland, whom his voice has aroused, echo "Repeal!" till the whole fabric of English power trembles like a reed shaken by the wind, what is the language of the press which was so savage towards a feeble woman, who only questioned the policy of the Union?

Why it very gently rebukes the "Great Agitator," deprecates the haste with which he urges on reform; but admits that there are evils which will be redressed in good time, if he will only be quiet! Truth, and Justice, and Liberty do make progress.

But though we give Lady Morgan full credit for her patriotism, and willingly allow that she has done her country some service by her writings, yet as her object was chiefly political reform, whenever that is attained, her works must lose most of their interest. She has laboured rather to expose wrongs than to suggest improvements. This rooting up weeds, may be quite as useful in cultivation as planting flowers, but the latter is most pleasant, and as we think, best suited to the hand of a lady. Hannah More and Miss Edgeworth, planted flowers; their works will be read so long as moral and intellectual improvement continue to be valued.

Some allowance must, however, be made for inherent tendencies and original temperament. Lady Morgan is, by nature, of a chivalric spirit, kind and generous, but restless as St. George himself, and as ready to wield her lance (*le plume*) against every dragon. Now that her beloved Ireland requires her services no longer, she has arisen, as a champion, to redress the manifold oppressions of her own sex!

In 1840, appeared Lady Morgan's *last work*, bearing a title—"Woman and her Master"—which at once proclaims its character. This work is, as yet, but half completed; the partial loss of her eye-sight obliging her to delay the publication of the last two volumes. But as these are soon expected, we think it but justice to the author to postpone our intended notice; yet as some expression of our opinion on her plan, as developed already, may be expected by our readers, we will improve the opportunity which the appearance of the book, and its title, affords us, to say a few words on a question, that has been of late, a good deal agitated in our country.

* "St Clair"—"Novice of St. Dominick"—"O'Donnell"—"The O'Briens and O'Flaherty's"—"Ida of Athens"—"The Princess"—"France"—"Salvator Rosa"—"Book of the Boudoir"—"Florence Macarthy"—and others, the titles of which we do not now recollect.

Is the position which woman—or to speak less in the abstract—which women occupy in society, such as is justly due to them; and if not, in what way can they best assert and secure their rightful station? This is a point which has been raised and discussed with so much earnestness, and ingenuity, and vigour, that one is really surprised at the little general interest excited; and we might almost consider this fact alone as a practical and sufficient decision of the question. But as it is a kind of decision not likely to satisfy many reasoners, it may be worth while to go over a few of the arguments which have induced us strongly to doubt whether some of the views lately put forth with great confidence, as well as others which have been held for a long time as established truths, no more to be doubted than axioms, may not after all be founded on misapprehension.

And first, it is customary with those who hold that the female sex is degraded by the institutions of society, below its proper rank, to rest their conclusions on the ground, that among savage communities, women are notoriously in a state of servitude, and that we are not yet sufficiently removed from the condition of our ancestors to have shaken off every relic of barbarism—more particularly in this instance, where the party aggrieved, being the weaker in physical force, and denied a share in legislation, is not in a position to insist upon its rights.

This argument seems, at first sight, to have much force. Unquestionably our forefathers, not many generations removed, were barbarians; and no one can deny, that along with much that is founded on the wisdom of experience and common sense, they have bequeathed to us, is their laws and institutions, much of which we would gladly be rid. If our ancestors were savages, and if all savages treat their women as slaves, it is clear as logic can make it that the females of Britain and Germany were once so treated. But we are greatly disposed to doubt the correctness of the latter premise in the syllogism.

The principle which has been so often enunciated, that a judgment may be formed of the state of civilization to which a people has attained, by observing the position accorded by them to the female sex, seems to have been greatly misunderstood. Is it the fact that the condition of the women, in the most barbarous nation, is lower relatively to that of the men, than in the most civilized? Have not travellers been misled by carrying into savage life the ideas and feelings which belong to a state of cultivation?

Let us take the case of an Indian family. Here the woman does a good deal of the work, which with us, is considered as properly belonging to the man; she takes care of the house, both inside and out, cultivates the corn, collects the firewood, and carries the burdens. Now this is what, in a civilized state, would constitute nearly all the labour, and certainly the hardest portion of it. But how is it here? The husband

arises at the break of day, takes his gun or his bow, and sets off on his hunt. This, let it be remarked, is not a mere sportsman's adventure, where, whether successful or not, he is sure of returning, after a few hours' healthful exercise, to a comfortable hearth and a well filled larder. He knows that on his efforts hang the welfare, and perhaps the existence of his family; all day he must follow with untiring foot and restless eye, the track of the flying chase, on which, not only he himself, but those for whom, more than for himself, he labours, depend for subsistence and perhaps for clothing. And when at sunset he reaches home exhausted with his load, in what condition is he for other labour? And in the mean time, in what should the wife have been occupied?

The truth is, we are deceived by drawing our analogies from the state of things which exists among ourselves. Every one knows that on a well-ordered farm, for example, there is nearly as much work to be done within doors as without; and therefore we acquiesce in the natural and proper arrangement that the former, which is the lighter though not the less engrossing labour, should be assigned to the weaker party. A farmer's wife is as constantly employed as an Indian's. Our error lies in supposing that the same division of duties is practicable among savages, at least among nomadic, hunting savages, which it evidently is not. Here all is out-door work, and it so happens that that kind of labour—tillage, house-building, and the like,—which is the heaviest on a Pennsylvania farm, is the lightest about a Chippeway wigwam; while that of which we make an occasional pastime and recreation, is there the real business and toil of life, demanding the strength and endurance of manhood. A traveller, with his note-book, arrives at the lodge; the master of it remains at home that day to entertain his guest, who rewards him by setting down forthwith, that the Pottawottomie men spend much of their time in idleness, while the women are compelled to do all the labour,—a fact which he sagaciously remarks, shows conclusively, the little progress that civilization has yet made among the Pottawottomies.

The truth is, if the women in a savage tribe are slaves, so are the men, slaves to their own ignorance and unregulated passions; both are compelled to undergo a great deal of hardship and misery which they would escape by another and better mode of life; but the burden is equally divided between the two. And the best proof of this is that neither party is dissatisfied. All the sympathy which has been awakened in the breasts of philanthropists for the unfortunate females, has been purely spontaneous, and not excited by a single complaint from its objects. Now this is an argument of some considerable weight. Surely if a person, savage or civilized, male or female, may be trusted in testifying to any one point, it would be as to the fact of his or her happiness or contentment. Nor should it be urged, that habit

may blunt the feelings so far as to render us insensible to misery; it would certainly never lead one to mistake it for felicity. Do the half-starved labourers, who have spent all their days from infancy in the English mines and factories, entertain the least doubt that their condition might be infinitely improved? Has it ever entered into the head of a slave, on a plantation in Cuba, to imagine that he was as well off as his master?

But there is a more decisive argument on this point. Every one has read the stories—well authenticated facts recorded in the early annals of our country—of young girls carried off by the Indians, who, after living several years among them, when at length their existence was discovered, have astonished and pained the friends who would have relieved them, by refusing to quit their savage homes, and return once more to the comforts of civilized life. One affecting instance, well known by the use which has been made of it in a popular novel, was in the family of the minister of a town in Massachusetts, who, with his wife and children, was seized and carried prisoner to Canada; one of his daughters was separated from him, and it was not till long after his return home that the Indians were compelled to restore her; and then, to the anguish of her parents, they found that she had left her forest lodge against her will, and was resolved to return thither. It was with the greatest difficulty that she could be induced to exchange her Indian garb for the dress of her sisters; and shortly afterwards she made her escape, and was no more heard of. This is by no means an isolated case. Similar events are frequently recorded, and even at this day we are assured that incidents of the kind are not unfrequent on the borders of Texas and Mexico. But, who ever heard or read of an instance in which any individual, made—not born—a slave, to whom an opportunity of escaping was presented, had become so captivated by the charms of servitude, that he voluntarily renounced his freedom, and clung to his bonds?

We have dwelt the longer on this point, because it seems to us to have been generally misunderstood, even by those who do not draw from it all the inferences which we are combatting. If it is established that among the lowest savages, the female sex is not really oppressed and ill treated, but enjoys a fair and equal share of all the advantages—few as indeed they must be—of their uncivilized state, it will surely follow that in communities where the highest moral and intellectual culture prevails, this equality is not less scrupulously maintained. We might point to various nations, and inquire whether a Turkish woman in her harem possesses fewer sources of happiness or improvement than her husband; whether drivelling in an opium-shop, or cutting the throats of infidels in the name of religion, are enviable privileges, or of higher moment to society than working embroidery and training children? We might ask also how far the Grecian ladies of ancient time,

whose lot has been so much deplored, were below the Grecian gentlemen, for whom the highest idea of the glory of human nature was embodied in a wrestler or a racer at the Isthmian games, who, with his naked limbs reeking with oil, stood up to receive the crown of victory amid the plaudits of admiring thousands, and be immortalized by an ode of Pindar?

But we shall probably be told that though all this may be to a certain extent correct, and though it is true that in social life the rank of woman has always been graduated closely enough to that of her master, yet his tyranny has been shown clearly and decidedly in the legal disabilities to which it has been his constant aim and study to subject her. There is some truth in this, or rather some fact, which is often a very different thing from truth. The facts in this case are partly as stated; but they prove by no means the purpose ascribed, nor the oppression which is said to be the result. It is necessary here to discriminate carefully. The disabilities in question are of two kinds, the purely legal and the political. Among the former there are some which ought not to exist; such, for example, as the law by which all the property of a wife becomes her husband's, without a special agreement to the contrary before marriage,—a law which has been and is productive of much misfortune and distress, especially in those cases of frequent occurrence, where an industrious and prudent woman is fettered to a worthless spendthrift husband. But it would be most unjust and irrational to argue from a few isolated instances of this sort, a settled purpose in the legislators to injure any one or any class. They are among the anomalies in that code of customary law, which is usually celebrated as the collected wisdom of our ancestors,—though for the last sixty years, ever since our independence, we have been doing our best to leave as little of it as possible unaltered. Many of its provisions, which have been acknowledged to be unfit for the age in which we live, have been expunged,—among others that of imprisonment for debt in many of the states; and it is worthy of remark that the first step, in general, towards this amendment, has consisted in exempting females from the liabilities of the law,—which certainly cannot be regarded as a proof of a very tyrannical disposition on the part of the legislators of the present day towards woman.

As to the origin of the few injurious laws which are justly complained of, we may ascribe it to the same causes that produced the regulation which has existed from time immemorial in several of the most ancient corporations of the mother country, and which is commonly known as the law of borough-English, whereby the mass of the property descends, not as elsewhere to the eldest, but to the youngest son of the family. Different opinions have been formed as to the circumstances in which this singular law originated; but we believe it has never yet entered into the head of any

one to imagine that the youngest sons themselves, out of malice and selfishness and an overbearing and tyrannical disposition, procured its enactment, for the purpose of exalting themselves by the impoverishment and degradation of their elder brothers.

Those who view the matter in the false light which we have endeavoured to expose, seem to look upon the sexes—the opposite sexes, as they are sometimes pleased to call them—in the light of two contending parties, drawn up in hostile array, like the Thracians and Amazons of old, each expecting to gain great advantages by the defeat, or at least the capitulation, of the other. They hardly seem to take into consideration the relations in which the supposed combatants stand to one another—as fathers and daughters, mothers and sons, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives—the strongest, closest, most endearing, and most holy bonds which can unite human beings.

Is there not an absurdity in supposing that a single passion—the love of domination—can be so strong in one of the parties, as to disregard all these ties, to overpower all the domestic affections, and to annihilate the influence of those early associations which in all other cases exercise such a potent and lasting sway? This, above all, is not a subject to be discussed in the abstract. We are not to inquire whether it does not belong to the selfishness of human nature for the strong to oppress the weak. This may be true as a general maxim, à la Rochefoucault, and yet utterly false in its particular application. Do strong fathers feel an irresistible inclination to oppress their weak sons? The true question is, whether Mr. Smith, seated on one side of the fender, with his little darling Molly on his knee, is likely to be possessed with an inexorable determination to humble, crush down to earth, and tyrannize over Mrs. S., who sits on the other side of the fender, with their youngest pledge, the infant Johnny, slumbering in her arms.

But, it will be said that, admitting all this to be true, we cannot deny that women are treated as an inferior class, in being refused all political privileges, and especially the right of suffrage, the source of all liberty. This is a point which has been pressed with earnestness by persons of no slight abilities and attainments—among others by a distinguished lady, highly respected in her own country, and not unknown in ours,—Miss Martineau,—and it is therefore proper to give to it a careful consideration. We might, perhaps, by investigating the nature and origin of all government, come to some satisfactory decision as to the cause and the justice of the exclusion complained of. But we prefer to view the question in another light, and to judge from the nature of the privileges denied, whether this exclusion be, as is pretended, a real grievance and mark of degradation.

It seems to be taken for granted, by those who prefer this complaint, that the right of voting is, in itself, an advantage; yet nothing can be clearer

than that it is, on the contrary, an evil, and one of no ordinary magnitude. It is certainly no source of enjoyment or gain to our farmers and mechanics, and merchants, to be obliged to quit their business for two or three days, and sometimes oftener, in a year, for the purpose of depositing a few bits of paper in a box; but the mere loss of time is nothing in comparison with the dissensions, the embittered feelings, the corruptions, the dissipation which universally attend on, or result from the exercise of this right. Suffrage is in itself a great evil, and it is only endured as a safeguard and defence against evils still more to be dreaded, tyranny and misgovernment. Now, if it were really the fact that women are subject to peculiar oppression from laws passed expressly to keep them in subjection to the stronger sex, there would be good reason for a desire on their part to possess the best and surest means of freeing themselves from this thralldom. But as we have shown that such a state of things not only never has existed, in any country, among any class of people, but that, in the very nature of society, its existence is almost inconceivable, it would seem to be in the highest degree irrational for the advocates of female emancipation, as we occasionally hear it termed, to insist upon the possession of a privilege from which few, if any, beneficial results would accrue to them, while the evils which always accompany it would, in their case, be peculiarly aggravated.

The business of the legislator, like that of the sailor, the cultivator, the soldier, the sheriff, is a labour necessary for the benefit of the community; but so also is that of the housewife, the instructress, the nurse, the seamstress; and there seems, as we think, no earthly reason why those to whom one class of these duties has been assigned, from a feeling of natural adaptedness, should conceive themselves to be any way aggrieved or oppressed because they are not also required to perform the others. And it is, no doubt, from an instinctive sense of this truth, that the general contentment with which the present system is regarded, proceeds. As we have before remarked, no stronger proof can be required, that the condition of the female sex is not one of subjection and suffering, than the fact that all the effort and argument which have been expended, from the days of Mary Wolstoncraft to our own, have utterly failed in awakening the party oppressed to a consciousness of its misery—a most unaccountable fact, if that misery really exists.

But it is foolish to speak of the sexes as standing towards one another in any relation of superiority and inferiority; they have different but equal spheres to fill, different but harmonious duties to perform. It is as irrational to make any comparison between their respective positions, as it would be to inquire into the comparative value of a picture or a poem, or of an oak tree and a fountain. The relation between them now is the same that has existed in all time, and in every

stage of society; human laws and institutions can no more alter it than they can compel the waters of the Mississippi and the Missouri, after their junction, to flow on without mingling to the sea. As from the earliest day, so to the remotest period, woman will be to man the object of his love, the

partner of his cares, the comfort of his home, the refiner of his heart, his equal in intellectual perception, his superior in moral power, his inferior only in bodily strength and the energy of the passions. J. K.

A STRAY FRAGMENT

FROM THE REVERIES OF AN ENTHUSIAST.

BY DR. JOHN C. MCCABE.

We know not, indeed, if the spirits of the holy dead return to earth. We cannot say that "the mother who watched o'er our childhood," and whose eye was fixed so kindly and so sweetly upon us, as she closed it in death, is permitted to hover around our pathway in spirit, and guard our footsteps from error and crime.

We cannot assert that the infant, whose rosy smile, and bright glance, charmed the spirit of the doting parent here, comes back on angel-pinion, and visits us in the watches of the night.

Nor can we contradict that beautiful theory of the ancients, that the loving dead return to watch over the destinies of their friends in this world. Or whence cometh that wild, strange, beautiful, mysterious music, that sometimes breaks upon the dull ear of slumber, and seems to woo the listener with its solemn melodies? Why those soft whisperings among the tree tops at eventide, when the calm, clear heavens reveal so brightly the pompous march of the circling stars, that we almost fancy them the impalpable echoes of the music of the spheres?

Why is it, when the bright young moon rides through ether, with her solitary star-worshipper at her side, that the tranquillizing beauty of the scene breathes a soft, delicious sadness over the spirit, and we look up into the clear depths of the heavens, and sigh "for the wings of a dove," and long to "fly away, and be at rest?"

Comes there no remembered tone in that wild gush of midnight music, telling in its strains of "melancholy beauty," that the holy dead are about us, wooing us from our wanderings, and charming us by the touching loveliness of their numbers?

Breathes there in those tree-top voices, no memory-stirring thought of the gentle ones who sleep beneath the green grass of the quiet churchyard, and who whispered as their spirits passed away, of sister spirits, beckoning them on?

And oh! when gazing up, up, up into the illimitable depths of Heaven, we watch the myriad stars, and the placid moon, as they smile upon hill top and plain, and river; feel we not then that spirit is communing with spirit, and saying in its mute but

powerful language, "Come up and dwell with us, and 'be as one of us?'"

It is one of those mysteries we cannot know, but it is a hallowed reflection that it may be so—that every good impulse, that every virtuous thrill, that every kindly thought, every noble aspiration, every heroic resolve, every triumph over unsanctified passion, every victory over dark ambition, are the promptings of good angels, sent by God to assist us in our warfare against "the world, the flesh and the devil!"

If Moses and Elias appeared on the Mount, and if in Heaven "they are as the angels," is it a stretch of fancy, at the expense of facts, to say, that as the salvation of mankind is a special object, it is not, therefore, improbable that the blessed spirits of our friends are permitted to watch over us, and warn us of dangers near?

If we are met with the objection that this would prove too much, viz. the *absence* of those spirits from Heaven, and consequently a diminution of their own happiness, occasioned by their leaving their bright and hallowed abodes, we answer, by no means.

For us to understand the mysteries of that eternal world, is not given us; nor will that knowledge be imparted, until the thick film that obscures our spiritual vision is purged away by death; but we can well imagine, that as a star can emit its ray from an immeasurable distance, even from Heaven to our earth, so may an angel, without leaving its shining throne, throw its influences from its far-off glory, around our pathway by day, and our couches by night.

It is a belief that wars not with the sacred Scriptures. It is a doctrine which assails in none of its essentials, or fundamental truths, the Gospel of Christ, as interpreted by all who name His name; and it is a speculation, that, unlike unsanctified philosophy, lays no desecrating hand upon the shining columns of the temple of truth.

To me the belief is fraught with pleasing associations, and though its adoption or rejection cannot affect the destinies of the spirit, I would not willingly divest the soul of its touching influences.

Perhaps while I write, a sweet child, whose

little eyes I saw close in death, whose fragile limbs I saw shrouded in the cold, white grave clothes, upon whose little coffin I heard the damp clay rattle, and above whose little grave I saw the green grass wave, my beautiful, my first-born, is throwing her rosy smile upon the very sentence that records my belief!

Perhaps the young wife of my bosom, to whom, in boyhood, the heart's wild idolatry was given, who, in after life, blest my pathway by her piety and devotion, till the very thorns of life seemed to blush into flowers, beneath the sunlight of her smile, but who, like a too early rose, paled away, and one soft summer evening was laid to rest beneath the green turf of the churchyard—perhaps she, the young, the gifted, the gentle, the unforgotten one, now, even now, as she sweeps the songs of the immortal from the harp strings of

Heaven, sends some tone of old remembered lays, to remind me of the past, and to lead my spirit to the better land.

I can imagine angels around me, when some exalted thought swells my bosom; I can imagine angels near, when I see virtuous poverty cheered and sustained, and purse-proud insolence abashed and rebuked; I can imagine angels ministering, when I see youth, and beauty, and intellect, uniting to promote "peace on earth, and good will toward men." I can readily imagine angels to be at hand, when I behold a weeping penitent transformed into a child of God, and almost fancy I hear angel wings rustling in the hallowed fane, when the songs of the ransomed ones of the church of Christ, rise, in their full volume of sweetness, above the rich strains of the solemn organ, in its anthem roll.

YSLA DE CUBA.

(A MOONLIGHT PANORAMA—SKETCHED FROM THE FORETOP-SAIL YARD.)

BY A POOR SCHOLAR.

Now sleeps the night on Ysla Cuba's shores!
Now sleeps the broad deep gulf that circles them!
And the cold moon a flood of silver pours,
Down on a scene that heart could not condemn!
Sleeps Cobre crowned with purple diadem!
The Lomas San Juan are bathed in sleep,
Robed, couched on downy cloud! Sleeps many a gem
In coral caves where Cuba's willows weep!
Oh! 'tis a lovely land—an Eden of the deep!

On green savannas horse and herd are sleeping—
No fold save the broad canopy of night,
And but the moon her lonely vigil keeping!
Herdsman and rancho sleep in her pure light!
It falls on fruit and foliage, cold and white—
Streaming in picture through the orange bower,
A mellow flood, so beautiful and bright,
That ope the petals of the half-closed flower,
Mistaking for the morn the midnight's moonlit hour!

And many a fair Cubana now is sleeping—
The soft light through the gildedreja beaming,
The moon's pale messengers their revels keeping,
On bosom ne'er disclosed to mortal seeming—
Her dark yet brilliant orb no more love gleaming,
Like to the buried jewel, sleeps beneath
The curtain of the soul—while haply, dreaming
The soul exists not there, but wandereth
Far from that beauteous clay! or strays it but in death?

Oh! that the mocking fiend should ever come
To dim the beauties of this lovely isle!
Yet it is even so—this joyous home,
Whose skies are ever radiant with a smile,
Where all the day sweet song and dance beguile
The circling hours, is the home of death!—
Not now—the fiend is resting from his toil,
And o'er the grave, fair flowers have formed a wreath!
That grave shall be reaped by Autumn's favored breath!

Yet there's no clime where deeper blue the skies,
Studded and stereotyped with brighter stars,
Than over Ysla Cuba—like the eyes
Of her fair daughters, sunset rarely mars
The lustre of their beauty—her sky wears
Its sweetest smile by night—see where the moon
Is gushing down on yonder Olivares
In mellow flood! how plentiful the boon
Of her soft trembling light! 'tis clear as northern noon!

Gleams the blue vault with astral isles of light!
Gleams the blue ocean mirroring each star,
Daguerreotyping worlds! two skies unite
On the horizon's circling edge afar!
High o'er the south—the land of Bolivar
A snow white cloud with purple border gleaming
Floats softly on—like to the tabled car
And harnessed cygnets of the goddess seeming—
Bright as the beam of bliss that halos virtue dreaming.

Gleams the broad Llana—the lone Loma gleams!
Here the cabana—there the casa gleaming
Through groves of lime, where sweet aroma teems,
Loading the zephyr! all so fairly seeming,
That we forget 'tis real—the soul deeming
Those brilliant fields the fair inheritance
Of man beyond the grave, and lost in dreaming,
We fondly yield to the delicious trance—
Nor wakes a single sound to mar its rich romance.

Silent the cerra—silent the savanna—
Silent the city sleeps! gleam on the sight
Matanzas—Honda—Guadalupe—Havanna
Bathed in the flood of magical moonlight!
Droops the broad banner on the Moro height!
All—all is silent, save the mockbird's tune,
Or shriek of pelican in heavy flight
Across the bosom of the lone lagoon—
The reaver's outcast home—hold of the dark maroon!

THE WEDDING RING.

A SEQUEL TO THE MOURNING RING.

Published in the June No. 1843.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

CHAPTER I.

TIMES CHANGE—AND WE CHANGE WITH THEM.

Two young ladies sat together, in pretty earnest discussion—into which we shall take the liberty to drop, just at its close. One had been earnestly defending an absent young man—whether in sincerity, or merely to draw her companion out, it is not possible to say. Perhaps a very little malicious impertinence was among the motives prompted her advocacy. When she had done, the other said:

"I am sure that I have as high an opinion of Mr. Francis Meredith, as— as— as—" [The listener laughed outright, and most provokingly. The speaker blushed downright, and most brilliantly.] "Now what a tease you are! We are both past our boarding-school days, and it were folly in me to dissemble my knowledge of the drift of his intentions."

"Or your consciousness that they are not disagreeable."

"I can receive any gentleman as an acquaintance, who, is as you say, not disagreeable."

"I said his *attentions* were not disagreeable."

"Will you be quiet, Julia, or not? I say that I can recognize any man as a gentleman, who has the *entrée* of good society; I can even flirt a little in moderation, with him, if he is accomplished and good-humoured. But when he grows too marked and particular in his devotedness, it is time, as the politicians say, to ask for his credentials, or, as the merchants have it, for his references. When an alliance for life is talked of, we must drop our abstract notions of equality and all that, and sacrifice something of our republican-ism to our standing in society."

"Hear! hear!" cried the other laughing. "Well really, Mary, I have betrayed you into quite a dissertation. You talk more like one's mother's maiden sister, than like a young woman not out of her teens. I cannot think of destroying the impression that your remarks have made on an unanimous auditory of one, by broaching any new topic—so good morning."

And Mary was left alone. Who, think you, was she? None other than our old friend, Mary Richardson. She forgot that those delicate hands had ever been worked to the bone, as her eye

rested with complacency upon her taper fingers, hooped with gold, and sparkling with gems. She forgot, as she trifled with an ingenious device in lace, that she had once laboured with might and main upon coarse and stubborn materials to earn a livelihood. In her elegant and tasteful apparel, and in the neatness and luxurious comfort of all about her, she forgot that she had once been compelled to pledge almost her entire wardrobe, to escape starvation. The reader, we trust, has learned to love Mary for her filial piety—for that fortitude and perseverance in exertion, under misfortune, of which woman only is capable—for that patient industry which never ceased, though ill and tardily required—for that kind attention and devotion to an impatient invalid, which found its reward only in innate self-approval; the object of her kindness being too childish for gratitude—too peevish to reward her assiduity even with a smile. The reader has admired, too, that practical piety, which forbade Mary to repine while passing through all this suffering, and which, under Heaven, brought her through her trials and temptations not only uncontaminated, but improved in mind and in spirit. Alas, that prosperity should be more dangerous than adversity! But so it is.

If pride were tolerated in any case, one might excuse Mary if, not only in her thoughts, but in her words, she claimed honour for the real merit which she had possessed—the worthy and dignified manner in which she had endured adversity—the self-denying industry with which she had laboured to support in honour, herself and an indigent relative. But we have no need to apologize for her pride for such a cause—she was *ashamed* of *that* passage in her life, of all others—proud of her present wealth, which conferred no merit upon her—proud of the personal beauty which bade fair to ruin the hopes of her father, by making her a coquette!

And that father—shall we own it of our heroine? She could not bear to sit with him in the twilight alone, because that it recalled the hour, when she first looked through her tears upon a father's face. She started at the tone, when he spake to her in kindness, because it brought vividly to her mind the hour when, with the chill of death upon her hopes, she was summoned back to life and happiness by his voice. She disliked to enter his

room, because a portrait of his mother hung upon the wall; and she feared above all, to be alone with him an instant, lest, in his fondness he should beg her to speak of those days of trial, that he might commend her for her filial virtue. As we before said, Mary was *ashamed* of all this! She dreaded lest the fashionable world might know that she had been proved and found worthy among women—a kind daughter—a heroine in humble life—*humble life!* There was the stumbling block. To receive her due, to be known in her true excellence, she must acknowledge former poverty—own that she had actually toiled for a maintenance! With what jealousy did she guard that secret—from what a motive did she take care that her good was not known—with what almost undutiful abruptness did she change the theme when her father by the slightest allusion, indicated that the conduct for which he felt most proud of her, was in his thoughts.

Silly, silly pride! It would seem that Heaven, to show how unfit is the sentiment for human hearts, caused its manifestations to be upon such very trivies—its wounds to come from such pitiful absurdities—and its ranklings to create such extreme discomfort—only that reflection should make us the more ashamed of ourselves. A sewing-girl disturbed Mary's cogitations upon her friend's plea in the court of Cupid, in the matter of Frank Meredith's attachment. She had brought home a new frock.

Silly, silly pride! Dressmakers and dressmakers' apprentices are necessary evils, as husbands and fathers know, and as their pockets feel; but women, and young women particularly, do not usually regard them with extreme aversion. Mary Richardson did. She could not see a band-box, that it did not send a foolish shudder through her frame—she could hardly endure to speak to a sewing-girl, because she had once earned an honest living with her needle. And in this particular case there certainly was nothing in the crafty and envious look of malice with which the girl accompanied her glances, which could remove or diminish Mary Richardson's dislike.

"Don't you think, ma'am, that these plaids are more apt to ravel, when they're sewed bias?"

Mary blushed, (what a fool,) stammered, (how very silly,) and said—"Well—really, how should I know?"

The other bit her lip, and laughed maliciously with her eyes. "Why—no offence I hope, ma'am? Ladies *do* sometimes know too much for us—should you like me to try the frock on, ma'am?"

"No!"

"Oh well," said the girl—"I dare say you can tell just what it needs, if it wants any alteration." As she closed the door, poor weak Mary Richardson stamped with vexation, and then found relief from her passion of rage in a passion of tears.

CHAPTER II.

ANOTHER REVOLUTION.

If Mary Richardson's fortune had changed since we first met her in the omnibus, chance had not stood still with the other female passenger in that vehicle. While the sun had been shining upon Mary, it had become clouded for the other—and the wealthy Mrs. Meredith, was now one of those who are tersely enough, but with little feeling, styled "the have-beens." Reverse had overtaken her; and she, who at the close of the story, to which this is a sequel, had the means of gratifying every reasonable wish, and many of her unreasonable whims, now lived in confined and unfashionable apartments. Her daughters had been taken from her, and she received a plain and respectable, but straitened support, from an only son, whose early professional struggles scarce sufficed to provide himself and his parent with necessities; and to enable him to maintain appearances, and enter that society, to which young bachelors are admitted, at the cost of defrauding comfort to keep up show. Frank Meredith—of whom the reader has already had a glimpse in the first chapter, always wore faultless boots—but blacked them himself. His shirt frills were unexceptionable—for his mother was his laundress. His garments were always in good order, for no valet can take that care of a wardrobe that a poor and proud man will himself. He was never in debt and seldom in difficulty, for he had too much pride (and here pride was useful) to expose himself to the danger of either.

It is of no use to quarrel with, or to rail against the conventional forms which have established themselves in this republican country. It answers no earthly purpose to complain that the wealthy mix with the wealthy, and that to a certain extent the purse does fix certain divisions of classes. She who can purchase bills of five hundred or a thousand dollars, in a morning's round, will very naturally seek a shopping companion, whose purse will travel the same length as hers. No other could be really a fit companion. And as all comforts and luxuries find their way into our habitations only over a silver railroad—and as the site of the house—its garniture and adornment—its larder, kitchen, parlours and chambers—its library and its music portfolio, all depend upon the purse, it is not surprising that, to return to our simile, families of the same means travel in the same cars. So it is—and so it must be—not only here, but everywhere. Where other distinctions of social rank are recognised, poor nobility is very glad to share coronets with crowns—and to sacrifice noble blood, for pounds, shillings and pence.

We are writing for sensible people, and while we describe things as they are, shall not be understood to say, that wealth confers superiority, or that poverty implies its opposite. Nor, on the other hand, do we impute the possession of riches

as a crime, and laud indigence, of necessity, as virtue. These matters are but accidents—the true man is independent of them; and that country is the happiest, and that system of society the nearest equality, where the best opportunity is given to merit and worth to set aside these artificial barriers. That country we believe is ours. At any rate, if wealth be nobility, the “rotation in office” principle is carried into the social classification—for the family rich in one generation is almost sure to be poor in the next, and vice versa. Often, too, in one life-time extremes are experienced, and if our story have any moral, it is to exhibit the folly of pride or of shame founded upon mere accidental circumstances. Let us return to Frank Meredith.

After what we have written, Mr. Frank Meredith's exact position will be easily understood—for probably you, reader, have his like in your eye, at this moment. A young bachelor, he can safely accept all civilities tendered him in the houses of the rich—honour all invitations, and be ever at hand to offer his services and assistance in cases where young ladies find young men absolutely necessary. As most young women are apt, in this sordid day and generation, to reason precisely as did Mary in the first chapter, mothers and aunts find comparatively little danger in his presence. They know, and the daughters know, that she who marries him must either look to love in a cottage, or bring the means to furnish her own palace. Marriage with the Frank Merediths of society, is to fashionable young women, equivalent to going from fashionable life to a nunnery. The poor bachelor can mix in fashionable life, because, he is not expected to reciprocate costly attentions. If his mother *could* she would—but when a man no more mentions mother or home than if he had neither, no lady is uncivil enough to ask him about them. They do, however, canvass the matter when he is not present—don't you, ladies?

But there goes our malicious sewing-girl, who so sadly disturbed Mary's philosophy. What—on a visit to Mrs. Meredith! What can *she* want of fashionable artistes now? We will follow the girl and see.

“I tried her, ma'am,” said the girl, before she took the seat to which Mrs. M. beckoned her, with the distant dignity of other days. “I tried her, and she blushed like scarlet silk. I know 'tis the same one, now, and more than that, Miss Green told me that just as her time was up with Mrs. Modiste, there used to come a sewing-girl there with just such eyes, and just such a figure as this Miss Richardson has got, and that she was dreadful poor, and used to dun Mrs. Modiste terribly, and that her name was Mary, and that Miss Green herself used to help and show her, and that all at once she disappeared, and that her mother died. Miss Green says she should know her in a minute, and she's going to take home her new white satin to-morrow herself, to see.

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Such a quantity of new things as she does get made up!”

“Oh, I'm quite sure,” said Mrs. Meredith. “When I lived in Waverley Place, her father gave a party to bring her out, and I thought then that I *must* have seen her somewhere. It's very likely that I might have seen her at Mrs. Modiste's, for I was very often there,” she added with a half-suppressed sigh, as if she felt that she would never tyrannize over milliners again. In the same breath she remembered that Miss Richardson had now the privilege she had lost, and she could not help saying, “and I do think there was something evil in the child's looks when I met her at her father's; and when she called on me one day, she *did* say something about my dress, like a milliner, or some other low-bred person.”

The visitor's eyes flashed as she answered, “If she did earn her living, ma'am, that does not signify that she was low-bred.”

Mrs. Meredith had made a mistake. All her rhetoric could not explain it away—for the shrewd girl knew that what had escaped in the carelessness of conversation was a natural exhibit of the speaker's true thoughts and actual prejudices. The consequence was, that the sewing-girl carried back to Miss Green, at the shop, a much better report of Mary Richardson than she left Mary prepared to make.

Here comes home our friend Frank. He is thoughtful and sad, but dare not tell his mother what annoys him. Some young fashionable friends of his have arranged an equestrian jaunt for the morrow—he has been voted cavalier for a *passé* belle, whom somebody must beau, on account of her younger sister. Any other man could plead business—Frank dare not! They well know—so he reasons—that it is his poverty and not his business that keeps him away—and pride must pay its penalty. But what is to make up the deficit that this ride will create in his purse? How is the tailor who deals for cash on delivery to be persuaded out of that coat, which he was charged to complete on a certain day, and how are the householding bills, small but urgent, to be satisfied after this unexpected drain? Young bachelors who mix in fashionable life, with slender purses, do not always escape scot-free by having “no home.”

CHAPTER III.

DENOUEMENT.

Frank Meredith was no horseman. How should he be? In the country boys learn to ride without cost; in the city no boys except the sons of the wealthy, and the omnibus cads ride for nothing. Frank was carried home with a broken leg, but his limb pained him less than his pride. They thought he was in too much agony to hear when

one of his companions said, "What a nasty court!" and another asked, "Which of the twenty-five families in this house does Frank belong to?"

"Is it a dangerous fracture?" asked Mary Richardson of the young lady who told her the sudden news—and, to do Mary justice, she did look pale, and did exhibit real interest—while she felt more than she acknowledged to herself.

"Yes, and I believe you was right the other day," said her friend, "when you doubted his standing. His mother lives up such a horrid alley, Mr. Smith says."

Mary made no answer. If she *could* but follow her first best impulse! But no. Not only was her own selfish pride in the way, but she justly reasoned, Frank's vanity would be. He could not desire to see his fashionable acquaintances in such a place. Had he so neglected those nearer him in actual pecuniary condition, as to be shut out from all sympathy? Could he summon competent advice? Was he indeed so wretchedly poor? Was he an impostor?

Mary thought. Her father, who had heard the conversation, inquired the name of the court, and acted. In a short time he was ascending the same dark staircase over which he had gone a few years before to find a daughter. He stood a moment in the very room! The son lay upon the bed, delirious—the mother wrung her hands over him, little better. Frank's companions had left him, having fulfilled their whole duty, as they thought, in directing a surgeon to go to his assistance, which surgeon, gathering from their manner, that he was some indigent sufferer, only wondered that they had not taken him to the hospital. They were careful not to say that one who lived in such lodgings had met the accident while accompanying them in a ride.

Richardson stood over his bedside. In the ravings of the wounded man, he started to hear his daughter's name frequently mentioned. He recognized the mother, and she, in that hour of trial, while she remembered him, affected no foolish pride or distance—what mother could? She made no objection, while he proceeded, in his own straightforward way to summon such assistance as the case required, and to make such arrangements as were essential to the patient's recovery and comfort. In a short time, all that skilful attendance could do was accomplished, and a competent nurse was installed at his bedside.

Richardson, upon his return, found Mary assuming gaiety with a heartless caller. The sufferer was spoken of by the latter as a pretender, whom accident had exposed, and she did not hesitate even to congratulate Mary on the escape which this accident had brought about—though, she added, as Richardson's stern eye met her's—"it was rather a misfortune that the man had broken his arm—particularly," she added, "in his very destitute situation."

"Not destitute, Miss," interrupted Richardson. "He has a mother, who loves him, and no child

is destitute in such a case—and he loves his mother, and has supported her in her old age, and such conduct is better than money at interest. Isn't it Mary?"

Glad of an advocate for him whom she had longed to defend, but dared not, Mary bowed assent; and she felt that she did not care now if all her feverishly guarded secret did come out. The visitor soon took her leave. Richardson placed his chair beside his child, and, as he proceeded to tell her where he found Meredith, and what he had done for him; and to describe with feeling minuteness the present appearance of the apartment which they both so well remembered, her head sunk upon his shoulder, and her tears fell fast. He told her of the name upon which Frank called in his wanderings, and Mary wished in her heart that tyrant form would permit her to answer the summons.

"You love him?"

Mary made no answer but to press her father's hand. The old gentleman's mind was made up from that moment.

Neither was sorry that this interview was interrupted by a call for Miss Richardson. It was our young sewing-girl's friend, the Miss Green, spinster by fate's decree, and not her own good will, who had come up according to her threat, with *that* satin. Mary looked so earnestly at the girl, that she was out-generated with her own weapon—in plain English, Mary certainly stared the other out of countenance. At last she said,

"If I am not very much mistaken, you are an old friend. Your name is —"

"Green, ma'am," said the other, dropping a ridiculously quick and low "courtesy," delighted at the recognition.

"And you formerly worked for Mrs. Modiste."

"Yes, ma'am; you were a customer, I presume, ma'am," said Miss Green, willing in her gratitude at the attention she had received to help Mary to a falsehood, if she wished.

"No, I was once employed by her, and you, I recollect, showed me many little kindnesses, which were to me at that time great benefits. You may always depend upon me as a friend as long as either of us lives."

Old Richardson had a thousand minds in a minute. He knew that Mary would not have behaved thus the day before, nay, not that morning. His first thought was to throw Miss Green out of the window, and press his daughter to his heart, his second to kiss her before the milliner—his third, to kiss them both. But he deferred all these impulses, passed hastily from the room to his own, closed and fastened the door, and in the next moment was pouring out his soul in gratitude to that Providence who had softened the heart and removed its pride, whilst he had feared that the one was seared and the other incurable. But would not Mary return to her foolish vanity? Would she not count herself the benefactor and superior of him whom she was now willing to promise to love, honour, and obey? The father devised a remedy.

When Frank had become so far convalescent that he could endure good news, Richardson took care to introduce the subject nearest his own heart, as well as that of the invalid. He proved a better than any other physician, and soon adventured upon his secret plan, determined to manage the matter in his own way. He took his daughter on his arm to the lodgings of the Merediths, and, after her natural emotion had become sufficiently quieted, he proceeded to relate some of the events of his own life, and long fruitless search for his kindred. He then drew from his pocket the mourning ring, and stated where he had first met it, in the Intelligence Office. Mrs. Meredith took it from his hand—

"Well, I declare," she said, "I know that I have seen this before—"

"I lost it—in an omnibus, I believe"—said Mary.

"Yes—yes—it was found in an omnibus, and brought to my house. I gave it to a servant—"

"And that gift of yours led to my finding my daughter," said Richardson, resuming his narrative. "In this room, through her advertisement of the loss of that ring, I found her attending upon my dying mother, whose bedside I reached barely

in time to close her eyes. The rest you know."

The old gentleman paused, and all sat many moments in silence, Meredith and his mother revolving in their minds the circumstances of this strange narrative, the mother connecting her former surmises into a now perfect whole. Then she thought of the contrast between her present situation and her condition when these events took place, and sobbed aloud.

"Come, Mrs. Meredith," said Richardson, rising, "we will take leave of these apartments, and of further grief for the past, together. I do hope, however, that none of us will lose the memory of our salutary experience; and to the end that an approaching solemnization may carry a monition against foolish pride with it, I shall insist myself upon furnishing the WEDDING RING. Inappropriate though it seem for such an occasion, you must begin at the beginning of your wedded life, while you pay all proper respect to custom, to slight all mere FASHION, which would make you ashamed of what is not disreputable, or proud of that which implies no merit on your own part." And he placed in the hand of the future bridegroom the bauble which we hope has kept the reader's attention through these two sketches.

FAIRY LAND.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBBINS.

WHERE, where is fairy land?

Mother, tell me where!

Very much indeed I wish

Once I could be there!

I want to see the tiny things,

Dressed in green and white,

Just as little Mabel saw

On midsummer night.

We are fairy land, love,

When our hearts are free,—

Peeping out of flower-bells

Little elves we see.

And they whisper what we feel;

Gentle words or sad;

In the colour of our thoughts,

They are always clad.

Little selfish feelings

Dwarfish brownies make,

And their wrinkled faces

From our hearts they take.

When our hearts are holy,

Sky-blue fairies come,

Playing on their golden harps

Music of our home.

And they scatter brightest gifts,

All along our way:

Such as little Mabel found

On midsummer day.

Just run down, now, to the grove,

While your thoughts are pure,—

You will hear their voices sweet,

I am very sure.

You will see their diamond crowns

In the sparkling brook:

You will find their brilliant robes

In each flowery nook.

You will meet their light canoes

Floating on the pond;

In the water-lilies' cup,

Many a golden wand.

You may roam through fairy land

Freely when you will;

And each time you wander there

Find new wonders still.

BRING FLOWERS.

NEWLY ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE.

MRS. HEMANS' ADMIRER SONG.

JUST PUBLISHED, AND PRESENTED FOR THE LADY'S BOOK, BY J. G. OSBOURN.

ALLEGRETTO.

Bring flow'rs to the captive's lonely cell, They have tales of the joyous woods to

tell; Bring flow'rs to the captive's lone - ly cell, They have tales of the joy - ous

woods to tell; Of the clear blue stream, and the sum - mer sky; And the



Bring flowers, fresh flow'rs, for the bride to wear!
 They were born to blush in her shining hair,
 She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,
 She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth;
 Her place is now by another's side,
 Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride.

Bring flowers, pale flow'rs o'er the bier to shed,
 A crown for the brow of the early dead!
 For this through its leaves hath the wild rose burst,

For this in the woods was the violet nurs'd.
 Though they smile in vain, for what once was ours,
 They are love's last gift: bring ye flow'rs, pale flow'rs.

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,
 They are nature's offering, their place is there!
 They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
 With a voice of promise they come and part,
 They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
 They break forth in glory: bring flow'rs, bright flow'rs.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"The wages of every noble work do lie in heaven, or nowhere," says Carlisle, in his quaint manner. There is holy truth in the sentiment.

To the heart of woman this suggestion is most comforting. Our work cannot, in the nature of things, gain that consequence in the history of the world which belongs to the doings of men; but in heaven the balance can be adjusted, the two mites of the poor widow shown to have wrought more good, actually done, more for the advancement of true charity in the world, than all the "rich gifts" of ostentation, pride, and selfishness.

It is not uncommon to hear young ladies repine that there are so few opportunities for them to engage in any "noble work." But, while those the Saviour blessed—"little children"—are naturally the charge of woman, she should not complain that the field is not "noble." She is training immortal spirits, and has the angels for her assistants.

We rejoice that the station of instructress is constantly gaining, in importance and respectability, on the public mind. As a consequence of this increasing employment of female teachers, the Seminaries, which prepare them for their duties, acquire a greater importance. In many of the States, particular denominations have become convinced of the necessity of engaging the talents and influence of educated women in the great work of moral and intellectual improvement. The zeal of the Catholics in securing to those of their own faith the instruction of all the children they can obtain, is well known. It is in vain that Protestants reason or protest against this system. The only way to counteract it is to establish Protestant Seminaries of a higher character, and provide such resources that young girls of moderate means—those who would gladly become governesses in private families or teachers of common schools, if they could be qualified—may enjoy the advantages. The expenses of female education are, in too many of our private seminaries, most onerous and extravagant, compared with the advantages afforded.

We are glad to find that Episcopal clergymen of high standing are taking an active interest in this subject. The bishops of Tennessee and Maryland are devoting themselves with much zeal and judgment to the promotion of female education in their respective dioceses. We hope shortly to have the opportunity of describing particularly the institutions under their fostering care, and also others worthy of note. At present, however, we shall confine our remarks to a seminary under the care of the Baptists.

The school—known as "the New-Hampton Female Seminary"—is in New Hampshire, and, as if to correspond with its place and name, has a *new* feature in its arrangement which might most beneficially be adopted into other seminaries. It is this.—About ten years ago, the young ladies, members of the seminary, (or rather those who chose to associate thus,) formed themselves into a "Literary and Missionary Association," for the purpose of mutual improvement in intellectual pursuits, in the promotion of education and the missionary spirit among their own sex generally.

This society of young ladies, while at the seminary, meets three times in every month in its literary, and once in its missionary capacity. At these meetings, discussions on various subjects, before assigned to particular members, are carried on, or dissertations read, &c. After leaving school, each member is expected to communicate once at least during the year with the Corresponding

Secretary, and thus the membership and the interest are to be continued through life.

This society, by the Report before us, now numbers nearly six hundred members, including the honorary, scattered over our whole country, with not a few in various missionary stations in India, Africa, and among the Indian tribes of our own continent. The funds collected from initiation fees, annual subscriptions, &c., except what is necessary for the expenses of the society, are devoted to the aid of missions or to the education of young females who possess talents and inclination for the teacher's office, but have not the means of obtaining the requisite qualifications.

The Report consists chiefly of extracts from the letters of the scattered members—by which we find that "to teach the young idea," &c. is to them a really "delightful task"—or portions of such papers as the officers of the seminary and society have promulgated for the instruction and encouragement of their pupils. These letters and papers possess deep interest. They show a healthy tone of sentiment—not the effervescent glow which genius imparts to feeling only, but the steady light of moral principle and rational efforts in the cause of female improvement. The subject of *duties*—not *rights*—is urged on the young.

We will make room for a few specimens of these extracts: and first, of their *Missionary spirit*.

"We as a Society are pledged, and we cannot go back. We have already educated those who are on heathen ground, and have promised them our sympathies, our prayers, and our pecuniary aid. Who of us do not love the Burman mission? Who would not promote its interest? Who does not pray for the salvation of the Siamese, and for the success of our representative in this field of influence?"

"Providence threw the Burman mission upon the patronage of the Baptists while yet they had hardly thought of their duties to the distant heathen. The older members of our church remember well when the beloved Judson aroused their sympathies. Yes: it is only a few years since the American Baptists resolved to support a mission in Burmah. But oh! how much will these few years tell upon the eternal destiny of millions yet unborn. The gospel has been planted in the land of Gaudama. The precious Bible, in a known tongue, is diffusing its holy influence:—slowly it may be, but it will continue to be diffused till every temple, pagoda, hill and jungle shall be vocal with the praise of the Most High."

Here is a specimen of the intellectual and moral lessons given to the pupils:—

"Young Ladies, fearlessly make every possible acquisition, notwithstanding 'Uncle Peter's' hints to his niece 'Celia.' The only point we are to guard is, not to give the incredulous occasion to find fault with our common, every-day life. Understand theoretically, and practically too, the entire cook-book; show a warm heart to every generous friend, though wanting in the finish of refined society; visit the poor and sick in their need, and reclaim the wanderer to the path of virtue and happiness. Not only act as *well* in all the relations of life as those destitute of intellectual and moral training, but demonstrate, as is the fact, that those of mental discipline have great vantage ground over the uncultivated, even in the common acts of life.

"There is not a branch of study, properly pursued, but may have a beneficial effect upon a lady's education: yes, if you will, that will not assist her in making 'puddings

and pies.' Whatever increases the perception and strengthens the reason, certainly conduces to this end. No, you must become skilled in the arts of housewifery; but you must not forget the expansion of the intellect and the cultivation of the heart. People must sit at a table crowned with the bounties of nature; but the mistress, if she would elevate existence above simple physical pleasure, must be so skilled in the arts of conversation—she must have such a fund of knowledge, and such cultivated perceptions, that she can make the scene at table one of seeming social enjoyment."

And here are a few words to the future mothers which this Seminary is training:

"What wonders a few years will accomplish in the history of a girl in her teens! How many of our number who, a little time since, were gay, ambitious school girls, are now dignified matrons—mistresses of a little world of their own—a little garden, whose opening buds and fragrant blossoms are entirely dependent on their jealous

care. Did I not know that 'circumstances mould the character,' I should tremble for the genus of immortality committed to the seeming inexperienced and unprepared. To have in keeping so priceless a jewel; to determine, in an important sense, its temporal and eternal destiny, is no small trust. Ah! mother, when you first pressed that cherished one to your bosom did you pray for wisdom to bring up the intrusted charge in the 'nurture and admonition of the Lord?' and as soon as it could appreciate the voice of prayer, did you in the secret chamber invoke the presence of the 'Great Spirit' to direct all its ways? The smile of infancy is lovely,—'tis the smile of Innocence. Its music is the sweetest that human voice can utter—'tis the music dictated by a happy heart. *To preserve that sweet smile of innocence, those notes of happiness, should be the constant study of the devoted mother.*"

Is it not desirable that a society of a similar character were formed in every female seminary of our land?

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

This month, like many preceding ones, is barren in books and fertile in pamphlets. Among the former we have from Messrs. Desilver & Muir, of this city, "*The Freemason's Monitor*," a manual for the freemason, and a very curious and interesting book for all who feel an interest in the history of that ancient fraternity which claims King Solomon for one of its members. It is beautifully printed and richly embellished, its most attractive feature to us being an admirable likeness of our friend J. R. Chandler, Esq., who, it appears, enjoys a very elevated rank among the masons.

Another book, an actual bound book, a rarity in these times of cheap literature, comes from Messrs. Case, Tiffany & Burnham, of Hartford. It is entitled "*Harp of the Vale, or Collection of Poems. By Payne Kenyon Kilburn.*" It consists chiefly of fugitive pieces which have already appeared in periodicals and newspapers, and are now first collected. These poems possess a great deal of merit, and are very properly rescued by the author from the oblivion which generally awaits up the fugitive poetry of newspapers.

The Harpers send us "*Alison's History of Europe*," No. 11; "*Family Library*, No. 3, comprising a *History of Insects*," the "*Works of Hannah More*," No. 2; "*Shakspeare's Works*," No. 3; and "*Brande's Cyclopadia*," No. 11.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have brought down their "*Furmer's Encyclopadia*," to No. 11, which completes the article on the *Horse*, and contains an interesting and useful article under the head of "*Kitchen Garden*." Their complete edition of Byron, with notes and plates, has reached the 6th number. This is the best edition of Byron's poetical works.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have issued in the cheap form a new edition of the "*Remains of Margaret Miller Davidson*," revised. With its merits our readers are well acquainted. The edition is on fine paper, beautifully printed. The same firm have published a pamphlet, entitled "*Numerous cases of Surgical Operations without pain, in the Mesmeric state.*" By Dr. Ellipton, which will attract great attention, from the nature of the subject.

Messrs. Burgess & James, of Charleston, S. C., have published "*Donna Florida*," a Tale, by the author of "*Atalantis*," "*Southern Passages and Pictures*," &c. It is a production chiefly of the author's younger days. It is written in the measure of Don Juan, without the licentious spirit which disfigures that poem. It will, we think, do no discredit to the author's previous reputation.

Mr. William H. Graham, of this city, has commenced, in the serial form, the publication of the "*Prose Romances of Edgar A. Poe*." The reputation of this author is de-

servedly high for originality, independence, a perfect command of the English language, and a certain easy and assured mastery of every subject which he handles. The first number contains the "*Murders in the Rue Morgue*," and the "*Man that was used up*," stories in totally different styles, showing versatility of power, but affording only a glimpse of the rich resources of his invention.

Mr. Colon sends us Croly's "*Salathiel*," one of the most powerfully written novels of modern times. The impression it makes never leaves an imaginative mind. The Wandering Jew, who is the hero of this story, takes precedence of all others bearing his name. Mr. Colon also sends us in continuation, the "*Lowell Offering*," the "*University Magazine*," and "*Scenes in Indian Life*," and a pamphlet on "*Pathetism*," published by Mr. Good, who advertises the "*Pillar of Divine Truth*," a commentary on the scriptures, which ought to have been reprinted in this country long ago. Mr. Colon also sends a pamphlet, entitled "*Miller overthrown, or the False Prophet Confounded*," which may have the effect of tranquilizing some perturbed spirits. We prefer, however, for our own reading, his cheap edition of "*Bianca Capello*."

Professor Frost's "*Pictorial History of the United States*" for this month contains the usual number of splendid embellishments. It carries forward the colonial history of New England and New York to the beginning of the French war, which terminated in the conquest of Canada, a contest which was carried in every quarter of the world, and occupied most of the civilized nations, and which apparently from the want of any more suitable designation, is called the "Seven Years' War." The fifth number of "*The American Naval Biography*" appears simultaneously with the sixth of the Pictorial History. It contains several interesting notices of distinguished naval commanders and is richly embellished with engravings.

"*Tales and Sketches, translated from the Italian, French and German.*" By Nathaniel Greene. Boston. Little & Brown. Mr. Greene has selected some of the most pleasing compositions in the principal European tongues, and has rendered them into clear, flowing, idiomatic English, thus making a little volume of very agreeable reading. Apart from the interest of the stories, it is pleasant to observe the differences of national character, so apparent in the contrasted styles of the different tales. "*The Artist's Excursion*," "*Il Sasso Rancio*," and "*Poor Margaret*," show the sources from which they were drawn, not so much by the countries in which their scenes are laid, as by the peculiar traits of character and modes of thinking displayed in each.

Messrs. Zieber & Co., of this city, have published "*Marmaduke Weyll, or the Maid's Revenge*, a Historical Romance. By Henry William Herbert, author of 'The Brothers.' Cromwell," &c. &c. The period chosen for this delightful romance is that of the civil wars in England, with which the accomplished author has already shown his intimate acquaintance in his well known and highly appreciated novel, *Cromwell*. No period of English history is more interesting or requires greater ability in the writer to handle; but Mr. Herbert has shown himself fully equal to the task, and has produced a work which will fully sustain his well-earned reputation. It is published in the fashionable cheap form. Such novels used to cost two dollars, and were considered cheap enough at that.

"*The Nassau Monthly*" is the title of a neat looking periodical, conducted by the students of Princeton (N. J.) College. It is very well sustained, and reflects much credit on the talents and taste of the young gentlemen."

"*Ninth Annual Report of the Young Ladies' Literary and Missionary Association of the New-Hampton Female Seminary*," printed at Concord, N. H. By Asa McFarland. We have alluded to this in our Editor's Table.

New York Mirror.—It is with great pleasure that we state that Gen. Morris has been completely successful with his new work. How could he fail—a host himself—and then Willis, where can his equal be found? He certainly is the pleasantest writer of the day.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Composed of rich moire, shaded lavender and pink; the skirt trimmed with an enormous broad flounce, reaching higher than the knee, the edge of this flounce bordered with a narrow fulling of the same; tight body and sleeves; pelerine cape of the same, gathered and caught with a band over the shoulders. A small square collar surrounds the neck, which is bordered as well as the cape, with a narrow puffing to that on the flounce. Capote of rice straw, the interior and exterior trimmed with rows of narrow quilling tulle, a small branch of roses decorating the left side of the capote.

FIG. 2.—A dress of striped Pekin silk; the skirt very full, and trimmed round with the two broad folds on the bias, placed close to each other; corsage pointed, and made high up to the throat, where it is simply trimmed with a narrow lace; this corsage is made on the cross way of the stuff, the stripes forming points in the centre; tight sleeves a bias, with lace ruffles. Scarf of rich lilac moire, the ends decorated with a broad netted fringe. Transparent bonnet of white crepe, the edge of the brim, both in the interior and exterior, finished with a narrow quilling of tulle; the crown decorated with a very light drooping pale pink flower, the exterior with small sprigs of pink daisies.

CHIT CHAT ABOUT FASHIONS.

Mantillas.—We have great pleasure in announcing the return of this truly elegant appendage to a lady's promenade dress; they may now be seen composed of India muslin, and lined with a pink or blue transparent material; others are made in tulle, and surrounded with lace; but the most elegant are those which are entirely composed of lace, allowing the entire figure to be seen.

A Royal Bride's Dress.—The ladies will probably be interested in the following description of the wedding-dress of the Princess Augusta. "The royal bride's dress was of a very handsome Brussels point lace over white satin louped on each shoulder with bouquets of orange-blossom diamonds, and sapphires, and very elegantly ornamented in front with a border of orange-blossoms and silver; the train (of Spitalfields manufacture) was of the richest white satin and silver tissue, and was most tastefully trimmed down the sides and at the bottom with festoons of orange flowers, finished with a raised border of silver. It had an edging of deep point lace, having the orange flower in the pattern. The Princess wore on her

head a wreath composed of orange flowers and myrtle, and a tiara of sapphires and diamonds, and was covered with a very large and most beautiful veil of point lace, remarkable alike for its size and elegance of design. Her royal highness wore a necklace of brilliants. The stomacher was of sapphires and diamonds, and ear-rings *en suite*."

We subjoin some account of the christening of the young Princess Alice Maud Mary, youngest child of the Queen of England, and of the dresses worn upon the occasion:—

The altar of the chapel was decorated with some very fine specimens of gold communion plate, and was covered with crimson velvet, richly trimmed and ornamented with deep gold lace.

Her majesty wore her magnificent diamond diadem, with diamond necklace and ear-rings, and the riband, star, and armband of the most noble Order of the Garter. Prince Albert wore his uniform as Field Marshal, with the collars and stars of the Orders of the Garter, the Thistle, and the Bath.

The font, of silver gilt, was the same that was used at the christening of the Princess Royal. It was placed on a pedestal in front of the altar, and was filled with water brought from the river Jordan. A very large painting was hung at the back of the altar.

The dress of the infant Princess was a robe of Honiton lace over white silk, made at Spitalfields, and cap to correspond. The whole dress of British manufacture.

The toilettes were all remarkably simple, but exquisite in form; and, from their simplicity, more effective. There was nothing striking but the diamonds. Her Majesty's toilette consisted of a white watered silk, with a magnificent flounce of lace, which certainly did honour to the Honiton manufacture.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager wore a dress of rich white satin, simply and elegantly trimmed with several flounces of blonde, and a head-dress of tulle, with white feathers. The Duchess of Kent wore a dress of white lace over one of white satin, and a dress hat with feathers.

Coloured Rose and Butterfly.—We give this month a coloured rose and butterfly, which has been some time in progress. Our city edition for July, contained the same rose, uncoloured. A contemporary published something similar in August. We now give the real thing, and whether it cost little or much, we pronounce it far superior to any effort of the kind either in this or any other country. It plainly shows what can be done by an old established house, and must certainly, in future, prevent any attempts to compete with us. We are proud to add that the drawing is by an American artist, and the colouring by an American lady. Those of our city subscribers, who received an uncoloured rose on the back of the July Fashions, can now colour it after the one in the present number—that is, if their tastes so incline them.

In our picture of the Fair Artist, may be seen a likeness of the great painter, Vandyke.

It will be seen that we have four embellishments in this number.

THE FAIR ARTIST, with a Portrait of Vandyke.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY. A fine engraving. The painting by Leslie.

ROSE AND BUTTERFLY, which far surpasses any colouring ever done in this country for a periodical. We ask a comparison between this and any other coloured flower.

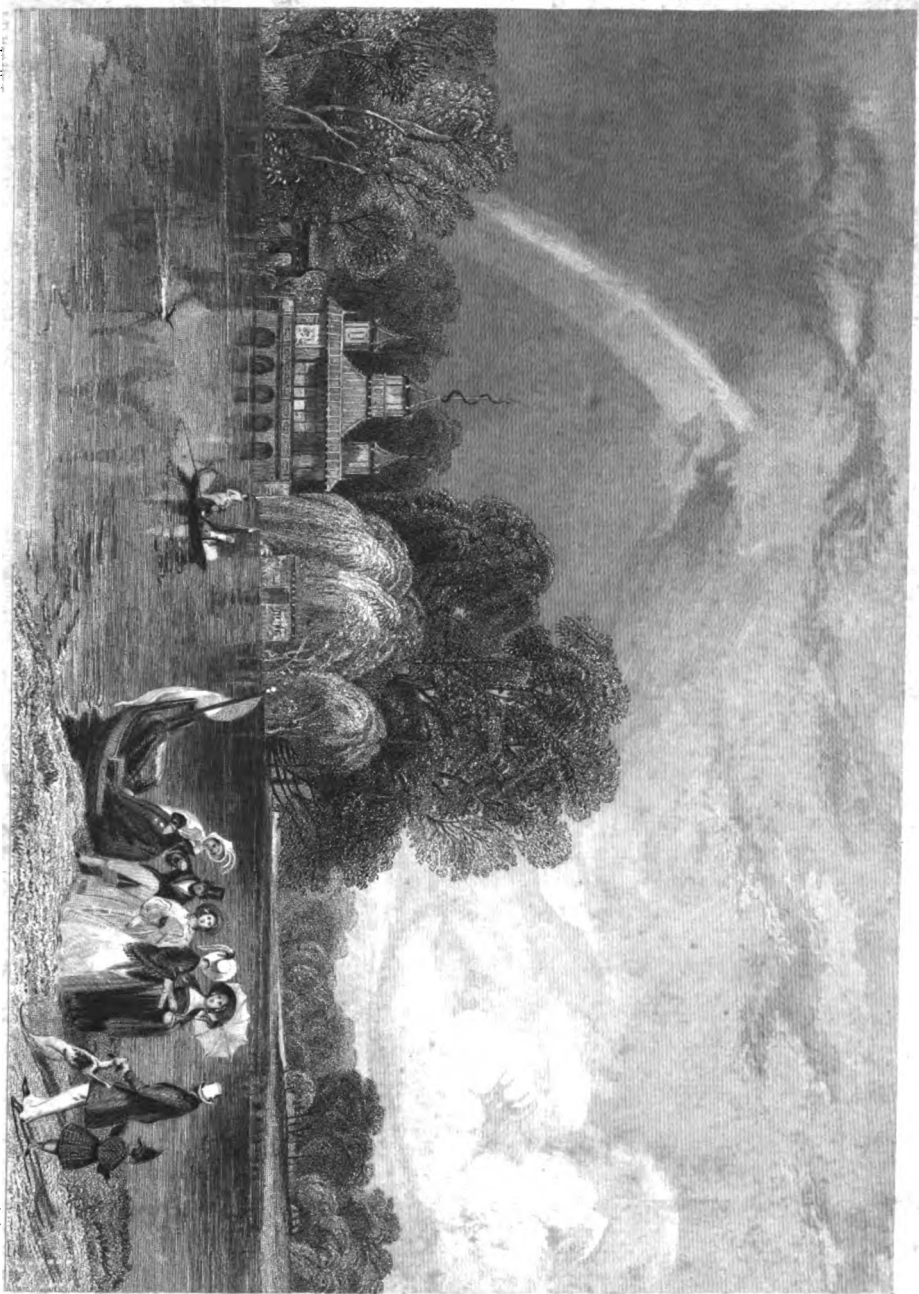
TWO FIGURES OF FASHIONS. The latest.

We promised in our last that the September number should be the richest in point of illustration that we have issued for some time, and we have kept our word.

Our engravings illustrative of Old Fashions, not being quite ready, we are forced to postpone publication until next number.

An article in this number upon Lady Morgan's writings, is by a new correspondent—a lady well known in this city, but who declines giving her name. It is a forcible and well written review. The next number will contain a Review of the Works of Mrs. Ellis.

A WATER PARTY.



5

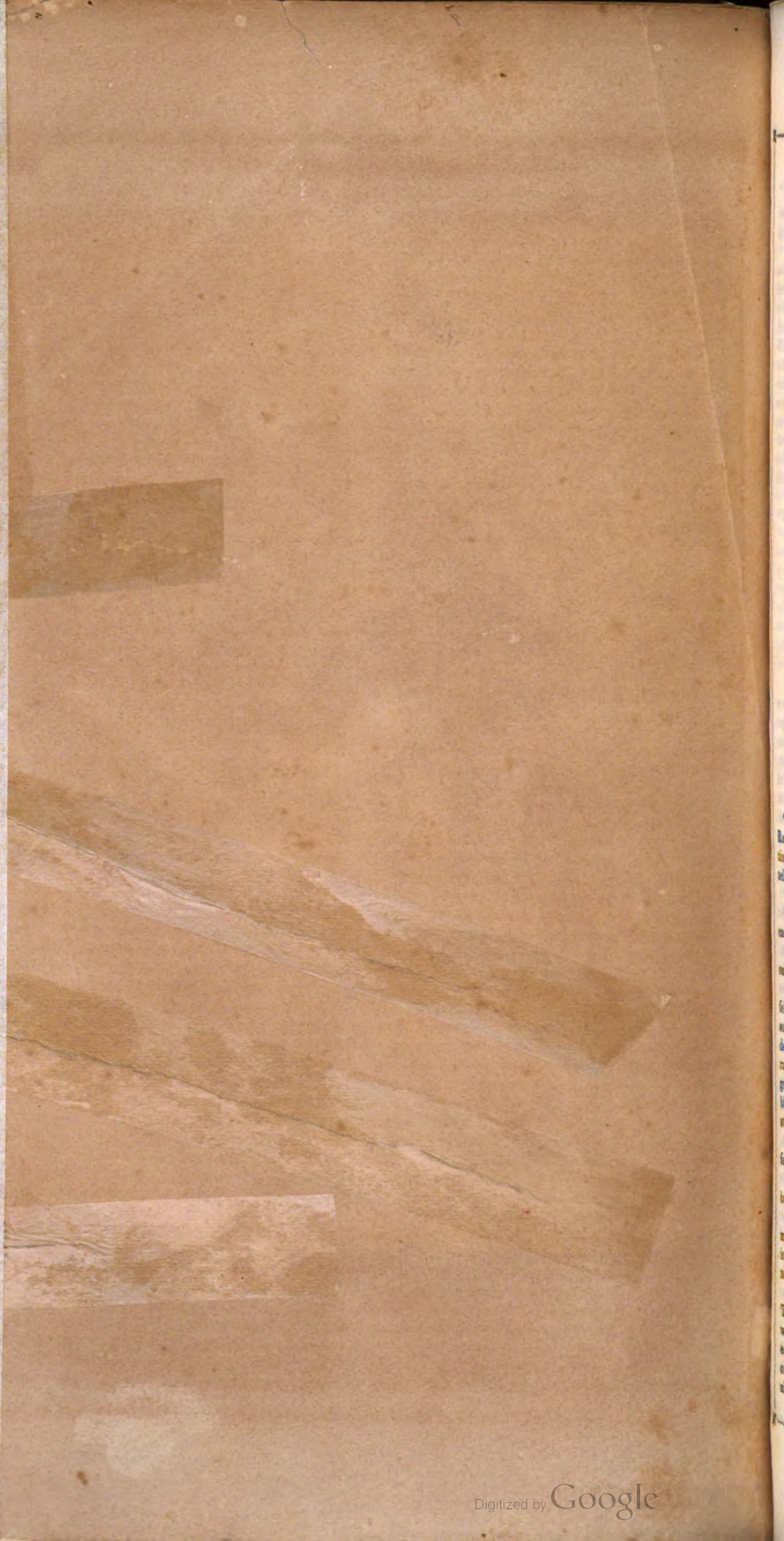




Painted by J. R. Herbert

ELOPEMENT OF BIANCA CAPELLO.

Engraved for the first time by J. R. Herbert.



G O D E Y ' S

L A D Y ' S B O O K .

OCTOBER, 1843.

THE BALCONY.

BY PROFESSOR FROST.

(See Plate.)

"Did I ever tell you," said my friend Ralph Ravenswood to me one evening, as we were sitting together in his library, "did I ever happen to tell you how I came to fall in love?"

"Never breathed a word of it," I replied.

"Well, it was simply by having my fancy caught."

"I suppose that is the case about nine times out of ten."

"I dare say it may be," and straightway Ralph fell to musing, as though he were intent upon solving the philosophy of the thing. But I was determined not to let him off so easily. He had raised my curiosity; and, at the risk of suffering a great deal of *ennui* from his usual discursive, rambling style of narrative, I resolved to have the story.

"But you have not told me," said I, "how your fancy came to be caught."

"Why it was by seeing a lady standing in a balcony."

"I do not see that there was any thing very remarkable in that. I have seen a hundred standing in balconies, in a great procession day, and never fell in love with any of them."

"Peradventure, that was the very reason. There were too many of them. - Your attention was distracted. My lady was all alone, surrounded by flowers, fanned by the free zephyrs, gazing on the beauties of a rich natural landscape. Her air and attitude too were worthy the pencil of the

most gifted artist. Her dress harmonized with her graceful form. Pearls were entwined with her dark glossy hair, and her beauty was of the most striking and fascinating description. In short, there was every thing to captivate the fancy. As I stood in a bower near her, I drank in all the intoxication of passion."

"And all this came of your fancy being captivated."

"Just so; and this was the result of a combination of happy circumstances. I have philosophized about the thing a great many times since, in my cooler moments; and I was led to think of it and to mention it to you by reading some remarks in an English book which give, in better language than I could command, precisely the results which I have arrived at respecting those circumstances, which conspire to captivate the fancy in female attire, and its adaptation to persons, time, place, and circumstance. I shall read them to you?"

"With all my heart."

"Well, then, here they are," said he, opening a book and reading as follows:—

FEMALE ATTIRE.

Some Frenchman has remarked, that no woman is ugly when she is dressed. This is a clever remark, intended to convey, after the French manner, that a skilful attention to the setting off what is best, and the suppression of what is worst in any lady's appearance, will at least take away

from her the reproach of ugliness. I do not consider this beneath the attention of the wise. I am well convinced that to direct my fair friends in general to pay more attention to dress would be a very superfluous piece of advice. I have reason to believe that, so far as exertion and devotedness go, they are quite unimpeachable on this head. There may possibly be some matters to which they give less earnest attention than they ought, but he must be little better than a calumniator who ventures to hint a doubt that, in respect to the affairs of useful or ornamental clothing, they are as earnest or as attentive as it is desirable they should be.

It is, however, one thing to be industriously attentive to any matter, and quite another to direct industry by the rules of science, and to govern attention by the rules of taste. I have no desire to enjoin my fair friends to pay more attention to dress, but I may venture to think it within the limits of credibility that they might make that attention more valuable. As to the Frenchman's suggestion for the avoidance of ugliness, that is a point in which, upon their own account, I know they can have no concern, for let them apply or misapply art as they will, nature will not permit them to look ugly. But then, as nobody, but such as are quite shocking, agrees with the poet that beauty is when unadorned adorned the most, even beauty may have some interest in considering dress as an important article of the fine arts. And, again, even the beautiful may have friends who are not so, and to whom a little judicious advice now and then would be of no inconsiderable service. In short, which ever way we look at the case—either as they themselves are concerned, or as their friends may be, through their assistance—I would suggest that the artistical attention I refer to, is founded in benevolence. Whether it be directed to the proper framing and *ajustement* of their own beauty, which is so delightful to behold, or to the mitigation and veiling of certain defects in their friends, which are not delightful to behold, the end is the same, namely, the increase of the sum of the happiness of society. If any one doubts that this is virtue, let the heretical person read the philosophical works of Jeremy Bentham, in nine volumes large octavo.

Now for a little practical application of the philosophy upon which I have had the rashness to touch; I would, in the first place—because I know my fair friends are persons of high spirit—advise them to dispute the *absolute* will of fashion. The same thing—the same mode of putting it on—will not suit every body. Yet it is to be feared that for the most part there is a rage for having the thing which is in fashion, without taking into account whether it be really suitable or be not. But deviation from the fashion, or rebellion against it, must be managed with discretion. It is not pleasant to be singular, but skill will show how much of the fashion may be adopted, so as to pay it a certain amount of deferential homage, without

going so far as to detract from those gifts of nature which it should be the object of dress to improve.

For example, it may be laid down as a positive—at least I suppose it may—that it is not allotted to every beauty in the world to look best with her head dressed *à la Grisi*, without a single curl. There is a certain grandeur, and a certain simplicity of expression, to which it is well suited; but there are several varieties of beauty which I humbly opine it has a tendency to spoil. Nay, I have doubts whether *all* the studious and meditative, are quite right in adopting this *severity* of head-dress to its full extent. I think I remember some such lines as these, which I always thought made rather a pretty picture:

“As o'er that lake, in evening's glow,
The temple threw its length'ning shade,
Upon the marble steps below
There sat a fair Corinthian maid,
Gracefully o'er some volume bending,
While by her side a youthful sage
Held back her ringlets, lest descending
They should o'ershadow all the page.”

Now, though a mere utilitarian might deduce from this, that curls are apt to be in the way, yet as I am not of those who pretend that the essential idea of beauty is derived from a sense of utility, I deny the force of such pleading, and contend that the Corinthian maid in question would not have been so happily dressed if she had not had descending curls, or curls liable to descend. I am sure, at all events, that the “youthful sage” was of that opinion, and I very deferentially suggest that he was likely to know best.

Well, then, I would have persons to consider how much of the *ajustement à la Grisi* becomes them. If altogether—very well—so let it be. But, if not, why allow the mere novelty of the mode, or what is called the fashion of it, to induce you to discard the finest ringlets in the world, or to bring too much out, features which nature formed with a far more lovely expression than that of boldness.

By the way, whatever the Frenchman may say of the impossibility of his country women looking ugly when they are dressed, there is undoubtedly a fashion now of disfiguring French children, which is called dressing them, and which makes them look fifty times uglier than nature has made them, though the exertions of nature in that respect have been tolerably considerable. The poor little creatures look as if all their hair had been grasped up by some horrible straining engine, and dragged, as nearly as possible, off their head, in order to be screwed down in a knot at the back. It is as bad as a shaved head, with the addition of suggesting, by sympathy, a sense of pain from the violent dragging of the hair which is made perceptible. It is plain, that there is something not exactly as it should be in the

government of the French, or this hideousness would ere now, have been suppressed by statute, or by *ordonnance*.

Now as to the very, very long gowns, which sweep not only ball-rooms, but promenades in these times, it must be confessed that such as have unproducible ankles show a good taste in adopting them, and a laudable perseverance in encouraging their adoption by others. When the fox lost his tail in a trap, he persuaded all his friends that to be in the fashion they should get rid of their tails. Doubtless, had his misfortune been that of having another tail stitched on to his own, he would have brought tails into fashion as long as the trains of 1839. I propose that any lady having a certificate from her doctor that the exposure of the smallest portion of instep or ankle would not be for the good of her health, should have a license to bury them in the oblivion of several yards of velvet, satin, or muslin, as the case may be; the license, however, not to extend so far as to give them an action of damages against trespassers upon their garments, if not approaching nearer than within three feet six inches of the wearers thereof.

It is not by any means my wish to see the *liberality* of some years ago imitated now, and I think all persons should so accommodate themselves to the fashion as to wear gowns which come down at least within sight of the ground; but assuredly the length to which these garments are now carried cannot be said to be necessary to more than a few, nor are they becoming to all.

As touching the important and highly interesting article of bonnets, it is not to be questioned, that to some charming little heads, with faces radiant and brilliant as an opening rose on a bright June morning, the bonnet of the present day is extremely becoming; but it is equally certain that some countenances are more bewitching when shaded in the delightful mystery of a deep bonnet, destructive though it be to the prospects of *col-lateral* inquisitiveness.

In brief—for were I to touch upon all the points which dart up before me, and not inappropriately either, to the present theme, I might talk on for hours—in brief, I would have my fair friends to proceed, in respect to dress, according to the analogy of Mr. Pope's advice about building and garden making—

"Consult the genius of the place in all."

Let those who dress consult the genius of the *face* in all, and not only this, but the figure, and the natural air and disposition. But let us have a few lines more of Mr. Pope—

"To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the groat,
In all, let Nature never be forgot:
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Nor o'er dress, nor leave her wholly bare;

Let not each beauty everywhere be spied,
Where half the skill is decently to hide;
He gains all points who pleasantly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds."

And again, hear the same judicious gentleman—

"Still follow *sense*, of every art the soul,
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole;
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start e'en from difficulty, strike from chance;
Nature shall join you—time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at."

Alas! no: the analogy stops there; time may add to the beauty of gardens, but there is another sort of beauty in which we disclaim his aid.

And this puts me in mind of a class of persons whose attention to dress is any thing but skilful. They are generally on what is termed (perhaps erroneously) the wrong side of thirty-five, and being of an arithmetical or mathematical turn of mind, are betrayed into the following error. They know that the drawing-room beauty of a person of eighteen is made up partly of that freshness and brilliancy which belongs to youth, and partly of the dressing which is appropriate to that rosy time of life. Knowing also, that with respect to themselves, one of the component parts of this beauty, to wit, the youthfulness has unfortunately gone away, they think to wake up the same whole, by adding to the youthfulness of dress. This may be very good arithmetic, but it is unquestionably bad dressing. The extremes meet, but they do not blend. They stand out in offensive contrast. The better plan would be to dress beyond "a certain age," rather than below it, as those of a dark complexion think it prudent to wear still darker clothes. As a point of art, therefore, the youthful dressing of those who are no longer youthful is an unmitigated mistake—as an affair of mental taste it is excessively odious—but one must not be too didactic. I am not quite sure, that I ought to have ventured to talk about dress at all: *mais n'importe*; 'tis done now, and here is a stanza which any one may sing at me who is in the humour:

"But reason his head-dress so awkwardly wore,
That Beauty now liked him still less than before,
While Folly took
Old Reason's book
And twisted the leaves in a cap of such *ton*,
That Beauty vowed
(Though not aloud)
She liked him still better in that than his own."

Here I began to yawn. "I hope you are not tired," said Mr. Roundabout.

"Not in the least," replied I, "but it strikes me very forcibly, that this is not exactly fulfilling the expectation which you have raised in my innocent and unsuspecting mind, of hearing the story of your loves."

"Oh, I was coming to that—"

"By rather a circuitous route, I think."

"Not at all, not at all, when you come to reflect and remember that my purpose in telling the story was merely to establish my theory."

"Pray what was the theory? for, (you will excuse me) but I declare I have entirely forgotten."

"Simply this, that in order to captivate the fancy, it is necessary for a lady to consult in her dress, her attitudes, and all the 'surroundings' of time, place and circumstance, a certain fitness—an adaptation, a kind of a——"

"Oh yes, I comprehend you perfectly; but I believe you had not set it forth so lucidly before."

"Well, then, to proceed. When the fancy is captivated, the battle is half won—and only half. For a lasting union of hearts something more is required. Once interested the admirer is led to examine, to inquire, to pursue, to become, if possible, intimately acquainted, to offer his heart, to woo, to win, to marry, just as I did——"

"You don't mean to say, that my friend, the amiable and accomplished Mrs. Ravenswood was the lady."

"Yes, indeed she was. I never fell in love but once in my life; and that was with the lady of the Balcony."

"Oh! well, then the story is told."

GIVE NOT WAY TO SORROW.

A SONG.

BY E. G. SQUER.

THOUGH the world be rough and dreary,
And the heart with grief o'erflow;
Though the soul be sad and weary,
Steeped in deepest care and woe—
Oh, give not way to sorrow,
Hope for the best to-morrow!

Banish care, and with it sadness,
Yield not to its iron sway,
Cherish joy and mirth and gladness—
The darkest hour precedes the day—
So give not way to sorrow,
Hope for the best to-morrow!

Cheerful thoughts will aye dis sever
All thy deepest grief or pain—
But when lost, they're lost for ever,
And will ne'er return again—
So give not way to sorrow,
Hope for the best to-morrow!

The heaviest storms pass first away—
The earth is brighter then and fair,
Each tree is decked in new array,

And softer then the silken air—
So give not way to sorrow,
Hope for the best to-morrow!

Let the smile again awaken,
And the cheek resume its dye,
For thou art not yet forsaken,
Nor dry the font of sympathy—
Then give not way to sorrow,
Hope for the best to-morrow!

Hope in the heart for ever springeth,
While it reigns then all is well,
A cheerful song it ever singeth,
Clear as the fairy's silver bell—
So give not way to sorrow,
Hope for the best to-morrow!

Then buoyant hope for ever cherish,
Nor let the tear bedim the eye,
And though the joys of life may perish,
And clouds obscure the fairest sky,
Oh, give not way to sorrow,
Hope for the best to-morrow!

TWILIGHT.—A SONNET.

BY MRS. E. OAKS SMITH, AUTHOR OF "SINLESS CHILD."

THE rude and garish light, that all day long
With half-oppressive gladness walked the earth;
The bud of beauty forcing, till it droops,
Athirst, o'erwrought with life; the bird of song
Made weary with its own exulting mirth;
Now, softly o'er the vale and hill-side stoops
To gather up its wealth; well pleased to spread

A twilight mantle o'er the exhausted land.
Sweet joy-distilling hour! though joy be fled,
We mourn it not, thy soothing are so bland.
Thus fadeth life to her, by whom I kneel
Watching the pulse aweary of their play—
Thus twilight fancies on her senses steal,
And life's unquiet visions sink away.

THE DEATH CAVE.

BY DR. R. M. BIRD.

OF the infinite number of Caves which distinguish the calcareous regions of the United States, but very few are even so much as mentioned in the books of the curious; and only two of them—Weyer's Cave, in Virginia, and the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky—have had the good fortune to become places of fashionable resort. The former is a small cave, comparatively—that is, its whole extent does not exceed a few hundred yards, as the surveyor's map shows; though visitors, when left to their own imaginations, and reckoning extent from the number of wonders and the length of time necessary to inspect them, very readily compute it at two or three miles: but it is extremely beautiful, from the great number and variety of stalactitic formations, (though all these, unfortunately, are of a ferruginous colour;) and one of its chambers, Washington's Hall, or the Hall of the Statue, is, from its vastness of dimensions, of a truly grand appearance. The Mammoth Cave, on the contrary, is not so remarkable for beauty as for extent and grandeur—the latter quality depending on its spaciousness, the length of its huge galleries, the magnitude of its *cities*, (prodigious halls, strown with rocks that seem the ruins of Pelasgian Babylons,) its formidable pits, its recently discovered Tartarean river and lake, in which the wondering voyager fishes up cat-fish without eyes, showing their want of relationship to the fish that swim the rivers on the upper earth—and above all, the inexpressibly awful gloom and solitude which invest every nook and corner of this world of darkness.

The Mammoth Cave is the great curiosity of Kentucky—I might say, of the West; in which it is proclaimed as a sort of rival, almost, of Niagara. It is convenient of access from the great interior route from Louisville to the South: and so—notwithstanding the Americans are not a sight-seeing or wonder-loving people—as all persons have more or less curiosity to know what a cave looks like, and as the idea is that he who has seen the Mammoth Cave has seen every thing the cave-world has to show, and need never trouble himself in future about other caves, it is not remarkable it should be favoured by a continual throng of visitors, who go down into its darkness, are extinguished for a while, as if lost to the world for ever, come back, bless their stars that they are again in the land of the living, and depart to give place to other visitants.

As for me, I have died the death—or lived the life—of the cave a good many times; having

made several visitations which were always prolonged beyond the period usually assigned to a Mammoth Cave campaign. And as I made myself sufficiently acquainted with it to ramble about at will, without the assistance of a guide, and no companions but my torch, jar of lard, and box of matches, and, sometimes, a cold dinner, to be despatched at any distant pool or dripping waterfall, I could enjoy all the pleasures of such a solitude as cannot be had, or even conceived of, in the world of day, besides laying myself open to such adventures as might be expected to befall a solitary Rambler in a vast cave.

Yet I must confess, after some personal experience and much general inquiry, that adventures are of very rare occurrence in the Mammoth Cave. People *will* not fall into the pits, because they are always on the look-out for them; on the same principle that stage-coach accidents never happen so frequently on extremely bad as on extremely good roads. Nobody will get lost; for none but a veteran visitor of the cave will suffer his guide to step to the right or left, without following him: nobody loses his light, for every one provides a superfluity of lard and matches. Accidents are unknown; and perils, or adventures of any kind, arising, as they do in the world above, from the action of man on man, the effects of human passions, are quite out of the question: because, here, in the darkness, that seems a demi-death and opening eternity, human passions are extinct, and man feels extremely kind and amiable to all his fellows.

And, therefore, my fortune as to adventures in the Mammoth Cave was never very great. I once, indeed, fell down a pit; but it was only two feet deep, and so no bones were broken. Another time, I lost my jar of lard, and had the comfortable prospect of being left in darkness in the remotest part of the cave; but I had the good fortune to find it again, before my torch had burned out.

On one occasion, however, I came very near an adventure; for passing through a very solitary place in the grand gallery, as it is called, or main cave, amusing myself, as I stepped from rock to rock, watching my sitting shadow on the wall, rendered the more gigantic because I carried my torch low near my feet, on a sudden I was startled with the appearance of another colossal shadow on the wall beside my own; a spectacle that brought me to a stand, with some such sensations as Robinson Crusoe felt when he stumbled on the print of the human foot on the sea-

shore. But I had more success than poor Robinson in discovering the cause of this spectral appearance; for, in a minute, I saw, close at my side, the figure of a man sitting on a rock, sound asleep. He had no light; and I thought, at first, that he had lost it, and so been left in darkness; but, looking more narrowly, I saw a lamp and a bucket of lard laid carefully at his side; and, as I recognised him immediately as a gentleman who had been longer at the cave even than I, and who was the only visitor beside myself that rambled about without a guide, I could not believe he was unprovided with matches. I had not yet had any conversation with the gentleman, who, according to report, had come to the cave for his health, and was a very oddish, crabbed man—which was like enough for a dyspeptic.

I could not understand his sitting there alone in the dark, and asleep, unless by supposing he had been overcome by fatigue, and fallen asleep while resting. Nor did I know whether it was advisable to disturb his slumbers, until, hearing him utter a heavy groan, and perceiving his countenance convulsed, as if he were suffering from nightmare, although he did not move a limb, I thought it but charity to awake him; which I did, by tugging at his shoulder. My surprise may be conceived, when the gentleman starting up, with looks of rage and distraction, whipped out a pistol, and calling me a villain, and swearing he would have my life, fired it in my face. I certainly should have been killed; but as I started back in alarm, I stumbled over a rock, and in the fall, put out my torch; and so we were left in darkness, which was the more shocking, because of the stupendous din and wild echoes of the pistol, and the idea which seized me that the gentleman was a lunatic, from whom it might not be easy to make my escape; for it could not be effected in the dark, and I might receive the contents of a second pistol, if I attempted to strike a light. The idea of his being mad was confirmed by what followed; for no sooner had the thundering reverberations ceased, than I heard him exclaim—"Death and distraction! was it a vision, after all? I thought the wretch had come to see if I were dead; and, truly, it is time I *were* dead: but I *cannot* die. A week—it must be *more* than a week—of darkness, of despair, of starvation, effects nothing: men die so hard in caves! Oh, my dear wife! my dear children! what would I not give to see you once more, were it but to die in your presence, and in the light of day!"

I was moved by the pathos of his last words: I thought I could understand from his expressions the nature of his hallucination; and thereupon I devised a project for his relief, and my own.

"My dear sir," I began, in the most soothing tone imaginable; but he gave me no chance to say any more. He interrupted me with what was fairly a yell of surprise, and exclaimed,—

"It was *not* a vision then? I was not deceived? Wretch! villain! Darling! give me light, give me

my life—let me escape! Take all my money: I will double it, quadruple it: you shall have all I have in the world: only don't murder me in this dreadful manner! take all I have, but let me go!"

"I must humour his mad fancy," thought I to myself: "but I wonder what he means by calling me darling?" "Sir," said I, "I am no murderer: I have no objection to let you escape—to strike a light: but you just now fired a pistol at me; and you have another!"

"Fear nothing," said the stranger, eagerly: "here it is: take it into your own hands!"

"No tricks upon travellers!" quoth I: "fire it into the air!"

He obeyed me: and, at my commands, drew out his bowie-knife, (what western man travels without his pistols and bowie-knife!) and threw it away, with his pistols. I heard them rattle over the rocks; and then, having his solemn assurance that he had no other weapon, I produced a lucifer, lighted my torch, and presented myself before him.

I never saw such a look of astonishment, doubt and confusion, mingled together on a man's face as was now exhibited on his. He gazed at me wildly, struck his forehead with his hand, and sunk down on a rock.

"You are not Darling?" he said.

"No, by my faith," said I, satisfied he was falling into a lucid interval.

"And this?"—he gazed around him inquiringly—"this is not the Death Cave?"

"My good friend," said I, "I never heard of such a place: it is the Mammoth Cave."

"Then, sir," cried he, starting up, and bursting into a wild laugh that expressed both mirth and joy, "conceive me—not a madman, though I shot at you—Heaven forgive me! I never missed my aim before!—not a madman, sir, for I am none—but the most unutterable jack and ninny that ever mistook a dream for reality. I remember it now: I sat down here alone, and blew out my light, to try the solitude and darkness. Twenty years ago, I did the same thing in the Death Cave; and the horrors of that adventure were revived in me by a dream. Death and insanity! I will never try it a third time! Pray, sir, forgive me, and don't think me mad any longer. Here is my can of lard: here is my torch, just as I blew it out: and here is my box of lucifers, (only I forgot all about them!) We are among the rocks of the Cross Rooms, near the entrance of the Black Chambers: on this side lies the path to the Cataract, on the other is the way out. You see, sir, I know where I am and what I am; and I talk—as I hope now to behave—like a man in his senses. But it is very odd I should mistake you for that rascal, Darling!"

"Oh," said I, "you were dreaming of him, and I waked you suddenly—which I did because I perceived you were suffering from nightmare. But allow me to remark, that your allusions to 'that rascal, Darling,'—to the 'Death Cave,' (a

very formidable name of what, I doubt not, must be a very formidable place,)—to the 'horrors of your adventure' in it—are all extremely mysterious, and wonder-stirring. Now I am a cave-amateur, in quest of the marvellous; and nothing stirs me so much as the thought of a cave adventure. You just offered me all you were worth, to suffer, or help, you to escape from darkness: I claim your gratitude—but will only tax it with the gratification of my curiosity."

"With all my heart," said the gentleman, smiling: "but first let me gather up—I have no thought of losing them—let me gather up my knife and pistols: unless," he added, with a hearty laugh, "you still distrust the madman!"

I did, perhaps, look a little queer; but the laugh disarmed me. I helped the stranger to discover his weapons; not, however, without throwing out a hint of the danger of his carrying them, who showed so little discretion in the use he made of them. To this he made answer, by begging my pardon for having used them so indiscreetly at my expense; but declared it was the first time he ever had been so foolish, and, he doubted not, it would be the last time. 'It was all,' he said, 'the effect of a dream, and of a singular coincidence of circumstances, not likely ever to arise again: and, perhaps, when I had heard his story, I would allow his action, though very unwise, to be highly natural.' He then looked at his watch, and finding we had an hour at our disposal before dinner, invited me to sit with him on the rocks; observing, that that spot of gloom and desolation was the fittest place in which to rehearse a tale of horrors.

He informed me that he was a Tennessean, and mentioned his name and place of residence; which, not being essential to the narrative, I omit recording. But I may observe, that he was a gentleman of good address and intelligence, not quite so "queerish and crabby" as the guides had represented him, though of a somewhat grim and saturnine countenance, and, as I judged, some forty or more years old.

"You have professed yourself a cave amateur," he began. "Twenty years ago I was the same; and, for a short period, at least, was so devoted an enthusiast, that even when travelling on business, I could not hear of a cave, accounted in any way curious, without running out of my way to explore it. In my own state of Tennessee, one has ample means for indulging such a passion: for, numerous as are the caverns in Kentucky, they are far more so in Tennessee; though this is a fact not generally known. In truth, sir, Tennessee is the land of caves; and many of them are so stupendous, that if you will believe the people, even the Mammoth Cave sinks, in comparison, into insignificance. Twenty-mile caves are plenty as blackberries; I have been in several of them, and a short time ago, I would have sworn I had been in them twenty miles beyond the realms of day: but ever since I have

looked over Mr. Lee's map of the Mammoth here, I have been less hyperbolic: for I would have sworn to the same extent of the Mammoth Cave. Twenty years ago, I drank of the Blue Spring, which every body allowed to be twenty miles in, and some thought *forty*; and yet the rascally chain of the surveyor makes it only about two miles! But this is another matter. I do not intend to discuss the claims to preeminence, nor to describe the wonders, of the caves of Tennessee. My business is to relate my adventure in the Death Cave.

"Pray, sir," said I, "where is this Death Cave? for, I declare, I never so much as heard of it."

"That is not at all wonderful," said the gentleman; "since our most remarkable caverns seem never to be heard of, out of Tennessee; and, indeed, they are now seldom heard of even in the state itself. A great noise was made about them in the days of nitre-making; but the nitre manufacture has been long abandoned; and as the caves have ceased to be profitable (we are a money-making people, sir!) they have ceased also to be attractive. The people in their very neighbourhood have forgotten their existence.

"Twenty years ago, this indifference was beginning to be quite observable; but men still occasionally talked of caves that were considered remarkable: and travelling once on horseback, (I had been in one of the eastern counties collecting a sum of money due me, and was returning to my home in West Tennessee,) I heard at a tavern where I stopped to lodge, of a cave, called the Death Cave, situated in a wild spot in the mountains at the head springs of one of the branches of the Carey Fork of Cumberland River, which was spoken of as a very vast and terrible cave. I was struck with the name; and asking the origin of it, was told by one of the persons present, a grim-looking mountain farmer of that country, 'that it had got that name because of a great many persons who had been known to go into it, none had ever been known to come out again. It had been discovered,' he said, 'when he was a boy, by two men, hunting for nitre, who made their preparations, and went in it, to explore it; but not coming out again, a party of five men was formed to go in, in search of them; and this party also was never again heard of. Upon this, there was such a terror raised among the people, and so many alarming suppositions of horrible pits, suffocating air, wild beasts, enchanters, devils, and what not, that, although some attempts were made to raise a third party, to examine the cave and discover, if possible, the fate of the seven lost explorers, they all fell through, and the cave was left, with its formidable name, to solitude and mystery. 'It was true,' continued the man, nodding his head significantly, 'it was said—there were some tales of that kind, he would not pretend to say how true—but it was said (nobody could contradict *that*) that one or two curious

travellers, strangers in that country, had, at different times, been foolhardy enough to go into the cave; and, they said—he did not know, but it *was* said—nobody ever heard of them more: He knew nothing about it; but he *did* know that no man was ever known to go into the Death Cave, and come out of it again."

To this my landlord answered, with a smile, "there was one man at least who was an exception to the rule: he had heard Billy Darling say, he had often been in the Death Cave."

"So they say," quoth the grim farmer, with another mysterious nod; "and they say—I don't say any thing; but there are them that say, it was Billy Darling that took the travellers into the cave, that never came out of it: and that's all I ever heard of the matter,—whereof I knows nothing."

"Yet you would seem to insinuate," I could not help remarking, "that Billy Darling was some such honest good fellow as John Smith, (or whatever was his name,) that kept the Cave Inn, in Kentucky, a long time ago, and used—so runs the story—to murder travellers who had money, and hide their bodies in a cave he had behind his house."

"Was there ever such a rascal as that, stranger? and is it a true story?" asked the farmer, staring with all his eyes.

I professed, in his own phrase, "it was a matter whereof I knew nothing;" and then I told him the popular version of the story—how the man had built him a tavern on the main road near Green river, and just in advance of a spacious cave, the entrance of which served him as a stable; how, when a solitary traveller put up with him, he used, at night, to drive his horse down a yawning pit, some hundred yards in the cave,—how he would then go to the traveller, informing him his horse had wandered into the cave, and might get hurt among the rocks, requesting he would go with him to aid in getting the animal safely out,—how when he had decoyed the traveller into the cave, he threw him down the pit,—and how, suspicion coming at last to be excited, the fellow fled the country, before justice could make any investigation of his iniquities."

The grim farmer seemed particularly struck and edified by the story; and, when I had concluded it, gave his head a third nod, full of mysterious meaning, and saying—"I don't say nothing myself, but I always did hear that Billy Darling came out of that very Green river county, and did not leave the best character behind him,"—he rose up, went out of the room, and soon rode away from the tavern.

His account had inspired me with a great inclination to visit this formidable cave, which, upon inquiry, I learned lay not so far from my route, but that I might visit it without being diverted from my journey homewards. But as it appeared that the before mentioned Billy Darling, who lived nigh it, was the only man who might be supposed

able or willing to officiate as my guide, I felt solicitous to know how far he deserved the imputations of the grim farmer. My doubts were dispelled by the landlord, who gave Darling an excellent character and laughed at the insinuations of the farmer, as being the effects of petty spite and malice, the consequence of some squabble, in which Darling had come off victor. He, the landlord, knew nothing of the cave: he never troubled himself about caves; he had heard of people being lost in it, but he remembered hearing Billy Darling say some of the stories were not true: and who should know better than Billy Darling?

The representations of mine host removed every cause for suspicion; and the next morning, receiving his directions, I pursued my way over a very bad road, to Darling's house, a cabin of a more comfortable class than most in that country, being partly of stone, and more roomy than usual, and appearing to have a very good farm attached to it, though its situation was extremely solitary. I arrived at the dinner hour, and found the family assembled, consisting of Darling and his wife, and two or three sons and daughters, nearly grown up. They had in all respects, the appearance of a common farmer's family raised one or two degrees above a condition of poverty: there was a black woman and her children about the house, the beginning of a stock of servants and dependants: there was an air of comfort and good humour in the look of every countenance; Darling, in particular, had an ensy, humorous, devil-may-care expression: and when I looked from him to his family, from his family back again to him, I could not but smile at the absurdity of the grim farmer's insinuations. He treated me very civilly, expressed a great willingness to conduct me to the cave, and indeed began to prepare lights immediately after dinner; and, upon my asking him what truth there was in the report of so many persons being lost in it, which had given it the name of Death Cave, he declared, with a hearty laugh, "there was no truth in it at all; and, notwithstanding the foolish stories so generally told and believed, no man had ever lost his life in it. This he knew, for it was he who discovered the cave, and was the first to enter it; he had lived close by it all his days, and he knew and had accompanied every man who ever visited it. All the stories had doubtless originated from distorted accounts of a misadventure of his own in it, a long time ago. Upon discovering it, he procured another man to help him explore it, and look for nitre. His companion had the misfortune to fall down a pit, not at all deep, but the man was hurt, the pit could not be climbed, and Darling was compelled to leave the cave for the purpose of obtaining ropes and assistance; but, being in a great hurry, after getting a great distance from his comrade, he stumbled over a rock and put out his light—an irreparable misfortune—for, being young and careless, he had left all his matches with his friend. Escape or return in the dark was equally imprac-

ticable; and the consequence was that he and his comrade remained in the cave, each in his own solitude, without food or water, for nearly two days; when a party of five nitre-diggers from a distance came to the cave, and found and brought them out in safety. And that was the nearest approach to death that ever befel any one in the Death Cave. He had often been in it since, alone, or with his sons; and once or twice he had conducted curious travellers; but he lived out of the way," he said, "his cave had a bad name, and nobody now cared about caves; but he was always glad of an excuse to revisit the scene of his early misfortune."

You may be sure, I was much interested in his account of this misfortune, which I made him give me in detail, with a description of all his thoughts and feelings. And a very formidable description it was of horrors, which, however, he justly said, no one could realize who had not experienced them in his own person. There was something peculiar in the effect produced by caves on those lost in them, and left in darkness, peculiar in this, that all men were affected alike, the strong and the feeble, the brave and the timid: a horror of despair seized upon all; they fell into a frenzy, or something like it: "it was a sort"—I admired the oddity of the expression—"it was a sort of yelling dream."

The moment dinner was over, we proceeded to the cave, which was about a mile from the house, and opened in a thick brambly wood, by an insignificant entrance; but it grew spacious when we crept in.

If you are a cave amateur, you must know that all caverns are pretty much alike; and, therefore, I shall spare you a description of the Death Cave. It was vast, gloomy, grand, awful,—just as the Mammoth Cave is; it had innumerable branches, of which Darling told me he had not examined one half; there were domes, pits, pools, and trickling waterfalls, chambers of rock and halls of stalactite, enough, and more than enough to excite enthusiasm and reward curiosity. But I was disappointed. The Death Cave had loomed in my imagination, a place of mystery, the sepulchre of all who had dared to penetrate its labyrinthine passages; and, now that I found it innocent of any wrong to man or beast, with not so much as a skeleton to show in support of its name and character, I began to lose my interest, and regard it with comparative indifference. I passed, therefore, naturally enough to the only *true* story of the Death Cave that could stir my imagination. I renewed the subject of Darling's adventure, I made him repeat over again, upon the very scene of the adventure, (it was a room as wild, as vast, as formidable as this,) the story of his awful imprisonment; and as he again, after a vain effort to imbue me with his feelings, declared I could never conceive them, until I came myself to be left like him in a cave, lost, dark, and hopeless of deliverance, I was seized with a determination to try the

experiment—at least so far as I *could* try it; and I proposed he should leave me alone there in the dark for half an hour or an hour, to try if I could not realize the condition of a man in his dreadful situation.

You will say, this was not a very wise or prudent resolution; but Darling really had the openest, honestest countenance in the world, and I will do him the justice to say, that, after first opening his eyes, and then laughing in my face, he swore "I couldn't stand it; it might be the death of me!" (the last expression was rather ominous;) but, as all his objections seemed based upon the idea of my wanting courage to sustain the horrors of such an adventure, I felt the more piqued to adhere to my resolution: and Darling, finally, agreed to leave me for half an hour to myself, in perfect darkness. I blew out my light.

"It is easy to light it again," said Darling. "If you play the play, play fair, and give me up your steel and matches."

"Certainly," said I, a little irritated at the inuendo. "I had forgot them. Here they are: and you may take my candles," (for he had provided me with a bunch of them.)

"I didn't find my candles of much use, without matches," quoth the man, "except," he added with a grin, "that I made one pretty good dinner off them, so you may keep them."

"Stay!" said I, startled by the look and the words which struck me with a sudden alarm. "I have heard a very good character of you—"

"And perhaps, also," he interrupted me, with a sneer, "a very bad one! You have heard of some tricks played off in this here Death Cave upon travellers, eh? Well, stranger, it will be good grit to chew the cud on. And so farewell till we meet again."

Did my suspicion deceive me? or was it a real change in the countenance of the man? But I thought I had never seen an expression so sinister—nay, so openly significant of mischief. A thousand alarming recollections crowded on my mind. The hints of the grim farmer revived with the force of conviction; the tavernkeeper was perhaps a confederate; I had a large sum of money in my saddle-bags, and I remembered that Darling had eyed them inquisitively. He might not be the abandoned villain he had been represented and yet open to a temptation, which the solitude of his homestead, the convenience of the cave, and my own fatal folly, rendered the more seductive. And then, his looks, in which I could see the devilish mirth and exultation of villany successful beyond its own expectation! I clapped my hand into my pocket for a pistol; but, oh, double folly! I had left my weapons at the house. He noticed the act and laughed. But I affected firmness—I even made as if I had my hand on a pistol, and sternly commanded him to restore my matches, and lead the way out of the cave, on the peril of his life.

"A bargain is a bargain!" cried the wretch, and

leaping out of my way, for I sprang desperately forward to seize him by the throat, he blew out his light, and in an instant all was the blackness of darkness.

I was stupified by this act, at once so strange and unexpected. He could not, himself, get away from me, without a light: did he mean to murder me in the darkness? He was not ten steps from me; but it was impossible he should know where to find me; and, besides, the floor of the cave was rough with loose rocks, and he could not approach without my hearing him. Suddenly I heard the clattering of a stone—then the sound of a falling pebble—then another clattering: it was the noise of footsteps—the footsteps of a man stealing cautiously away. It was Darling: he had some means of escape unknown to me; and the murderer was abandoning me to my fate!

Can you not conceive the feelings that then convulsed me, a young man, in the very pride of my youth and strength—happy in all my wordly relations, possessed of fortune and friends—the husband of a young wife, the best and loveliest of her sex—the father of two babes that were cherubs sent me from heaven—happy and competent to a life of happiness: and that unparalleled villain was stealing away, to suffer me to die a death of darkness and starvation in a cave! I could not follow him: at the first attempt to move in the direction of the footsteps, I fell over the broken rocks. I attempted to creep; but the sounds were now behind me; now it seemed they were on my right hand, now on my left. I was wholly bewildered, and every instant they sounded fainter and farther. I called after the villain; and it was with the humbled spirit and supplicating accents of a slave. I begged for my life; I promised forgiveness and silence—nay, I pledged an oath of secrecy; I offered him the money in my saddle-bags, and not that only, but more: I would double it—quadruple it—I would beggar my wife and children and give him all I possessed, if he would only return, restore me my light, and suffer me to depart.

To this piteous appeal there came an answer; it was the sound of distant laughter—such laughter as might come from the lips of a fiend, exulting over the anguish of a condemned soul. I heard the farewell laugh of the murderer; and then all was silent in my living sepulchre—and yet *not* silent; for I could hear the throbs of my own heart, and a ringing, roaring sound, the pulsations of my brain. I was alone. I could *then* tell what were the feelings of the cave-lost; I could realize even what had been the feelings of my betrayer. As I thought of him, I invoked maledictions on his head, and insulted heaven with a horrible prayer. I prayed that he might lose his light, and wander back to me, begging help and forgiveness—that I might, while he implored me, tear him to pieces! And then I fainted; and the Death-Cave was the place of death.

How could I tell how long I remained unconscious? It must, I was assured, have been hours;

it might have been days. I awoke to a full consciousness of my situation; and the cave was filled with the shrieks and yells I made for assistance. But who was there to assist me? I dropped on my knees and prayed heaven for succour; but heaven was deaf, or seemed so; and I blasphemed the Providence that had abandoned me. This was despair: and no man but the man lost in a cave knows what despair is.

I started from my delirium, as a thought flashed through my troubled brain. The villain had carried off my flint and steel; but I had a penknife in my pocket; and among the rocks might certainly be found stones that would strike fire. Could I but find a substitute for matches, I might strike a light, (he had left the candles with me in *very* derision,) and then escape was certain. The thought that aroused me was of a substitute for matches! I seized the loose rocks upon which I had been sitting; I tore them up with my hands, burrowed among them until I could grasp up a handful of loose dry earth. I put it to my tongue, and screamed with delight, to find, by the taste, that it was impregnated with nitre. I clutched up a fragment of rock, and with the back of my knife struck off sparkles of fire—*gods!* how beautiful they were, in that den of darkness! I wrapped the nitre earth in a piece of paper, which I found in my pocket, and struck fire into it from the back of my knife; and, (I know not how it was I managed it, I have tried to strike fire that way since, but never succeeded,) in an instant the paper was blazing, and my candle was lighted!

I laughed with joy—I huzzaned—I screamed, and I turned to escape. But, which was the path, and whither was the way? I was in a wild rocky hall, and six or seven different passages yawned around me, all looking alike, yet one only being that by which I had entered and could escape; that one I could not distinguish from the others. I tore my hair with rage and disappointment. I ran wildly from one to the other, penetrating each a little way to see if I could not discover some remembered object. But all was equally new and unknown, or unremembered. I gave way to a second paroxysm of despair and frenzy; until, in the midst of it, my eye was struck by a broad arrow chalked on the wall of one of the passages. I was too familiar with caves not to know that this indicated the path out of the cave; for with this expedient only can explorers be sure of a safe return from an unknown cave. It was with inexpressible delight that I darted into this passage, discovering arrow after arrow, and pursuing my hurried way, until, having travelled as great, nay, a greater distance than I knew the place of my fatal experiment was from the mouth, I found myself at last confused, bewildered, thoroughly lost amid a labyrinth of passages, which I was certain I had never trodden before, and convinced that I was only more inextricably involved in the depths of the cave. Yes! that chain of arrows was but a device of the devilish Darling, to meet

such a contingency as had happened to me, to deprive his victims of the advantage, if they should find the means, of light, and delude them further away from hope, to cheat them more certainly to their destruction. I saw the deception, and I felt all the effects of my error, when, after hours of search, I failed to discover the arrows, by means of which I might retrace my steps to the place where I was first deserted. It was vain, vain, all vain; I only plunged deeper into the stony wilderness of my prison-house. But, was I to pause in despair? My candles were burning, one by one, away; and when they were all consumed—ay, then would come the time to pause—and die. I toiled on with the activity of desperation, penetrating I knew not whither, and passing among scenes of the most extraordinary grandeur and novelty; but they had no interest for a dying man. I only remember being attracted by its distant thunder to a roaring waterfall—not a pitiful stream, dripping down by bucketfuls, like the usual cascades of a cave—but a subterranean Niagara, a mighty cataract that came billowing down a vast cliff, and pitched into a gulf that the eye could not fathom. I caught water from it in my hands, to slake my thirst, and then fled away to seek a path of escape.

And so long as my candles lasted, I continued the search, without pausing a moment. Time was precious, my hours of light were numbered, and I walked, and where I could, I ran, without tiring—how could I yield to fatigue, or even be conscious of it, in my dreadful situation; and it seemed to me I continued thus to walk and run for at least thirty-six hours; for so long I judged—or rather my feelings told me, for I judged nothing,—that my candles lasted. I had a watch, but I did not look at it; I had let it run down, and I did not care. How could I care about *time*? It was light, only light, that I thought of. And how I thought of it, when I lighted my last candle, and marked it burning gradually away!

At length, it was consumed; it flickered and gave out its last flash. I fixed my eyes upon the fragment of burning wick; and when that ceased to sparkle, I fell down on the rocks in a swoon.

Shall I go on with my story? Shall I tell you how I awoke a second time, and crept darkly from rock to rock, now struggling for life, now lying down to die; how days and nights came and passed, though all *there* was one fixed, everlasting midnight? But days and nights did come and pass; a death-bell in my spirit marked the lapse of hours; and there was something within me that told me I had past *ten days* in that awful condition. You may judge that bodily anguish was added to that of spirit. Truly, I endured all the horrors of hunger and thirst till the eleventh day, when I sank for the last time into a swoon, thinking it was death.

I awoke again, a strong light glaring in my face; and a man was stooping over me, rubbing my hands and sprinkling my face with water. It was

the wretch, Darling; and at the sight of his detested visage, I forgot the friendly office he was performing; or, rather, I conceived it some new act of cruelty. I could have torn his heart out, but a child could not be more truly powerless and helpless than I. Voice only was left me, and it was with the feeblest whispers I begged him to "be a merciful villain, and put me out of my misery."

"That's just what I am trying to do, for I reckon you have had enough of it," said the rogue. "And now, if you'll just get up——"

"Get up, villain!" I exclaimed. "After ten days of starvation——"

But the villain interrupted me with a loud horse-laugh, crying,

"And so you think you're murdered, do you? and that you have been suffering here for ten days? Ten days! That beats *me* hollow! But you know something about it now! Ten days, indeed! May I never see daylight if it has been ten minutes!"

"How, caitiff!" I exclaimed, "did you not leave me here to die and have I not been wandering about here in darkness, starved, for ten days?"

"Not ten minutes by the watch, I assure you," quoth Darling; "you have never stirred out of that spot; I never heard of a man starving between dinner and supper; and as for me, may I die if I haven't been sitting alongside of you all the time." And he burst into the most awful peals of laughter.

I started up. I did *not* feel as if I were dying, after all, although somewhat sickish, and greatly disturbed and confused in spirit. "I burnt up all my candles!" No! the whole bundle was hanging to my girdle. "I have been among pits and cataracts?"—I looked around me; it was the precise scene of Darling's captivity and my experiment, for I could recollect every rock. I took out my watch; I had looked at it when I gave up my matches; it was then *ten* minutes past five o'clock, and *now* it was exactly twenty!

"Heavens and earth!" I cried, "you are not a murderer then! and I have been out of my senses!"

"Ay," said Darling, humorously,—"*you* can feel now what it is to be cave-lost! Ah, sir," he cried, "it would have been nothing, had you thought I was to come back to you. I saw you had a misgiving, and I knew you must have heard some of Sim Jacks' (the grim farmer's) 'big lies' of me; and so I thought you should try the thing fairly, as I did, quite sure you were lost in reality, and no friend to come and help you. And so I played rascal (but I shall give Sim Jacks a second trouncing for belying me!) blew out the light, sat down on a rock, threw stones to make you believe I was stealing off; and all the while I was sitting still, not ten feet from you. And then you fell to begging and praying, and swearing and howling, and all that: all folks cave-lost do so: and then you seemed to take it too hard,—thought it was a little too hard; and I heard you fall over in a swoon. And so I struck a light, and ended the

business in ten minutes; for, I reckon, half an hour would have killed you. And, now that we have played the play out, suppose we take up our sticks and go out to supper!"

"And that," quoth the Tennessean, "was the whole of my adventure in the Death Cave. In those ten minutes, I lived through ten days of horror. I suppose I was mad; they say people lost in caves do go mad; but, in Darling's phrase, it was "a yelling dream." I may as well tell you, that, as I learned afterwards, Darling was a practical wag. It is certain, he did not murder nor rob me, though he cruelly laughed at me. But I fell sick, in consequence of my mental agitation, and lay in his house a week; and he, and indeed his whole family, treated me with the greatest kindness.

"And now," continued the Tennessean, "you can understand the causes of my late act of violence; perhaps you will call it my hallucination. I was sitting here by myself conning over that ancient adventure; and I blew out my light to see if I could not recall some of the wild feelings it engendered. I could not; and being tired, I fell asleep, and in slumber I was only too successful. I dreamed over the whole adventure; you woke me in the midst of a savage feeling of vindictiveness; and I thought I was shooting the murderer, Darling.

"But I have had enough of cave adventures. And—I don't know how it is—but that dream has caused me a great inclination to get out into the daylight."

"And the story," said I, "has given me a good appetite for dinner."

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

BY MISS MARY DAVENANT.

THE ideal—what a glow of poetic feeling rises within the heart, what forms of beauty glide before the imagination, what sounds of harmony sweep over the soul, even while dwelling on the word! All that is lovely in nature, glorious in art, and holy and heavenly in action seem to meet here, and the contemplation fills us with joy because of the wondrous gift by which earth-born man can break the bonds that fetter him to sense, and thus soar into the higher regions of perennial beauty. Happy they whom no rude hand withdraws from these lovely heights—who can dream out their dream without being awakened by the grasp of stern reality. But where are these happy ones? Echo answers—where? The conflict with the real is allotted to us all.

There were few deeper dreamers of this kind than Harry Wyndham. Born the heir to a large fortune, endowed with fine talents, and no small share of personal beauty, he had from early boyhood indulged in visions of romantic happiness, such as it seldom is the lot of mortals to realize, and this bias of his mind had been fostered by a mother as romantic as himself. His father, Col. Wyndham, a rich, hearty, hospitable man, and a gentleman in every sense of the word, was *au contraire* as matter of fact as possible. Possessing a splendid estate upon the Potomac where he always resided, he prided himself in having all about him in the most perfect keeping. His house was princely both within and without, his horses were the finest in the Old Dominion, his equipages the best appointed, and his table served in the highest style. All his plantations presented a most cheering contrast to those of his less wealthy neighbours, in their perfect neatness and their high state of agricultural improvement. No torn

fences, or out-houses that were ready to fall to pieces with old age; no old smoke-dried dwellings that looked as if they had never known a repair since the age of Elizabeth; no half-clad negroes basking in the sun or loitering over their daily tasks. All was fresh, whole, busy and active, and showed that the master's purse was full, and the master's eye everywhere.

Harry being the sole survivor of a family of four children, the rest of whom had died in infancy, was the object round which the affections of both parents were entwined, with a devotedness that, had he been other than he was, might have ensured his ruin. The one great aim of their existence, to which all others were made subservient, was the promotion of his happiness. In the improvements Colonel Wyndham was constantly projecting in the different portions of his estate, Harry was the one to be ultimately benefited. —Did he expend large sums in the adornment of his house and grounds, it was as Harry's future residence that this was chiefly desirable. He imported splendid books for Harry's use, fine wines to ripen for his table, and noble animals to occupy his stalls. In short, while these luxuries ministered very materially to the good Colonel's own gratification, it was his pride and pleasure to view them all as held in trust for his beloved son, his second self, and the heir of his name and wealth. As may be supposed, the mother was not less anxious for the happiness of this sole remnant of her little family, but having a different temperament from her husband, she laboured to secure it in a different manner. For the pomps and vanities of life she cared but little, was highly intellectual in her tastes, and romantic in her affections. The sorrows she had experienced in

the loss of her children, seemed to have awakened in her soul a more tender sympathy for the woes of others, and to know of suffering was with her the signal for its relief. Love was the element in which she lived, and upon her husband and her son it rested in its holiest earthly form. We need hardly tell that it was devotedly returned. Under her fostering influence, the tender affections of Harry's opening heart were assiduously cultivated and his mind early trained to so exclusive a love of all that was beautiful and ideal, that had it not been for the counteracting influence of his father's manly tastes, the boy might have grown up a mere dreamer, who would have spent his life at his mother's side and cared not to mingle in the world around him. To avoid this danger, to which he saw the imaginative bias of his son's mind particularly exposed him, Colonel Wyndham determined upon sending him to Cambridge for his education, and after much persuasion induced his wife to yield her consent. It was not given, however, until she learned that a widowed friend of her own youth had removed thither for the education of her sons, and would receive Harry into her family. The tutor who had previously had charge of his education was also to accompany him, and at fifteen our hero was removed to this (to him) new world. The vacancy his departure occasioned in the domestic circle, was at the same time filled by Mrs. Wyndham's adoption of the orphan daughter of a distant relative, a sweet attractive child of about nine years of age, on whom she could bestow her maternal cares.

The four college years passed quickly away—Harry each year visiting his parents, and they in the mean time journeying to the north to see their son, who at length returned to them, accomplished in all the learning of the schools, and as they hoped to remain permanently where his presence was so dearly prized. But though he loved his home, Harry's early devotion to the beautiful had been so far strengthened by his classical studies that he fain would visit classic ground. Three years were therefore devoted to an extensive European tour, during which he not only bowed at every shrine of art, both in the splendid temples devoted to the preservation of its choicest gems, and in the picturesque ruins of the glorious past, but sought out every resting place of beauty in the lone retreats of untutored nature. The collection of pictures, statues, medals, &c. that he made while absent, showed sufficiently the purity of his natural taste and the high refinement it had attained by cultivation.

And now behold Colonel and Mrs. Wyndham supremely happy. Harry is once more with them, more attached than ever to his parents and his home, and has promised never again to leave it. The father rejoices in his son's manly beauty and the frank heartiness of his manner, unspoiled by foreign travel;—the mother in the loving spirit that beams in every glance, in the maturity of his intellect and the purity of his heart. The adopted

orphan too, welcomes the stranger with joy, and Mrs. Wyndham has a secret hope that Harry will secure his earthly happiness, by drawing still closer the ties that unite her to this object of her affection. Unconsciously this hope has influenced her in the education she has bestowed upon the youthful Emily; and although she has carefully concealed her wishes from one too pure and single-minded to suspect them, she has unwittingly laid a train which a spark may ignite, either to burn on the hallowed altar of wedded love, or to consume and wither the heart that cherishes it.

"Well, my boy," said the Colonel one day to his son, who was busily engaged with his mother and Emily in deciding upon the most appropriate place for the statue of a dancing nymph—"will you never finish putting up your pictures and your marble women? Mercy on me! how different men are. When I was your age, I was looking at pretty girls that had some warmth and life in them, instead of worshipping cold stocks and stones as you do."

"When I see such an embodiment of beauty and grace as is imaged here I shall follow your example, father," replied Harry; "till then, I am afraid you must leave me to my stocks and stones."

"And what is beauty and grace without either life or motion?" said the Colonel, with a glance of infinite contempt at the statue. "Come out with me to the course, Harry, and look at Medon training—there is beauty and grace if you please—he lifts his foot as daintily as any belle in the union."

"Presently, father—when we have decided this momentous question—What say you, Emily? shall the nymph stand where the mirror can reflect every fold in her drapery, or here where the light falls so exquisitely upon her features and just touches her graceful arms, while the shadow of the window curtain throws the whole figure into such beautiful relief?"

"Oh, in that corner, by all means," said Emily—"unless," she added hesitating, "your mother prefers it elsewhere."

"Please yourselves, my children," replied Mrs. Wyndham, and while Harry was superintending the arrangement, she called the Colonel's attention to a fine copy of Titian's *Flora* that had just been hung in the drawing-room.

"My dear wife," he replied, "why will you insist upon my admiring things for which I have no sort of taste. The face is a pretty one, to be sure—but not half so lovely to my eye as that portrait of yourself that hangs above it, and I would give all the heathen goddesses together for one bright smile of my little Emily here"—and as he spoke the Colonel drew the blushing girl towards him and kissed her forehead with paternal fondness. "Has not our Emily grown, Harry?"

"Very much," replied Harry, still intent upon his statue and without a glance at the object to which his attention had been directed.

Emily did not much relish this comparison with the heathen goddesses, for she was well aware that neither her face nor form presented any of the classical beauty for which Harry expressed such devoted admiration. She was rather under size, very slender, and though her eyes were fine her nose was *un peu retroussée*, and her mouth, though filled with splendid teeth, was decidedly too large. She had, however, a fair complexion, luxuriant hair and very pretty little hands and feet, and the expression of goodness and intelligence that beamed in her face more than compensated for the want of more regular beauty. Mrs. Wyndham and the Colonel thought her handsome enough for any body, but as month after month passed without Harry's paying any especial homage to her charms, they began to fear that the airy castle they had built for their son's happiness upon the shadowy foundation of their own wishes, must fade away as these unsubstantial fabrics are apt to do. They had, however, one comfort—Harry showed no inclination to bestow this homage elsewhere, and though caressed and consoled by many scheming mammas, he paid their fair daughters as little attention as civility demanded. The whole pleasure of his life seemed to be centered in his home. Here he aided his mother in her schemes of benevolence, his father in his plans of improvement, particularly as they regarded the comfort and happiness of his numerous negro dependents, and Emily in the cultivation of her refined and elevated tastes, which were in many respects the echo of his own. But his happiest hours were evidently those he spent alone—either among his books, where he could dive still deeper among the treasured remnants of ancient genius, and sympathize with those of later days who have imbibed their spirit, or in the realm of his own fantasy, peopled as it was with images of beauty drawn from its purest sources. And did no one form claim precedence here? Was there no presiding nymph in these revels of the imagination to whom the youth yielded the worship he refused to those of earth? Ah yes. A vision of grace and loveliness had swept before him, one on whom the cestus of Venus had been bound, and to whom Minerva had imparted her heavenly wisdom—she whispered to him in softest accents of a life of love known only to the pure and good on earth, and enduring as existence. True, she was but a phantom of the brain, an ideal object, but may not her living presence one day cross his path, and then what happiness were his! He loved the gentle girl, whose sweetness and intelligence shed a charm over his daily life, with all a brother's fondness, but that brighter being was the one his heart yearned to meet, and her image was the companion of his lonely hours.

Mrs. Wyndham had, as we have said, no small tinge of woman in her own disposition; she was a firm believer in the elective affinities, (she and the Colonel had fallen in love with each other at first sight,) and therefore gave up much sooner

than her husband, the long-cherished idea of her son's union with Emily. "True love," she said, "seldom grew out of friendship. It was a mysterious sympathy that united those formed for each other in indissoluble bonds—an immediate recognition in the beloved object of all that is wanting to one's own completeness," and many other arguments of the same nature, totally incomprehensible to her husband, as to most matter-of-fact people, but very clear and conclusive, no doubt, to those who use them.

"What more does the boy require?" he would answer; "has not Emily the best blood of Virginia flowing in her veins—is she not gentle and affectionate, sprightly and intelligent? Does she not sit a horse like Di Vernon—sing a ballad that brings tears into one's eyes, and dance like a sylph? Has she not drawn Medon's likeness with Dick the groom beside him, so that no one could mistake it—is she not learned in all the tongues? And then so good and religious as she is! Our Emily, God bless her, is an angel upon earth—and this blind boy not to love her after all!"

"But he does love her, Colonel, like a fond devoted brother, and Emily repays it with a sister's affection. Neither thinks of the other in any tenderer relation. After all our hopes and wishes Emily will marry some one else, and leave us for a stranger. We can only pray that Harry may choose for himself as wisely as we have chosen for him; but feelings of this nature will not come at another's bidding, and we are perhaps wrong in desiring they should."

This view of the matter did not, however, satisfy the Colonel, who still hoped his son would awake to the full appreciation of Emily's perfections.

The residence of Colonel Wyndham was sufficiently near the capital of our Union to allow his family to associate at pleasure with the motley throng that yearly assembles there, and our friend Harry, though no devotee to such enjoyments, would always accompany his mother and Emily when their inclination led them to partake of its gaieties. But season followed season, and the beauty and fashion that courted his notice either there or at his father's hospitable mansion, failed to win from him more than a passing regard. Emily too, refused to smile upon two most unexceptionable suitors, assigning as her only reason, the all-sufficient one, that she could not love them.

Harry had been about three years at home, when, at a ball given by a foreign dignitary, he was aroused from a solitary meditation in which he had been indulging in a corner of the crowded saloon, by an entrée which appeared to attract considerable attention. The words "beautiful," "classical," "unique," repeated by different voices around him, led him to make his way toward the spot to which all eyes were directed, where he saw his host receiving the newly arrived guests. A gentleman of distinguished appearance held on one arm a lady of middle age, but still

handsome and most richly dressed. On the other leaned a creature in the bloom of youth, and of such surpassing loveliness, that Harry fairly held his breath as he gazed upon her. She was tall and splendidly formed, and her face exhibited the faultless Grecian outline we so seldom see. There was the smooth low forehead, and straight finely chiselled nose—the mouth like Cupid's bow—the full dark eye and well defined brow. Her rich chesnut hair was braided over it and then gathered into a knot at the back of the small head, set so proudly upon a neck of snowy whiteness and perfect symmetry.—There was a severe simplicity in the lady's dress which accorded well with her rare beauty. It was of plain white muslin, with no other ornament than two antique onyx cameos which looped the full hanging sleeves upon her shoulders. A bracelet clasped with another of these precious relics of art surrounded one of her lovely arms, and the only adornment of her head was a chaplet of ivy leaves, which gave her the air of an Iphigenia when ministering in Diana's temple. Harry murmured to himself, "O Dea certe," &c., and as soon as he had sufficiently recovered his senses from the confusion into which they were thrown by this sudden revelation of beauty, he inquired who she was, and learned that the party which had attracted so much attention consisted of Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair, with their eldest daughter. A northern metropolis had produced this peerless one, where her opening beauty had been jealously guarded from common observation; and when she was sixteen her parents had broken up their establishment, placed their younger children at boarding schools, and spent two years in Europe that this favourite daughter might be perfected in all the graces and accomplishments. They had but recently returned, unveiled the goddess, and presented her with all her finished charms in the society she was formed to embellish. All this information was buzzed about within five minutes of Miss St. Clair's arrival. Five more saw Harry Wyndham at her side, amid a throng of other admirers, whose flattery was received with a proud indifference, which argued, he thought, a decided superiority to the vapid commonplaces with which they endeavoured to win her favour. At first, Miss St. Clair declined dancing: "The room was too crowded," she said, and one by one the exquisites dropped off to seek partners elsewhere. Not so, however, our friend Harry; he remained a fixture beside her, and soon engaged her in a conversation in which, though all that was worth much was said by himself, he discovered the charms of her mind quite equalled those of her person. Miss St. Clair was sitting in a luxurious arm-chair, (many married ladies were standing near, looking as if they too would be glad to sit down,) and Harry was bending over her, in the most devoted manner, when Emily, who had through the evening been dancing in another room, entered leaning on the arm of a young attaché,

with whom she was chatting gaily in his own language; suddenly she turned pale, and an expression of such agony crossed her face, that the young foreigner was terrified, and, after procuring her a seat, was running for Mrs. Wyndham, when Emily recovering herself, begged him not to summon her, as she was merely overcome by the heat, and that a glass of water was all that she required. After tasting it, she professed herself quite well, and was just going to rejoin the dancers when Harry passed with Miss St. Clair. As soon as he perceived Emily, he introduced her to his companion, and, after the usual civilities had been interchanged, told Emily in a low voice to inform his mother that he wished very much she would make the acquaintance of Mrs. St. Clair and her daughter. Emily bowed her acquiescence, for she could not speak—like one in a dream she moved mechanically through the figures of the cotillion, and then left the room, after requesting her partner to inform Mrs. Wyndham that, being overcome by the heat of the crowded saloon, she would wait up stairs till the party broke up. Alas for Emily! Her own heart had just been laid bare to her, and its inmost secret disclosed to herself. The pang of jealousy that had thrilled through every fibre of her frame, told her that the love she felt for the son of her adopted parents was far other than she had deemed it, and with this knowledge came the conviction that he was lost to her for ever. What would Emily now have given for the seclusion of her own chamber, where she could have wrestled alone with her misery—but the kind-hearted menials who came around her, and bathed her forehead, and fanned her burning temples, forced her still to exercise strong self-control, and to feign that to be weakness of body which was suffering of far greater intensity. Mrs. Wyndham soon joined her, and alarmed at her appearance, sent to tell Harry they must go home immediately. But, though Emily longed for home as the stricken deer for the covert, she insisted on remaining.

"Harry was enjoying the party," she said, "an unusual thing for him. Has he not often gone with us, dear aunt, when he would far rather have stayed at home; why should I interrupt his pleasure now? I will do very well here. Go down to supper, and when it is over I shall be better able to bear the ride home than I am at present."

"Just like my own sweet Emily," said Mrs. Wyndham, "always thinking of others rather than herself. If you promise to summon me the moment you are ready I will do as you wish," and Emily was allowed to remain until supper was over.

During their long drive home, Harry said but little, and when his mother spoke of Miss St. Clair, he only observed "she was very lovely," and abruptly changed the subject. He was all tenderness to Emily, lamented her indisposition, and regretted he had not been earlier apprised of it, with such sincerity, that she felt somewhat

comforted, and hoped that she might have overestimated the effect of Miss St. Clair's charms. When alone, Emily held a sad conference with her own heart. How came it that she but now was conscious of an attachment that must have gained a giant strength to have caused such suffering? Why had she not watched and guarded her affections, and not suffered them to be yielded up while she dreamed not of her danger? Alas! she knew not why—she only knew that she was wretched, and the more steadfastly she looked upon the future the more unhappy she became. Even supposing this admiration to be a transient one, might not another soon succeed it, and would not the same agony be again endured? But we must leave Emily tossing upon her restless couch, and follow our hero, who is viewing the doubtful future under a far different aspect. The idol of his imagination has now appeared to him, and can he but win her for his own he asks no higher blessing. Both by looks and words she had distinguished him above his companions; so far, at least, he has no reason to be discouraged, and he is dwelling in blissful anticipation upon the realization of his lifelong dreams. His fancy pictures this fair creature moving day after day in his beloved household circle, dispensing happiness to all, and, like another Eve, beautifying his earthly paradise. Sleep at length steals over him, that he may embody in still lovelier forms the visions of his waking hours.

From this day Harry seems a changed man. Hitherto indifferent to society, he is now foremost in every place of amusement. Emily is still indisposed, and neither Colonel nor Mrs. Wyndham will leave her, but Harry is ever on the wing, either riding or walking with Julia St. Clair or at the frequent entertainments she graces with her presence. Each day's intercourse increases his admiration both for her and her high-bred parents, who, on their part, receive his advances with undisguised satisfaction. At first he fancies a rival in every one that approaches her, but the softer cadence of her voice when addressing him, the brighter smile with which he is welcomed, and the ready ear she lends to his slightest word, soon assure him that he has nothing to fear, and he gives himself up to the delightful conviction that he is beloved by the object of his adoration.

Of course an affair of this kind, carried on so much in public, soon became the theme of every tongue, and Colonel and Mrs. Wyndham were frequently congratulated upon their son's approaching marriage, long before they learned from Harry, who, contrary to his usual openness of character, had said little on the subject, how deeply his feelings were interested. It was not, in fact, until all was arranged between him and the fair lady, that the seal seemed taken from his lips, and he poured out his full soul to his parents and Emily, believing that their joy in his success was equal to his own. Unfortunately, however, the Colonel had taken no fancy either to the young lady nor her parents.

"They were regular highflyers," he said, "with nothing but their great pretensions to keep them afloat. He liked home ways and home people, not those who did nothing but wander about the world and give out that they were great, though no one knew whence their greatness was derived. The daughter might be every thing she seemed, but the mother was too artificial in her manners for him to trust to her smooth words and set speeches. Her husband was evidently under her despotic control, and he thought it a great risk to marry the daughter of a false and overbearing woman."

"Have you no opinion of your son's penetration, Colonel?" Mrs. Wyndham would reply. "Harry says that he never saw a more beautiful picture of united affection than Mr. St. Clair's family presents. His perceptions are too true about most things to admit the possibility of his being deceived in a matter of such importance as the character of those with whom he is to be so nearly allied."

"A man in love is easily deceived. I have seen more of life than you have, my dear, simply because I look at people with my own eyes, instead of through rose-coloured glasses as you do, and I never see a woman who appears so very soft and gentle that she cannot raise her voice much above a whisper, and whose every word and look betrays a studied forethought of the effect they are to produce, that I do not mistrust her sadly. Half of them are shrews, and the other half obstinate intriguers—I am much mistaken if Mrs. St. Clair is not a little of both."

"I cannot think it," said Mrs. Wyndham. "To me there is something so fascinating in her polished elegance that I must admire her. But, even granting the mother is an artificial character, the daughter may be different; and if, as I often think, the soul imparts a portion of its loveliness to the form it animates, it must be a pure and elevated one that shines through such rare beauty as hers."

"Yet I have seen many unworthy beauties in my day," replied the Colonel smiling, "and you a few also, if my recollection serves me. But we will not dispute about Miss St. Clair; she is Harry's choice, and I will love her if I can. God grant she makes him as happy as he deserves to be; she is not like Emily though, and I rather suspect Emily fancies her as little as I do."

"Emily knows but little of her. You remember she was taken sick the very evening we first met the St. Clairs, and, except on the two days they dined here, has not seen them since. Even then she was too weak to be down stairs all the time. She thinks Julia very beautiful, and will, I know, love her as the source of Harry's happiness."

"It is but for that happiness that I wish from my soul he had not been so precipitate. He has been so dazzled by Julia St. Clair's beauty and accomplishments, that he has taken every thing else for

granted. He can know nothing of her real character, and he loves the creature of his own imagination, embodied in her form." So saying, the Colonel left the room, leaving his wife to the uncomfortable reflections to which his very prosaic doubts had given rise.

The four short weeks which were all that Harry's impetuosity suffered to elapse between his introduction to Julia St. Clair and his engagement with her, had been spent very sadly by Emily. Frequent headaches, accompanied by an occasional fever, to which her mental agitation had given rise, formed the excuse for her withdrawing herself altogether from society, and partially from the family circle. Perfect quiet and darkness were, she said, her best restoratives, and with truth; and as her physician did not see that much was amiss, she was allowed to try these welcome remedies. During this one month Emily seemed to have lived an age. Her affections, naturally warm, had been concentrated by the strong ties of duty and gratitude upon those who had taken her, a destitute orphan, from her forsaken home, and cherished her with such tenderness, that she had since that dark hour known sorrow but in name. Towards Harry these feelings had unconsciously assumed another form—one dangerous but beautiful, and she now held stern inquisition to see how she could have so greatly erred. Had she ever thought he loved her? never for a moment, with other than fraternal love. Hers had been a free offering to his many virtues and she felt, even now, proud that it was on one so worthy it had been bestowed. Much heroism is in the world, of which, careless and unconcerned as it is, it takes no notice; but there is perhaps no greater call for heroic effort than that which many a gentle woman has experienced in the need of combatting and conquering a feeling which, in its nature noble and elevating, becomes wrong by circumstances, and *because unrequited*, dare not be indulged. To this effort Emily now addressed herself, in humble dependence upon a strength higher than her own. Harry would soon be another's, her affection for him would then be sin—a sin from which she prayed in agony of spirit that she might be delivered. Flight was impossible—she could not desert those who had cherished her so fondly now, when she might, in some measure, repay their cares; their son was equally necessary to them, and he would ere long bring his beloved bride to his home; she must witness their mutual love, and learn to find her own lost happiness in theirs. Two months were to pass before this dreaded moment would arrive; during most of the time Harry would be about with the St. Clairs, who were to return immediately to the north, where, among their own friends the marriage would take place. Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair were then to sail again for Europe, taking with them their second daughter. During this interval Emily determined she would strive to regain her mental and bodily strength so far as to enable her to be present at

the ceremony, and to receive them with cheerfulness on their return.

And Emily kept her word. The struggle was endured and the victory achieved without a suspicion of the truth having crossed the mind of either of her affectionate guardians. What she suffered was only known to Him who gave her strength to bear it, and upon whose altar she laid her gift of a broken and a contrite heart. From this time her life was to be for others, self was immolated, and though she felt "that there had passed a glory from the earth," a higher glory was henceforth to beam upon her path, from heaven. True, her eye was less bright, her laugh less gleesome, her cheek less glowing than before; but the high resolve that had settled on her brow gave a dignity to her air that was more attractive—her girlhood was gone, she was now a woman.

The many cares that pressed upon Colonel and Mrs. Wyndham at this time, prevented their noticing the change; it grew out of her enfeebled health, and when that health was restored, Emily was as actively engaged with the arrangements they were making to receive the bride, as in her brightest and happiest days. All was ready, and they were just about commencing their journey, to be present at the marriage, when a violent fit of the gout so disabled the Colonel that it was impossible for any of them to leave home. One great trial was therefore spared Emily, and Harry had been two weeks a husband before she again saw him.

One wing of the house had been appropriated to the use of the newly married couple. It was furnished with exquisite taste, a piano and harp were placed in their sitting-room, in which also had been arranged Harry's favourite books, and many of his chosen specimens of *virtu*, and nothing seemed wanting to render it a fitting retreat for the most fastidious and luxurious Sybarite. But Mrs. Harry Wyndham was evidently not entirely satisfied—no word of commendation escaped her lips. Emily had dressed her apartments with the choicest flowers the garden and green-house could produce—she did not appear to see them, and on the first evening of her arrival, seemed possessed with but two ideas—the fatigue of her journey and the heat of the weather. Harry was not conscious of this ungraciousness, being entirely occupied in trying to alleviate his wife's discomfort, but the other members of the family felt it keenly, and the Colonel shook his head after they had left the young people, remarking "that it was a bad beginning." Next day the lady was too languid to appear at breakfast, and Harry made the best apology he could for her defection, saying that she was fond of the French custom of taking her coffee in her chamber, and that it was one she generally pursued. A large party was expected at dinner, when matters wore a better aspect. Mrs. Harry Wyndham was more lovely than ever in her bridal array, her husband was radiant with happiness, and both appeared to the greatest ad-

vantage. She, all smiles and gentleness, sang and played on the harp in masterly style, and he, brilliant with wit, enchained the attention by his powers of conversation. The party was kept up until late, and all parted in rapture with the beautiful bride. Mrs. Harry Wyndham was in fact a regular exhibitor. When under the excitement of company no one could be more captivating—when at home and with her family, no one could be more disagreeable. Spoiled and flattered from childhood, she had early learned to consider her beauty an endowment that gave her an undoubted superiority, and was only anxious to secure such accomplishments as would display her person to the greatest advantage. Her mother, a worldly, intriguing woman, had decided that this beautiful daughter must make a brilliant match, and from the eligibles that were in the market, and within reach, at the time of her return to her native country, she had selected the heir of Colonel Wyndham's wealth as the most desirable parti. Her minute inquiries concerning his tastes, led to the adoption of the classical costume that so delighted him, and of the sentiments that conciliated his deeper regard. The daughter yielded herself unreservedly to her mother's wishes, and acted her part to admiration. But now that the prize was hers, there was no need for further effort—the goddess stepped from her pedestal, and showed herself in her true colours—a vain, selfish, capricious woman.

Nothing that the tenderest affection could devise was omitted by her husband, his parents, and the anxious Emily, to contribute to Julia's happiness; but, unless she was the centre of an admiring circle, she would ever maintain the same indifferent manner that was so repulsive on her first arrival, and which by degrees spread constraint and discomfort through the once cheerful family. Did her husband wish their solitary hours enlivened by her voice or harp? she was always hoarse or fatigued. Would he try to tempt her by the beauty of the day to ramble with him among his favourite walks? she was incapable of so great an exertion. Did he strive to interest her in his intellectual pursuits, and read aloud to her from some favourite author? she would sometimes fall asleep among the cushions of the sofa, or at others would interrupt him by observations that showed her thoughts were far away, and engaged with the frivolity in which she most delighted.

But this was not all: Julia Wyndham, like most narrow minded women, was fond of power, and was evidently determined to rule her husband and his family with absolute control. This was not, however, quite so easily accomplished as she had expected, and the slightest opposition to her will would produce fits of sullenness which were grievous to be borne. Harry, with little knowledge of female character, beyond that acquired in his own amiable family, was at first quite bewildered by the various phases her uncertain temper assumed;

but soon learning to attribute them to their true cause, he became fully conscious of the misery of his situation. It was like an awakening in his coffin—he was tied for life to a woman without heart, without mind, and he almost feared, without principle—certainly without the principle that led to a right performance of duty. But she was his wife! a sacred name, and one that enjoined sacred responsibilities; it must be his part to stand between her and sorrow; and whatever her indifference to his happiness, to labour to secure hers as best he might. But how wide the contrast between the watchfulness for another's well-being that springs from ardent reciprocal affection and that arising from the colder dictates of duty. What delightful intuition in the one! what conscious effort in the other! Yet though the bliss of the former is immeasurably greater, self-sacrifice, at duty's bidding, brings with it its own reward. Harry Wyndham had been hitherto a dreamer: he now became a man of action. The beautiful ideal of domestic happiness that he had nourished for years, had faded before him, and the hard reality of disappointment pressed sorely upon his sensitive feelings. But it was of no avail to yield to despondency; he must endeavour, if he can, to conceal his unhappiness, and by constant occupation fill the aching void within. His father's health had become infirm, and Harry was active in attending to the duties he was unable to perform. He also rejected entirely the style of reading to which he had formerly been so much devoted, and in his leisure hours pursued a course of serious study calculated to reduce "that forward, delusive faculty," imagination, to the dominion of sterner reason.

Thus, one year from his wedding day, saw our hero fully disenchanted; it also saw him labouring to dissipate the sorrow he saw his unfortunate choice had entailed upon his parents, whose happiness was bound up in his! This was, however, a difficult task. Colonel and Mrs. Wyndham had strict notions of feminine dignity, and it was a hard trial to witness the efforts made by their daughter to gain the admiration of strangers, while she was so utterly indifferent to pleasing them. No mustachioed foreigner could appear in society, whose exclusive attentions she did not strive to appropriate. She would often invite those most disagreeable to the family, to the Colonel's table, load them with civilities, and hardly bestow a look on their most cherished friends, if they had not the external attractions which alone could win her regards. The Washington season was hardly over, before she would insist upon her husband conducting her to some other mart of vanity, and, if he did not at once comply, her ill temper knew no bounds. She would then either seclude herself entirely from the family, or behave towards them with a cold repulsiveness that showed how deeply she was offended.

One day, after her conduct had been more than usually irritating to her husband, Emily was sit-

ting in a recess of the library when Harry entered, and, not perceiving her, threw himself into a large chair and groaned so heavily, that Emily sprang towards him thinking he had been taken suddenly ill. He started when he saw her, and said,

"It is nothing, Emily—at least nothing that you can relieve," and seeing the deep sympathy expressed in her countenance, he took her hand as he added, "my beloved sister, I have unwittingly betrayed my misery to you—you cannot be ignorant of it, but it is of my own causing, and I alone should suffer. Your pale cheeks and my parents' sadness press sorely upon my spirit, and I have just been thinking it would be best for us all that I should yield to Julia's wishes, and take her abroad for a short time. How hard it is to tear myself from home, God only knows. Will you sound my father on the subject? his health is not what it used to be, and I cannot leave him against his will."

"Do not leave him, Harry," said Emily in tears. "What would he do without you, now that he is so lame and incapable of business? We will make Julia happy here. Oh! if she would only let me, I would devote myself to gaining her love, and be a sister to her as I have been to you."

"You have been a sad sister lately," said Harry with a faint smile. "You never bring your books and drawings to me as you did in former times, when we were both so happy. Do you remember with what faith we looked upon the future? What dreams of happiness and usefulness we then indulged? All faded now and gone, their very memory making the present still more dark—to one of us at least. You, thank heaven, are still happy; but I am miserable."

"Harry, do not talk thus. Is there not a higher worth in duty well performed than in fancy's brightest visions? Are you not a kind husband, a devoted son, an active citizen, a kind friend? Do not both poor and rich around you rise up and call you blessed, and because one dream is unfulfilled, do you count the rest as nothing?"

"You are right, Emily—it was a moment of weakness—I should not despond, for many sources of happiness are still open to me. Contentment, you know Coleridge says, is "next to best," and that I will struggle to attain. In one thing you can aid me, by trying to veil my domestic sorrows from my parents—make them think me blind, deluded—any thing but what I am"—and Harry hastily quitted the room.

Three days after this conversation, Colonel Wyndham was attacked with a violent gout in his stomach, which soon closed his earthly career. By his father's will, Harry now became the possessor of the estate on which he resided; an ample provision was made for the widow and Emily, and to the former was bequeathed a beautiful house lately built in the neighbourhood, to which she could retire, if such was her wish. So tender a husband and father could not fail to be deeply

mourned, and had Julia Wyndham possessed one particle of feeling, it must have been excited by the distress she witnessed. Mrs. Wyndham was closely confined to her apartment, so that she was spared the trial of seeing her absolute indifference, but Emily saw it all, and wept in bitterness of spirit over her heartlessness.

Julia at once assumed the control of the establishment. She rummaged through all the depositories of plate, china, and linen, and could not conceal her delight in viewing the contents as her own. New domestic arrangements were introduced, and the old family servants scolded for their stupidity, in not comprehending them immediately. To complete Harry's mortification, Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair and their daughter returned from Europe, within a few weeks of his father's death, and after visiting their sons at college, came immediately to his house with such an array of trunks and boxes, as made it evident they had decided upon a long sojourn. Harry might possibly have prevented his wife entertaining company in the present state of the family, but could exercise no authority over her parents, who, anxious to receive their friends, soon made the house as gay as ever, and Mrs. Wyndham and Emily, in their apartments, over the drawing-room, were continually pained by the sounds of mirth that accorded so ill with their own desolate feelings. They saw by Harry's countenance how deeply this conduct distressed him, and as his wife's defects had ever been a sacred subject to them, they forebore to complain of it, but determined to have their other abode prepared for their immediate reception. Through Emily's active energy this was speedily accomplished, and to Harry's sorrow, these objects of his affection, whose society was now his only solace, were literally driven from his house by the cold-hearted selfishness of his wife. He could not, however, oppose their removal—he saw that it was for the best; and now inured to suffering, acquiesced with calmness, and exerted himself to render their new abode as attractive to them as he could.

Had Mrs. Wyndham never before been repaid for her disinterested kindness to her adopted child, she reaped the full reward of it now. Naturally of a most dependent disposition, and deprived, as she was, of those on whom she had hitherto leaned, Emily must now be her protector, consoler, guide, every thing; and well had nature and experience fitted Emily for the task. She moved in their little household like a being from a higher sphere, whose errand to earth was one of love, and whose dearest ministry was that of consolation. While Julia, a wedded wife, was displaying her beauty and accomplishments to gain the admiration of the world, Emily, of the same age, was devoting her far more extensive talents and acquirements to cheer and refresh the broken spirit of one solitary mourner. She strove to keep from Mrs. Wyndham's knowledge all that would pain her in the conduct of her daugh-

ter-in-law, and her slightest acts of kindness were placed before her in the most favourable light. Had Julia been the sister of her blood, instead of her who had won the heart she would have given worlds to gain, she could not have been more careful of her reputation. If Mrs. Wyndham entered upon the subject of Harry's domestic trials, Emily, with nicest tact, would lead the conversation to other things, or speak of his wife's defects as those for which years and experience would probably bring the remedy. But the expression of sadness that gradually deepened upon her son's once happy face, told the mother a different tale, and her active imagination became morbidly fearful lest Julia's passion for admiration might add public disgrace to secret misery. The downward course is smooth, and there is no knowing how far Julia might have descended, had not her career of vanity been suddenly arrested, and her own self-will brought on her a fearful punishment.

Julia had prevailed upon her indulgent husband to seek out matches to a splendid pair of carriage horses that were appropriated to her use. The newly purchased animals were young, high-spirited, and not yet completely broken to the harness, but Julia's impatience to sport her handsome equipage was such, that Harry interposed his absolute prohibition of her attempting to use the four horses until he thought it perfectly safe, when he would himself accompany her. More than a fortnight passed, and the horses were still pronounced unsafe by Harry, though the coachman and groom said they went quiet as lambs in their last drive. It was a beautiful day, late in June, and Mrs. St. Clair and her daughter, who had been some time with Julia, and were to set out for the north the next day, were to pay a visit about six miles distant, when Julia proposed (as several strangers were at the house of their friend before whom she wished to make a display) that they should turn out their dashing equipage. Mrs. St. Clair at first objected, but on the testimony of the coachman being favourable, gave her consent. Harry was absent from home, and would not return till the next day, he would know nothing of the matter, and the three ladies set off early in the afternoon, in high spirits. The drive to Mrs. L.'s was happily accomplished, the horses behaved perfectly well, were exceedingly admired, and they had proceeded more than a mile on their homeward route, when Mrs. St. Clair became alarmed by the appearance of a threatening cloud, and begged the coachman to drive as fast as possible. The horses were therefore put to their speed, but before they were near home a flash of lightning, followed by severe thunder, so terrified the animals, that they dashed violently forward. The ladies lost their presence of mind and screamed aloud, when a second clap caused the leaders to start aside, which Julia perceiving, and giving all up for lost, jumped out of the open carriage, at the very moment when coming in contact with a bank on the road side, it was over-

turned, crushing her beneath its weight. Mrs. and Miss St. Clair were thrown upon the grass, and though bruised were not seriously injured; the servants were severely hurt, and, when some negroes who were passing on their return from the field, raised the body of the shattered carriage, the unhappy Julia was found lifeless beneath it.

Two years passed away after the terrible catastrophe, and Harry still dwelt in solitary seclusion in his paternal mansion. It had been Mrs. Wyndham's wish to return to him as soon as Mr. St. Clair's family had removed, but Emily showed so great a reluctance to leave their humbler home, that for the first time a suspicion of the truth flashed across the mind of her affectionate guardian. The idea once admitted, a thousand recollections added to its force, and, as Mrs. Wyndham, thus enlightened, reviewed the mournful past, her affection for her adopted child became almost reverence, while she dwelt upon the beautiful consistency of her conduct. Her conviction that it was right to avoid the danger of reviving long crushed though possibly still existing feelings, led her to acquiesce in Emily's wish that they should remain in their present dwelling. Harry was, of course, their daily visitor, but Emily gaining wisdom by experience, had always some indispensable duty that absorbed her closely while he was with them, and resolutely guarded every avenue by which the destroyer of her peace might again effect an entrance. She felt that association with him was now more than ever dangerous, and that the noble, earnest, self-subdued man was even more attractive than the romantic and intellectual youth to whom her young affections had been so freely offered. She thought too, that the years, which had but added to his manly beauty, had robbed her of the freshness of her youth, and left her no graces to supply their place. But Emily at five-and-twenty was, though she knew it not, more lovely than in her early girlhood, for her person, then too slight, had expanded, her manner had acquired a more finished elegance, and her beautiful eye—that index of the soul—spoke hers to be the mansion of all pure thoughts and holy affections.

It was a fair summer evening, and Emily, faithful to her plan, had torn herself from the society that she felt, in spite of all her precautions was daily becoming more dear to her, and, having quitted the house through a side door, was indulging in some very melancholy reflections, as she pursued her solitary walk towards a wood at a short distance—"Oh this weakness of the soul," she murmured, "this re-awakening of memories once conquered, and as I fondly thought, utterly subdued. I have striven and prayed against it, and yet, with all my agonizing experience, I am again dwelling on his looks and tones, and long-forbidden feelings rise upon my heart. Oh that he would again leave us! that he would visit the home of the arts he so adores, and return wedded

to one really worthy of him,—and Emily tried to familiarize herself with this idea, and absorbed in painful thought, wandered farther into the wood, and marked not the deepening twilight. She was aroused by hearing her name repeated in well-known accents, and after replying to the call, was immediately joined by Harry, who, uneasy at her prolonged absence, had come in search of her. Emily apologized for the trouble she had given him, and declining his offered arm, was hurrying homeward as fast as she could, when Harry said, in a sad tone, "Emily, is there to be no end to this coldness? Will you never again accept the smallest kindness at my hands without apologies and hesitations so different, oh! how different from your confiding affection in former days?"

"We were both young then, Harry," answered Emily. "Time, you know, makes sad havoc with us all; and I may have grown cold and indifferent, though I was not till now aware of it."

"You are cold to none but me," said Harry, "and perhaps there is no one else that would feel it so keenly. Emily, you alone know what my sufferings once were, and with you alone rests the power to obliterate their memory." Emily almost gasped for breath, and her agitation became apparent to her companion, who supporting her with his arm, continued, "you will think me abrupt, Emily, but you so sedulously avoid any confidential intercourse with me, that I have been unburdening my fears and doubts to my mother, who bids me be of courage,—may I go on?" A slight pressure of the small hand that rested on

his arm, induced him to proceed.—"Yes, Emily," he said, "I offer you not a second love, but a first, true and abiding affection. Your virtues won my early homage, and though my senses were enthralled by another, their mild and heavenly radiance only shone upon me the more brightly in my darkened hours; but I will not dwell on them—they are past, and have taught their lesson. Tell me, Emily, may I hope? Will you again let me bask in your sunny smile, and bring joy and gladness once more to my desolate home?"

He waited in vain for an answer—the revulsion of feeling had been too much for Emily, and she could only sob upon the arm that supported her. He drew her more closely to him and said, "My beloved, one word:" she raised her beautiful eyes, now filled with tears, towards him, in the clear moonlight, and in the melting tenderness of their glance her lover read his fate even before she had words to utter, "Harry, I am yours—only yours—now and for ever."

Need we go on?—need we tell of the happiness founded upon the reality of goodness and affection as we have told of the misery that resulted from trusting to their imaginary counterfeit? From a thousand happy firesides and beloved homes goes forth the testimony which Harry Wyndham's experience fully confirms—that the grand essential of domestic bliss is in the beauty of the soul, invisible indeed to the eye of sense, but, like its Great Source, revealing its presence by the joys and the benefits it diffuses around it.

THE POLACCA MARQUE.

A ROMANCE OF THE ISLES.

BY A POOR SCHOLAR.

SCENA I.

THERE'S a far fair land, where the broad leaf gleams,
And shadows the sunbeam o'er summer bowers—
Where the glad gold light, of the solar beams,
Falls yellow yet mellowed, through foliage and flowers:
'Tis a clime o'er whose azure no cold cloud lowers:
But a deep blue sea, and a deep blue sky,
Deep and blue as the light of a languishing eye—
Spread above and around—and all nature would seem
The peerless in picture—the dazzling in dream.

'Tis a land where the green leaf is brilliant and broad;
Dark eyed are its daughters, and lovely in sooth:
Aye, fair as the *Firai* that came glowing from God—
Pure as she, ere the fruit had beguiled her from truth—
'Tis the clime of the *Creole*! the land of the south!
We may dream as the *Moslem*—but why the ideal?
Here's the *Giaour's* daughter, as lovely, yet real—
Conception alone cannot imaze her beauty—
O! to see is to feel that devotion is duty!

Brighter by far than her loved land's sky—
Fairer, more pure than its purple dye—

Is the lustrous glance of that bold black eye,
Like the sheen of the star through the cloud rolling by:
Who can look and not love? 'tis not I—'tis not I!
Who can gaze and not glow? Art thou adamant? Not
And a thrill through the soul of a cynic would go,
When wild from the night, of those orbs darkly bright,
In their roll, gleams the soul, blending beauty, love, light!

Boundless and broad as her circling ocean—
Undying and deep as its tints of azure—
Burns her bosom with willing but wild devotion.
Oh! pure is her passion, as pungent its pleasure!
Happy is he, who, that heart's whole treasure,
Is cherished and cheered by a love like this!
'Tis the acme of feeling! 'tis bliss—'tis bliss,
To live in the light of those eloquent eyes!—
To live in a heart that loves deeply, or dies!

The casa of the Count De Lorme,
Gleams o'er the Bay of Leogane,
Whose blue wave scarcely stirs the storm
That wildly wakes the Spanish main,
So green the shores—so bright the skies,
That he the daring Genoese,

Whose caraval first cleft these seas,
Well named it "Vale of Paradise."

'Tis fairer than the Eastern Eden!
Say, hath its bowers an Eve as fair!
Yes, many a bright and beauteous maiden,
That with the *Lost* might well compare,
Has lived, has loved, and languished there.
Yet, since that band with glory laden,
Planted their banner bathed in gore,
Upon Hispaniola's shore,
Of none does fame or story tell
Fairer in face, of lovelier form,
Than she the beauteous Azelè,
The only daughter of De Lorne.

* * * *

The day hath closed—the night hath come—
The bell has called the bond-slave home.
The moon now rising mild and meek,
Gilds La Serrania's lonely peak.
The silver light is gaily streaming
In picture through the orange bowers—
The fairy raylets dancing, gleaming,
Like living things on half-opened flowers.
There's not a whisper on the deep,
Save where some gentle zephyrs creep,
And scarcely could you call it wind,
For heavy sleeps the tamarind;
And e'en the aspen's quaking leaf,
From ceaseless labour seeks relief,
And droops beneath the cold moonlight—
A calm but not a sultry night—
For there is dew upon the myrtles;
There's dew upon the olive leaf,
Like to the pearly tear that startles
Yet lingers on the eye of grief:
A night that you would wander lone,
Along the silent strand of ocean,
And think of days long past, and gone,
With painful, yet with sweet emotion:
A night that anguish deep would mellow,
For all seems fair and innocent;
E'en falsely mirrored sleeps the billow,
While storms are in its bosom pent;
And smooth too were the cheek of sadness,
Unwrinkled were the brow of care,
And the lorn heart would gather gladness,
To linger but a moment there!

The casa stands not on the shore—
Inland an hundred rods or more;
But from its walls down to the beach,
Through gay parterre and gardens reach,
Green lanes o'erarched with jasmine flowers,
Where lilies droop along the walk;
And fountains flinging crystal showers
All through the lonely midnight hours,
In strange and solemn spirit-talk
The voices of creation mock.

Yet now, no voice of living thing
Is heard within those garden bowers
Save the lone mock-bird's notes that ring
And tremble on the leaves, and flowers,
And echo softly from the towers—
We list—the soul that song devours;
Its music cheers the drooping heart—
In vain we try from it to part—
It holds us by some mystic spell;
By what strange tie we cannot tell!
And there for ever could we dwell,
In the moon's enchanting light,
Listening with fond delight,
The warbler of the Tropic night!

Oh! can she be a thing of earth?
Say, is she not of heavenly birth,
Who through the casa's folding door

Appears upon the corridor?

Hair like the wing of raven, straying,
Half shrouds a neck of snowy whiteness;
Eye, black, bright as the eagle's, playing
With clouds, yet lovely in its brightness;
Cheek, lips, who tastes alone can tell
Thy loveliness unmatched, Azelè!

Half leaning o'er the balustrade
She looked out on the moonlit sea,
All lucid, save where fell the shade,
From the dark green leaves of the mangrove tree;
She saw the white sail spread afar
On the laden lugger homeward bending,
She saw the keenly twinkling star
To the azure wave its brilliance lending,
She saw the pirogue close in shore,
And the light boat o'er the water dancing;
She heard the dip of the feathered oar,
And saw its blade in the moonbeam glancing;
She heard the song melt on the billow,
From the boga's skiff down by the willow,
Yet heeds she not nor sound nor song,
That tremble the blue wave along;
And craft that ply close by the shore
She heeds not, for the waters o'er
Is flung the glance of her gazing eye,
On the line where meet the sea and sky.

The sea is silent—all are gone—
Yet scans she still the horizon.
Vain is her vigil—vain, to-night
She has outwatched the crescent's light,
For now the moon, the ocean's daughter,
Is drinking deep the purple water;
And shell and shore no longer sparkle,
And the blue wavelets deeply darkle.
In vain she looks the lone sea over,
To-night she may not see her lover.
He's far upon the Spanish main,
Though bending fast the isle to gain.
To-night her vigil will be vain,
He anchors not in Leogane.
Away! repose, my gentle dama,
That lovely form upon the cama.
To-night along those waters dark
No eye sees the Polacca Marque.

SCENA II.

Where are the winds? lo! Leogane
Is mirroring the purple heaven!
Yet not a breath comes o'er the main;
Yon far polacca may not gain
The Port ere closing hour of even;
Yet the broad yellow banner drooping,
And listless o'er the royals stooping,
To gazing landsman may reveal
The golden emblem of Castile.

See! they've clewed the fore-sail—main!
Hands unseen brail up the spunker!
Hark! the rasping rolling chain!
Hark! the plunging of the anchor!
And the spray o'er the crystal waters hurled,
And the wave in white circling eddies curled,
Have dappled and died—the dark schooner's asleep,
Silent and lone on the distant deep.

* * * *

Sunset hath passed, still the blue wave is glassed,
And in Leogane's bay sleeps the breeze on the billow,
For when Zephyr would steal a short moment from Azelè,
No lovelier spot may he choose for his pillow.

It is a lovely tropic night,
Glad along the dark sea glancing,

Plays the crescent's trembling light,
While each raylet darting, dancing,
Seems to fancy's wild romancing,
Living form of ocean sprite!
Landward loom upon the sight
Glowing peak, and verdant Llana—
One fair casa on the height—
Farther inland the cabana
Gaily to the gaze half startles
From its grove of leafy myrtles.
In the back-ground crystal hills
Leap adown dark wooded hills;
And, as steed with hanging rein
Gallops to his home again,
Through deep rocky ravines rushing
They now seek *their* home, the main:
Here, in glassy volume gushing—
There in foaming turbid motion
O'er the rude rock wildly streaming,
Down the dark barranca gleaming
Like a silver flood to ocean.

There goes a signal on the stranger!
A white flag flashing to the peak!
Gods, can she be the far-famed "ranger,"
That long hath swept the broad Mexico?
The Spanish flag may idly speak
Her name or traffic—many a schooner,
Freighting alone the dark marooner,
Hath left these shores, while at her main
Floated the golden flag of Spain.

Ha! she is answered from the height
Where stands the casa of De Lorme!
And who hath spread that signal white?
By heavens! it is a female form!
Upon the hill's high summit standing,
The whole reach of the bay commanding,
While sheltered by the guavas green,
She cannot from the hall be seen.

List! do you hear the tackle slipping,
Where hangs the chieftain's gig abaft?
Hush! 'tis the light boat lightly dipping!
From the dark shadow of the craft,
Out upon the wave she's yawing!
Six good oars that wave are clawing—
You cannot hear those six oars plashing,
Though you may see their broad blades flashing,
And the crystal drops in the moonbeams glancing,
While the light gig comes o'er the waters dancing.
Nearer, more near to the beach advancing,
Scarce breaking the wave all unruddled before,
Silent she steers for the cove on the shore:
Silent she nears it, dead-muffled her oar.

But who is she upon the height?
And why that silent signal given?
For 'tis not morn, or noon, or even,
But the hushed hour of lone midnight!
Why does she from her cama steal?
Her bosom's beauties thus reveal,
Though chaste as Dian the moon's light?
I've never gazed on glance more bright.
The lustre of those eyes would heaven
A heart that burned with inward hell
In hope and happiness to dwell.
Seaward that glance is gladly given;
Ah! now I know the maiden well,—
The daughter of De Lorme, by heaven!
The lustrous, lovely, loved Azale!

And who is he—a pirate—rover—
Who from his boat bounds on the shore?
Not 'tis the maiden's favoured lover—
I've seen that gallant chief before—
I've seen him on the distant main,
Fighting beneath the flag of Spain,
When rent was every sail and spar,

By the red revelry of war—
No rover Cortez Leonar—
But chief of yon polacca dark,
He holds Spain's "carta de la marque."

Oh! who can speak the thrill of wild delight
When lovers meet again, whom fate had parted?
Like to the first glad gleam of golden light
That welcome o'er the waste of waters started,
Breaks joyous on the wearied seaman's sight!
Or like the beam of hope that bursts the night
Of sorrow to the torn and broken hearted!
Still deeper, sweeter, is the raptured feeling
When from reposing care of guardian stealing,
Within the friendly shade of some lone bower,
Long parted lovers choose the silent hour
Of the still witching night unseen to meet,
To breathe their kisses and their vows repeat!
How sweet to mingle heart with heart!
To think that we no more shall part!
How sweet to press the pouting lip!
From its red pulp the nectar sip!
How sweet in that bright eye to gaze
That gushes forth love's lucent blaze!
How sweet on kindled bosom leaning,
When heart to heart responsive beats;
When eye from eye pure love is gleaming,
A luscious banquet of wild sweets!
When mingle heart, pulse, thought, and breath,
Oh! then 'twere sweet to melt in death!

The lovers meet in fond embrace,
Her rounded arm his neck is twining;
His gaze is bent on that sweet face
Upturned, upon his breast reclining,
And though he felt his heart repining,
The transport of that heart to trace,
No word he uttered, so intense,
So wrapt with pleasure was each sense.

Why meet they by the dead of night?
Why greet they not in open light?

Thou knowest not the Count De Lorme,
Thou knowest not his Gallic hate;—
A weary life of war and storm,
Had rendered dead and desolate
The better feelings of a heart
That ne'er had ta'en a Spaniard's part.
He was Spain's deepest, deadliest foe—
And could the noble only know
That here, beneath his very wall,
A foeman loved his only daughter,
'Twould not be gaol or grillo's thrall,
But silent shrift and speedy slaughter.
Aye, high upon the beetling cliff
The head of Cortez Leonar
Should serve the steersman of the skiff
For starting point, and guiding star.

* * * * *

As rolls the sable thunder cloud
Broad o'er the sun, his light obscuring—
As through that black but broken shroud
More deeply brilliant and alluring,
Burst ever forth the slanting rays,
Pouring on earth a golden blaze
That half bewilders the weak gaze,
Till more opaque and deeper haze
Drives o'er his disc, and dark as night
Seem sea, shore, grove, and mountain height,
So o'er the maiden's beauteous brow
The crimson blood is flashing now,
Yet only serves to make more bright
The living flood of lovely light
That gushing parts from her dark eyes,
Melting as meteor on the skies:—
Why looks she through the orange grove?
Why do her eyes so wildly rove?

"What! shadows on the moonlit wall!
Ha! was not that a signal call?"
"O God! it is the bloodhounds' bay!
O Leonar, away! away!"

Oh! who hath felt (and he alone can tell)
How hard it is to break that mystic tie,
The lovers' knot? to speak the wild farewell,
While gazing in the deeply lucid eye
That gleams more lovely as the time draws nigh
For the last parting kiss? Oh! who can tell
The strong yet silent power of that deep spell
That binds the lover in its golden fetter?
In vain the captive tries the charm to scatter—
Weak is the spirit when the flesh rebels—
And on that parting signal the tongue dwells,
Nor does it dare the dreaded words to utter:—
Oh! who hath felt, and feeling hath not known
A secret power stronger far than mortal,
That ever stays him when he would be gone?
In vain his trial to repass the portal
Where love reposes in her magic bower,
Unmarked, unheeded goes the gliding hour,
Time and again the nectar'd kiss he sips—
Time and again a fond adieu essaying—
Time and again the words are on his lips,
And perish there, no thought or sound betraying—
What boots sword, strength to beauty? the proud Roman
Conquered the world, to be enslaved by woman!

He pressed her wildly to his heart,
He kissed the lips that pouting parted;
If from her eye the tear would start,
He kissed the drop ere it had started;
And though the echoes nearer ring,
Yet fondly still the lovers cling,
As if the fate that now would sever
Was tearing them apart for ever.

"Farewell!"—"farewell!"—they part—they part—
That wild farewell nigh rends the heart—
She glides back by the shaded walk,
He over many a rude piled rock,
Through the dense grove of guavas springing—
His eyes flash fire as the eagle's,
For down the dark barranca ringing
Comes the deep baying of their beagles;
And now he clears the guava wood,
Yet closely cling the dogs of blood.
And now he nears the shelly strand,
Where moored his boat sits by the shore,
The moonlight flashes on his brand,
The shells have drank the sleuth hound's gore.

The boat hath left the beach afar,
And all is silent on the land,
"Tis strange," so muttered Leonar,—
"Tis strange that none have sought the strand—
Perhaps, 'twas but the hound's own strife.
Well! he hath paid the forfeit; life.
Hurrah! my lads, give way! give way!
The wind is waking on the main,
We'll reach St. Jago ere the day.
Good-night once more to Leogane!"

SCENA III.

Another night hath passed and gone—
Another, and another one,
And off Hispaniola's shore
The dark polacca lay once more.
To-night she baits nor fore, nor spanker,
To-night no hand hath heaved the anchor,
Yet brings she to upon the main,
Abreast the shores of Leogane.
Up to the peak the signal white
Is run! 'tis answered from the height!

The gig once more glides o'er the water,
The chieftain leaps upon the shore,
Within the bower he hath sought her;
Where often they had met before,
They meet, and silent greet once more.
One wild embrace—a wild sweet kiss
Hath thrilled their hearts with purest bliss.
Oh! life for such an hour as this!

But they have met not now to part,
That joyous greeting has been short.
They've left the grove—they've gained the shore—
The boat. "Off! off! bend to the oar!"
The light gig nigh leaps from the water,
They ply their oars so madly, wildly;
But where goes she, De Lorme's lost daughter,
Still looking back, so sadly, mildly?
Say, whither goes the proud Azole?
Ay, whither? let the sequel tell.

The dark polacca sought the gale
That grasped and filled her snow-white sail,
And ere had dimmed the smallest star,
Long ere the morn rose o'er the bay
Upon the distant sea afar,
Was standing nor-nor-west away.
But oh! when broke that bitter morrow
Upon the villa of De Lorme,
To paint it words we vainly borrow.
Upon the beach a single form,
Whose eye once wild as winter storm,
Now dimmed and chastened with deep sorrow,
Bent ceaselessly upon the main.
No sail was seen from Leogane,
Save where the island zephyr bore
Some fishing schooner close in shore.
Childless, upon the strand he stood;
Childless, looked o'er the heaving flood,
Then sinking down upon the earth,
He cursed the star that hailed his birth.

* * * * *
Horsemen have galloped up the shore
To Port au Prince, where lay the fleet,
And tidings of the schooner bore,
With such respects as should seem meet.

* * * * *
'Tis noon! far out upon the sea
A frigate standing nor-nor-west!
Her taffrail shows the fleur de lis,
Gleaming along the water's crest.
In vain she crowds her canvass on,
In vain she sweeps the horizon—
Three days,—and sleeps La Reina Oro
Beneath the cannon of El Moro.

SCENA IV.

The golden orb of a tropic sun
Limbs lightly the far horizon,
While roseate as virgins' fingers
On olivares and orange groves,
The level light still glowing, lingers,
And through the tinted foliage roves.
Along the earth, far shadows casting,
From flowers, fragrance wildly wasting,
The raylets fall, on myrtles dancing,
Or gay through groves of guavas glancing,
Dallying till the god of day
Shall call them to the west away.

* * * * *
Away on the distant horizon
The sea hath swallowed the setting sun,
The beam bids adieu to bud, blossom and bower,
Kindly kissing the citron's closing flower;
And dappling the domes with its parting light,
It rests awhile on the Moro height.
No longer down to earth now stooping,

It bathes the broad and gorgeous fold
That hangs above the Moro, drooping,
The flag of yellow, red, and gold:
The rays like birds together grouping,
Their way o'er waveless waters hold,
Yet long they lingered in their flight,
Grieving to bid the isle "Good night!"

Away, away, to the west away

The slanting beams o'er the waters go,
To toy with the grape and the tall maguey,
On the vine-clad hills of Mexico,
And glancing the billow, they gladly keep
Their onward way o'er the purple deep.

Yet as the last faint, feeble ray
Faded upon the Moro Cay,
It smiled upon a craft that lay
In the offing of the Moro Bay;
And ere that fading raylet passed,
A lingering look it backward cast
On snow-white banner widely spread,
And drooping from the tall mast head;
And moored beneath the serried Moro,
As lay the armed goleta dark,
None saw but knew La Reina Oro,
Brave Leonar's Polacca Marque.

The gold tints of the Tropic sun
Still glad the distant horizon,
The bell has tolled oracion,
None now may wear his beaver on.
The passing crowd, uncovered there,
Pause to repeat the evening prayer,
Some dusty devotees are kneeling
Upon the Piazza's pavement stones,
And soon as stills the solemn pealing
The portales ring with christian groans.
Well need they groan, if double load
Of sin the conscience may goad,
For there is not of Earth's abode,
In east, or west, or tropic clime,
Within the moral modern time,
A spot more deeply dipped in crime,
(Not e'en Madrida del Espana,)
Than this same southern nook Havana!

One moment dealing in fruition,
Her gay bourgeoisie but live to live,—
Another, kneeling in petition!
Why need they either pray or grieve,
For sin that fray or priest can shrive?
Hark, now again the bell is tolling,
The evening salutation's spent,
The varied crowd is onward rolling,
And all seem now on pleasure bent.
Here are guasos homeward wending
By Horcon—Regia—La Salud:

Here, are brilliant parties bending
Through the gates in ceaseless flood:
And the gay laugh is renewed,
Blent with cries from voices rude;
And the tinkling bell of the aguador,
And the heavy plash of the boga's oar
Is heard in the street, is heard on the bay,
While the weary heart welcomes the close of the day.

The gold tints of the Tropic sun
Wax pale on the distant horizon,
Still the Pasao far along
Lives with the gay and brilliant throng.
Oh! who would not their walk prolong,
Even till twilight's latest hour,
To snatch from those dark eyes one glance
So full of light, of love, and power?
To feel, perhaps,—oh thrilling chance!—
The pressure of fair jewelled fingers!
And thus the cavalier still lingers,

Hoping that beauty's eyes may see us—
That beauty's lips may lisp "a dios!"

"St. Jago, what a brilliant dame!
Say, knowest thou her? her birth? her name?
How fearlessly she rides her steed,
With grace alone to gods decreed!
Her beauty seems a thing of heaven.
Was e'er such form to mortals given?
Tell me, senor, what is her name?
She must have stolen Jorullo's flame
To light those dark and flashing eyes.
There is a spark that never dies,
In those deep orbs—a sleepless fire—
Till death my heart would never tire,
To gaze upon that beauteous creature,
The paragon of form and feature.
See how she sits, her charger prancing,
While her gold barbed heel his flank is lancing!
Not lighter rides the albatross
On the crest of the rolling wave,
When seas the scud of their waters toss
In clouds to the blue concave.
Oh! did you mark that sweetest smile
That saint from saviour would beguile?
Such smile the goddess Venus wore
When she the prize from Ida bore,—
How name you the fair girl, senor?"

"Ah! bien, senor! not girl, but bride:—
In Santa Rosa's church last eve
That cavallero by her side
To her, hand, heart, and fortune gave.

Say, seest thou yon polacca dark,
Close moored beneath the Moro wall,
Hull, spars, black as the coffin's pall?

He is the chieftain of that bark—
She, the proud beauty you admire,
Hath left behind an angry sire—
Hath left behind fair fortune, home,
Far o'er the seas with him to roam."

They come again! her charger rears,
Proud of the lovely form he bears!
The golden spur hath pierced his side!
Its gleam is hid by the crimson tide!

As starts the wild deer from his den,
And dashes headlong down the glen,
When he sees the deadly rifle gleaming,
So sprung the steed as the gold spur lanced
His tender flank, and madly pranced,

The life-tide on his fetlocks streaming.
And now the troupe are gliding by,
The walls have hid them from mine eye,
Yet loud and long o'er turret and roof
Ring the dying strokes of the trampling hoof.

The last tints of a Tropic sun
Have left no trace in the horizon!

The star of eve is gaily twinkling—
The boga's song dies on the bay—

The bells of the laden mule are tinkling,
As the muleteer takes his homeward way—
The dew of the night are lightly sprinkling
On fruit and flower their pearly spray.

'Tis night, upon Havana's wall—
The lamp gleams o'er the puertacalle
The crescent moon bursts o'er the Moro,
And quivers on La Reina Oro,
Bathing shroud, spar, and rigging black:—
Two forms are seen upon the deck,
Gazing upon the evening star,
Now gleaming from the wave afar,
Their hands are joined—who are they? tell!
'Tis he, the chieftain, Leonar;
'Tis she, his beauteous bride, Azela!

A SUMMER VISIT AT THE UPPER LAKES.

BY G. H. HASTINGS.

LAKE Superior! ocean wide, majestic, wildly heaving Superior! What joy to see thy free waves dance! What life in the breeze from thy waters! What vigour from a plunge into thy clear, cool depths!

Upon my faint spirit, brightened this picture of freedom and healthful life, one melting afternoon in the summer of '35. At early morning, my little study at Walnut Hills, shaded by magnificent forest trees, and looking out upon a charming landscape, was as dear a spot as the earth held for me. But when the trees drooped motionless, and the light quivered in the exhausted air; when every living thing was hushed, and the all of mental energy was perfect weakness; never did captive long for freedom more than I to leave this spirit prison. On the afternoon aforesaid, much study proved a weariness to the flesh: the print danced, solid theology run to vinegar, eyes closed, and more to be desired than "many books," than "principalities and powers," "moral faculties" than Dr. B.'s spectacles, seemed the wings of a—fish, to glide through the clouds, and to preach in the caves of the ocean! Thus gently expired my heroic purpose to study through the hot season. Then came the vision of the far off, wild Superior. All night, in dreams, I tilted upon its waves in a birch canoe. Next day, the card upon the door bid all good fellows to "inquire at the lodge of Muj-je-ke naw-waw-bee." He was the great under-ground wild-cat of the "Pictured Rocks." So "Tanner's" veracious "Narrative." But my whereabouts was a mystery until three months afterward, when the paraphernalia of a "medicine man," hanging over the door, announced my return.

The ten days of storm-tossing on Lake Huron may go unnoticed: nor will we dwell upon the luxury of a ravenous appetite for the white-fish and potatoes of Mackinaw; both unrivalled in their kind. The wonders of that romantic little island must also be passed without description; indeed they are hardly *novelties* now to the summer travellers. The passage from Mackinaw to Fort Brady at the outlet of Lake Superior, is better worth description for its novelty and exciting circumstance. We commend this trip especially to the listless pleasure hunters at the springs; and to the fretful jammed and jaded travellers by stage and steamboat.

We left Mackinaw one Monday in a batteau belonging to the government. Our party consisted of Lieut. C. of Mackinaw; Mr. H., the Indian Agent, and his wife; Mrs. De R., a French lady;

Miss Chatterbox, her daughter; Alma La V., an accomplished and beautiful Indian girl, and my humble self. We had eight soldiers for oarsmen, with a corporal at the helm. Two other batteaux filled with soldiers, went in company with us. As by one trifle and another we were detained until near noon, before "the parting cheer," the proposal of Mr. Agent to inspect our stores at Goose Island, about ten miles from Mackinaw, was received nem. con. Being a stranger to the party with whom Mr. S - - - ft had secured me a passage; and also to the way they do things in that region, I had guarded against being *de trop*, by taking along my own provisions: and while the ladies were making arrangements for the lunch, seated myself under the shadow of a rock, at respectful distance, for a solitary meal.

"What the deuce are you doing here?" said Lieut. C., coming suddenly upon me.

"Why, just what you see," said I, holding up some dried venison that defied the tooth of man, "extracting salt from that petrified meat. This is some of Christie's 'prime,' at 20 cts. a pound!"

"Ha! ha! good—this serves you right. Come on; we're waiting for you to lunch with us."

The idea of being delicate about feeding upon Uncle Sam, when you have the chance, seemed ludicrous enough, and over pastry and claret I was cured of feeling like a stranger.

During the long traverse from the Island to the mouth of the St. Joseph, my seat was by the Dusky Maid. Her father, not living at the time, was a French trader, a man of some ambition in the way of style and courtesy: her mother, then at the *Sault*, a full-blooded Indian, held in great veneration by the Chippewas. Alma La V. had been as carefully educated in childhood as the remote situation of the family would allow; and was at this time returning from the best seminary in Massachusetts, after three years absence. The conversation started upon Mrs. Jamieson's "Characteristics of Women," which she was reading, as we glided before a fresh breeze. The world, as Shakspeare drew it, was to her mind a picture of the world now. He was her great authority, beyond the realities of personal experience; and the work in hand was a portrait gallery of familiar friends. It wanted, however, one character which Shakspeare never drew; that was her own. It remains for an American Shakspeare to do justice to a heroic Indian girl, inheriting a French taste for artistic beauty; educated to call the most attractive fair one, sister, in the graces of social life; with keenest sensibility to kindness or ne-

glect, and with all the rich affections of her nature matured under the genial love of a high-minded, Christian lady, who, when she learns that to be elevated thus above her tribe, is to become "a shining mark" for deadly prejudice, can suffer silently; and show the proud white man what it is to be a Christian. Such was Alma La V., as an incident of the second day's voyage will presently show.

We encamped that night on the banks of the St. Joseph, at an old Indian burying ground—a most inviting little sward plat. The forest trees pressed closely around us; and when our camp fires lighted up their green, their partially revealed forms stood like the priesthood of Nature, whose giant arms stretched over us, promised defence against some evil lurking in the gloom beyond. The stars seen through the tracery of the branches, and again reflected in the river; the purling of the waters; the responsive cries of night birds; the perpetual wail of the forest, rising and falling on the fitful breeze, and a feeling of estrangement from the sympathies, as well as from the abodes of men—all so wild, so beautiful, so impressive to the imagination; made the season any thing but a time for sleep. Was Nature conscious that her child was with us? Was it to welcome her back, that she was round about our tents so lovely and benign? Or was this thought a heart-fantasy?

The gun at sunrise! we're all astir. Not a mist wreath to be seen. The tents are struck; ready now! one cheer, and away we go! Listen to the echo of the oars! What merry voices are chasing us along the shore! How dark the water in the shade! How ruddy in the middle of the stream! See! there rises a heron. *Bang*—well done Mr. Agent! but we can't stop to hunt for him among those reeds. We've made nine miles—a merry breakfast we'll have now upon this little island. "With a breeze to help us up the narrows we'll sup in the fort." "Remember we're not to stop for dinner, so eat away." Bless us—what do they know of a good breakfast at a fashionable hotel! Here's heart glee to begin with;—appetite! what can we compare it to?

"Corporal—tell those men to row back, and let the duck go—we can't be delayed." Corporal sees a large bird watching our operations from an old pine on shore—is "sure 'tis an Eagle!" All run, breakfast in hand. Corporal fires—bird waits awhile, then sails off—a hawk!

There's but little wind yet, and the men must pull. They are in the spirit for it though, and our batteaux move rapidly. The water of the upper lakes is of crystalline purity: we can see the pebbles distinctly thirty feet below. Save the arrowy ripple that keeps just so far ahead of the batteau, the river before us is calm as a mirror. As we gaze downward, the water vanishes; the underworld with its enameled sky is a reality; we are floating in the air! Now we are pulling hard through a pass; a little onward and we sweep free

and fast across a bay; and then we are bewildered in a labyrinth of tiny islands—all duplicate—as real in the water, as in the air. "That rood of moss with the gaunt pine upon it, must be swept away soon." Not so. The shore and every little island is bound with rock; while the inexhaustible lake sends down its flood so steadily, that the moss, from summer to summer, drinks quietly at the brink.

We seemed to be in a new world, as yet untouched by art, unvisited by sin. Not a sign of human dwelling, nothing to restrain the out-breakings of our merry hearts. Each exclaimed when he pleased, or what he pleased; apostrophized the clouds, the trees, the rocks, or his own image in the water; halloed to the men in the other batteaux, or exchanged a murmur of satisfaction with the dreamer at his side. All chatted, phantasied, and sung *con amore, ad libitum*. But who of us so buoyant, so full of song, so alive to every beauty of nature, and to the wit of our gay Lieutenant, as Alma La V. now gliding through the Elysium of her childhood! While thus borne along, happy as we could be, and excited by our near approach to the fort, a canoe suddenly darted from behind an island, crossed our track somehow ahead, and disappeared.

"Who are they?" cried all, at once, as the Lieutenant dropped his glass.

"Only a pack of half breeds," was the reply.

Poor Alma! upon her soul expanded with innocent joy, unconscious of sorrow, that curse of contempt for her blood, fell fatal as the frost upon the flower. Her song for that day was ended. There was no rising of anger, no tear; but evident mistrust of our every attention, and painful anxiety to be released from our company. In conversation afterward no one could get her eye, or draw forth a sprightly word. The thing was a damper upon us all, and nothing could have been more timely than the sport that awaited us above the narrows. Just as we were rounding into the broad river in full view of the Fort, a canoe with a single Indian shot across our bow in chase of a deer, which he had turned in its attempt to swim the river. Without a word said, the corporal headed the boat for the deer. The men cheered, and stretched away lustily, the Indian plied his paddle like a mill-wheel, the deer swam for life. Eight oars against one paddle—we are gaining fast upon the canoe—*Bang*, the Indian: too soon and unsteady; another cheer—pull away—*bang*, the Lieutenant: a hit, but too low. Uprose the deer upon the bank—*bang*, the Agent—one bound and the deer is free! "Whew!" says the corporal, "how that last ball made him jump!"

At this period, visitors at Fort Brady by the falls of St. Mary, were rare. No speculation folly in the shape of a vast, reverberating hotel domineered among the huts and lodges of the settlement. No crowded steamboat as yet poured its hordes upon the wild river bank before the Fort. What a champion then was the mail carrier,

who thrice each dreary winter unstrapped his snow-shoes in the barracks, "just from Mackinaw!" And when summer for a few weeks loosed all the streams, and the outlets of the lakes, and the song of the voyageur announced the coming ones; what a range of glasses was levelled at the batteau or canoe, from the moment it shot round the point, until close at the landing! Who would not hate to step ashore, when many a bright eye after piercing him through, is dim with disappointment, and when not a soul of the friend-seeking throng knows who he is? But only present exactly the *right letter*; and those eyes brighten again, warmest welcomes make one at home in an hour.

For sensible wit, hospitality, and the courtesy that warms a man to the soul, the little corps of officers and their families at Fort Brady, were not to be outdone by society anywhere. The first day there was exceedingly pleasant, the next more so; and thus the days went on better and better for three weeks.

A detail of the rapid succession of enjoyments cannot be expected; nor would it be interesting on the written page. It may be well to state, however, that none but an uncaged student, in the exhilaration of reviving health, surrounded with novelties, with an insatiable *receptivity* for enjoyment from any and every source, no matter for the time, and *rara avis* withal, can expect to realize the same "fine times" that I had. Moreover, the steamboats have of late years made it very difficult for any one to be *rara avis* now. Still, above the Sault St. Marie, rolls the wild, ocean-like Superior; and for many a year will it be a rare adventure for a "pale face" to sail in a canoe beneath "the pictured rocks." There rushes yet undiminished, and untamed by art, the outpouring of the lake; dashing for miles over immense sharp rocks; shaking the earth far around; filling the air with spray, and overwhelming the beholder with the roar of its fury, and by its immeasurable rapidity, and volume, and power. One may yet rank himself among the *glorious few*, who, with an old Indian, desperate for a dollar, have descended those tremendous rapids, with the strength of Lake Superior whirling them headlong, and nothing but a sheet of birch bark between their vitals and the jagged rocks.

There, also, one may see to this day, how the poor Indian struggles at hand grip with starvation; and by a visit to his squalid lodge, learn to appreciate his own comforts. Indeed, independent of the charming society of the garrison, there are a hundred things about that romantic little spot, to make a summer visit as pleasant as can well be imagined. The most interesting event, will probably be the excursion up to the White Fish Point, where the vision of Lake Superior which tempted me from my study, was realized to the full. The plan is to go up one day and return the next.

The mention of this excursion brings an odd character to mind. As our canoe, at evening, approached the shore above the rapids, we perceived among the friends waiting to greet us on our return, no less a personage than Mr. Peter Longwind, a teacher and exhorter from La Pont. He had given us a terrible *spification* upon free agency, the Sabbath evening previous; in course of which he killed forty men of straw, and magnetized a squad of Indians in the "far corner." Could we have forgotten the philosopher, we must have remembered the man bodily. His prominent feature was neck, which admitted of two distinct cases of bronchitis. Upon this, which he wore entirely bare, was perched a diminutive bald head, propped up from behind by a tremendous coat collar. He had evidently studied gesture before a windmill. Presuming that we all knew him, he thought it but fair to know all of us; so waiving the frivolity of an introduction, he greeted us familiarly, and proceeded, in a business-like way to show all manner of attentions to Alma La V. We supposed of course, they were old acquaintances, and took no notice of their keeping some way behind, until when near the Fort, Alma darted by us with a scream, and bounded through the gate like a deer. For once in his life Mr. Peter Longwind lost his breath; for on asking him "what's the matter?" he seemed "dumb founded." The story was told next morning. Mr. Peter had left his cabin among the Chippewas to hunt a wife; and brought with him some Indian notions about the honour to be conferred upon whomsoever he might choose. As soon as he heard of Alma La V. "something told him it was his duty to take her." Accordingly, without having seen her as yet, he walked up to meet her on the return from our excursion. Sad tidings, thought Peter, should be announced little by little; but not so the good. An hour was long enough to withhold such an intention as his, and accordingly he broke the news—with the effect described. Peter's *claim* was urged by his friends confidently; because, as he wanted a wife who could talk Indian, she must be the very one Providence designed for him. The mother was also appealed to, that "for the glory of God," she would *command* her daughter to accept him! But think of Peter, himself, giving her a written exhortation as to her *duty* in the matter, and closing with the motive; "must not expect to be well settled among the white people!" He was pretty soon favoured with an introduction to her brother, a clerk in the Agency. What was said may remain a secret; but Peter's motions towards Mackinaw were certainly very expeditious.

An opportunity was now offered me to return which was not to be slighted, reluctant as I might be to depart. Dr. C., attached to the garrison there, had engaged a canoe and five Indian voyageurs for Mackinaw. According to custom, after packing the canoe, the voyageurs all got drunk; so that we found ourselves at leisure to see Mons.

Purcelle and some other French gentlemen, who arrived that forenoon, intending to go up the lake to the Pictured Rock. Some English people from the Mission opposite, Lieut. S. and Lady of the garrison, with Alma La V. and one or two others joined the expedition. 'Tis a week's trip, and the more the merrier.

It requires great skill to guide a canoe down through the narrows. The river turns very suddenly there, and with a tremendous current—while the rocks seem to defy a passage. We were no little alarmed therefore to find our steersman in a towering passion, and too drunk to be controlled, at the very moment a cool head was needed. He had taken his place that evening, quietly enough, but something passing between him and "Wack-tau" as near as we could understand his name, roused him; and he was for coming forward to fight. The oarsmen were not entirely sober, but they saw the danger; and though the savage seemed determined to dash us to pieces, they succeeded in warding the canoe from the rocks. Now came the quarrel. Either the oarsmen or the steersman must go ashore. The Dr.'s sword was out; and the old savage had to yield. The canoe was his; and we thought ourselves fortunate in getting off again with only the loss of the long paddle, and the best sail, which he held on to.

These oarsmen now became the best fellows in the world. But for the steersman they would not have had a carouse; but for him—there was no knowing what saints they might have become. It was well to make him the scape-goat, and avail ourselves of their repentance for the delay and trouble, to make good terms for the rest of the voyage. The canoe had been paid for in advance, the agreement that scape-goat's pay should be divided among them, and they paddle all night, was mutually satisfactory.

In this agreement, however, the Indians made no proviso, that they should stop awhile to "make kettle:" an important affair with a voyageur at all times, but especially when extra effort is to be made. 'Tis said of Washington, that his mind was always just equal to the occasion: that as any affair became momentous, his mind enlarged itself to take in all the considerations pertaining to it; and this without straining, or subsequent exhaustion. The same is true of the stomach of a voyageur. Is he required to paddle all night!—he stows away enough to supply the consumption of animal carbon during the operation. Is he to travel two days without eating? allow him the material, and he will lay in at one meal enough to carry him through with ease; all this too, without exertion, or the slightest inconvenience. The process of "making kettle" commenced between ten and eleven, at the Indian caravansary on Mud Creek. This public building might be improved by sides and roof; but it answers well in pleasant weather without either. The structure is complete with a circle of stones, to keep the fire com-

pact, and two stakes with a cross stick to swing the kettle on. Here the Dr. and myself, wrapped in our blankets and stretched upon the ground, watched with interest the scene before us. The fire deepened the gloom of the forest, and gave the swarthy visages of the Indians a peculiarly wild look. As they moved to and fro a little back from the fire, their bodies not quite distinct, but eyes glaring in its light, they seemed like a pack of hyenas prowling around us. No creatures, however, could be more pacific than our voyageurs, with their hearts in the kettle with the pork, pausing till it be done.

They are making bread now! Process—dip from the boiling pork water into the tin cover of the kettle; mix in what the cover will hold of flour, and stir till it becomes a tough paste. Make the paste into rolls like suasages, and toss them into the kettle with the pork. After the pork is done, spear them out with a stick, and say "gallette-bon!" Wack-tau says, "man eat gallette every day, he never die." That is, if this don't kill him, nothing will. Baked bread! Process—roll the paste into thin, flat strips; wind it round a stick like riband on a baton; sink one end of the stick into the ground by the fire, with the other end pretty well into the smoke; turn as fast as baked; pull up stick, and know off. Tea! yes, they make tea also. Process—hold a handful of bushes over the fire till well dried—strip off the leaves; put them into a tin cup; fill up with pork water; let steep awhile; season with maple sugar, and drink *ad infinitum*—never affects the nerves. Pipes—scorched leaves crumpled fine, and a wee bit of tobacco—too precious to be smoked all by itself. Thus fare the hardy voyageurs.

It would seem that they either understood the bargain to be that they should eat all night; or else judged that the rowing would consume a prodigious quantity of carbon.

"Who," says Solomon, "can eat, or who can hasten thereunto more than I?" Ans. Voyageur.

At length we are on our course again. Our canoe was forty feet long. The Dr. and myself occupied the middle, stretched at full length upon a camp bed, with carpet bags for pillows; while the baggage piled up behind, and at our feet, kept our quarters secure. Three rowers occupied forward, and the steersman all aft. A greater luxury can hardly be imagined than thus to float along in a canoe of a summer's night; lulled by the gentle motion, by the sound of the paddles, and the chanting of the voyageurs. The stars looking down so earnestly; branches, rocks, and the heavy masses of foliage changing as we pass them, into all fantastic shapes, and the romance of the whole adventure, hold one in a long, delightful vigil. Then, how sweetly do these realities blend with the visions of our dream!

But where are we now? All dark—bushes close over head, and swarms of insects at our faces! Sure enough—we are close up under the bank, and the Indians gone! "Halloe—o—o—o!"

No answer. "Hallee-o-o-o!" both together—still no answer.

"Perhaps they have stopped to visit the graves of their fathers."

"Yes, and taken the kettle along, to offer a sacrifice!"

The Dr.'s opinion was soon verified. We went but a short way into the forest, and lo! there sat our voyageurs by a fresh fire, quaffing tea, and stuffing themselves with gallette and pork! Hour, 3½. The Dr.'s wrath produced no visible effect upon them—All the reply they made was "ugh! ugh!" Wack-tau, however, showed some agility in bringing the canoe round to a better landing, and, once off again, we found ourselves under a powerful head of carbon.

To lie upon one's back in a canoe, of a rainy morning, holding up an umbrella, is quite a different affair from gazing at the stars on a balmy evening. Such, however, was our fate the morning we approached Pt. De Tour, at the mouth of the St. Joseph's. The landing was conducted soberly enough—notwithstanding it was our turn to "make kettle." Having an ample tent, however, we were enabled to enjoy at leisure, and with all comfort, what the considerate ladies of Fort Brady had provided for us. The articles of service are to be returned—but is it expected that the beautiful "Mokuk" of sugar, with the initials A. La V. so gracefully wrought with porcupine quills shall be sent back too? Pardon the theft then, the temptation is too strong. The clouds threatened a squall, and while enjoying our capital breakfast, we held a council with Wack-tau and the steersman, as to the safety of taking the open lake. The canoe was stout, the Indians strong, and in fresh carbon from another heat at the kettle, and the Dr. was in a great hurry; as a man upon furlough always is. These were our arguments. Wack-tau said something about "wind off shore;" but real *bread*, and real *tea* convinced them all it would be safe to put out. Accordingly we were soon tossing upon the rough lake—course due W., wind N. W. By noon the wind had increased considerably, and the waves run high: soon it was impossible to keep in shore as we intended; the canoe drifted for the open lake in spite of all the Indians could do. A regular north-wester was coming down; and what is a birch canoe on Huron "Lake of storms" at such a time? We could now look into the waves swelling in dark masses above our heads, and shuddered as each seemed inevitably coming into the canoe. The next moment we rise upon its crest and see the lake all foam. What our emotions were, with such a thin partition between us and death, can better be imagined than described. No cry of alarm, however; that cannot help us. The steersman—what thinks he? there's no fear in that countenance; yet, what but real danger gives him the look and motion of a young Hercules! How dexterously he forces the canoe diagonally upon the wave! If it takes us square in

front, it will lift the canoe in the air, and down we come—the back broken. If the wave turns the prow, and throws us into the trough, we roll over and over like a log. The steersman knows it well; the rowers too are thoroughly aroused—all but Wack-tau. He is stultified. There he sits, making silly gestures, scraping the mast with his fingers, chanting prayers, and throwing tobacco into the water. The threatened vengeance of the whole army cannot move him. The Dr. seizes his paddle; the Indians cheer. "It cannot be more than three miles to Goose Island, ply now for life!"

The island was gained before the storm was at its height. Yet though we came upon the lee shore, the landing was very difficult. Two Indians held the canoe in the surf, while the others unladed; for the last load taking us upon their shoulders. The canoe was then lifted out, and borne high on the beach. Comfortless enough! on a little island, sheltered only by small birches, and gooseberry bushes; the rain and wind increasing, and no chance for a fire. But we are saved, let us think only of that. The Indians have backed the canoe to the wind; filled under with sand and cobble stones, and think to weather the night well. Our tent is pitched, and spite of a wet bed, of rain and wind, and the thunder of the waves, overcome with fatigue, we slept soundly. Short rest! we wake in the middle of the night—the wet sail-cloth flapping upon our faces, scarce able to rise up—the tent is down, the wind at a gale, and it rains furiously. The Indians cannot hear us—'tis for me to go down to the beach and bring them to the rescue. By violent pulling the tent was fastened securely among the birches, and we were somewhat sheltered again. But we were wet to the skin, cold, hungry, worn out, and thoroughly dispirited. Morning came at last, but every thing was wet, and fire out of the question. The Dr. was warm as need be, but with fever heat. No tea all day—no bread either. Indians "no make kettle—eat bread." So they had devoured every mouthful of it during the night. There we staid until sundown; when, as the wind lulled, the steersman gave the word to get ready. With extreme difficulty we got into Mackinaw at about nine: where our Indians, sweeping all the provisions as "spoils" "made great kettle" with "*bon tea*" until morning.

Who are those about to tempt the treacherous lake to-day? The short, full-faced, benevolent looking woman, is Miss H. from Bedford, England; and the Indian girl near her, is her adopted daughter. But who is that, arching over them on the right? Not Peter Longwind! The veritable he. They are all off for La Point!

Women of England! Daughters of England! Warm hearts have ye all; but who, save her of Bedford, could cross the Atlantic without a friend; and for the sake of a walking-stick into the Indian country, upon two days' acquaintance, agree to be the wife of Peter Longwind?

Would any see an example of equal devotion to the Missionary cause without extravagance; let them visit the French Prot. Mission in Canada. In the daily life of Madam Purcelle, in whom they will recognize the accomplished Alma La

V., they may learn the inestimable worth of refined social affections, in awakening by *sympathy* the slumbering sensibilities of the degraded, to the motives and the hopes of the Gospel.

MARSTON MOOR.

BY W. H. CARPENTER.

As it fell upon a day, while at York our army lay,
Word was brought to fiery Rupert to his manifest delight,
That the rascal Roundhead Rout, taking heart had faced about,
And on Marston Moor, in lengthen'd line, were marching to the fight.

By the Lord! it made us laugh. We shall scatter them like chaff,
We shall mow their rebel legions down like over-ripened grain;
For our hearts are stout and blithe, and our sword it is the scythe,
That shall lay their ranks, as mowers lay their swarths upon the plain.

Bravo gallants, here they come! Sound the trumpet, roll the drum,
Boot and saddle, noble gentlemen, and marshal well your line;
Be silent sirs and steady, and to show them you are ready,
Draw your blades, and let the churls see how tauntingly they shine.

They are confident and calm, they are drawing out a psalm,
Now are motionless and gloomy as an army of the dead;
Though, to light their dark left, glows burly Noll the Brewer's nose,
Like a carbuncle or ruby, shining marvellously red.

Stalks, with solemn length of face, and with antic and grimace,
Hugh Peters, from the black dragoons, of blacker heart-ed pride;
With his steeple hat of felt, and his bible in his belt,
And awkwardly his long sword a swinging by his side.

Now, with knavish scone all bare, and a sanctimonious air,
His traitor lips profane with song, a portion of the Word;
While we answer their hosannahs, by a proud display of banners,
Of pike and of culverin, of arquebuse and sword.

Hark! a many-voiced hum; slow and steadily they come,
Back'd by Leven and his Scottish Presbyterian compeers;
But the boldest of them quail, and the ruddiest turn pale,
At the sheeted fire and thunder of our gallant musqueteers.

Like a warrior stern and bold—like a Paladin of old,
The Prince is drawing forth his shining weapon from its sheath;

And his voice is ringing out, to a full and fearless shout,
"For England and for royal Charles—for victory or death."

Firm and fast—firm and fast; like the rushing of the blast,
With Rupert at our head, we are dashing forth their wing;
We are on them, we are through them, they are flying,
we pursue them,
Trampling down the rebel scoffers, of the church, and of the king.

Halt, my lads, and turn again; let us scour across the plain,
One deadly swoop on Fairfax, and the victory is sure;
Hazza! the knaves shall wail, if they live to tell the tale,
Of Rupert and his cavaliers, at bloody Marston Moor.

How is this?—how is this?—There is something gone amiss;
Ho! sharply wheel your horses on the centre to the right;
Noll the Brewer, in his wrath, has swept Goring from his path,
And Newcastle, with his "White Coats," alone are firm in fight.

Noll is coming! side by side, all together let us ride!
He is halting,—he is forming,—he is holding them in hand;
But the Prince rings gaily out, his brave heart-cheering shout,
"Now gentlemen of England, upon them with the brand."

We are spurring to the shock, they are marble, they are rock,
Not a single foeman falters, not a single cheek is pale,
As with curse and with quail,—and with song and with psalm,
Heavily the blows are falling, like a storm of iron hail.

Left and right—right and left—Noll his sanguine way has cleft,
We are broken—we close—we rally once again;
They are charging in full chorus, they are on us, they are o'er us,
And a thousand of our bravest lie weltering on the plain.

'Tis a carnage—'tis a rout,—we are scattered all about;
We are beaten, but undaunted, we can smile, though troubled sore,
Cheerly, cheerly! noble hearts, and when next we play our parts,
It shall be to strike a double stroke for bloody Marston Moor.

SKETCHES OF PARIS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY SARAH HOWITT.

THE DAGUERRETYPE.



PARIS was the Daguerreotype's birth-place. Here its first experiments were made; and now that it is spread all over Europe and America, this wonderful invention is carried on with all its original vigour at Paris, and seems to feel a sort of citizenship there.

It is not the Parisians alone who have their likenesses taken. All strangers who visit Paris, hasten to do likewise, before leaving the city; some, because they think every thing is better done in Paris than anywhere else; others, because they like to be able to say afterwards, "I had my Daguerreotype taken in Paris." There are many people who will take your portrait by this new process. A card of some size, at a door, announces the Daguerreotypist, for this is the title they give to this new sort of painter. The real painter is the light which strikes on your face.

At the corner of the Boulevard Montmartre, and the Rue Richelieu, in the new house, on the Frascati ground, a card announces that there you may have a Daguerreotype portrait taken, and tells you the prices besides.

For ten francs you may have a portrait of yourself as large as a miniature, and done by the sun, even when there is none. Ten francs! is it not worth while to have it. The sun is not dear. You go up stairs, you enter a room which looks like a shop without goods, but this is a shop where it is

not necessary to tempt you by displaying the wares. A little enclosed space near the window, into which the aspiring subject goes, is all that is necessary.

This little enclosure is never vacant; sometimes there is a long string of people, each waiting till his turn comes.

Meanwhile, you may walk about, sit down, or even talk with the Daguerreotype people, choose the sized plate you wish, learn what numerous preparations are necessary before the sun will paint you, and what very great care is requisite during the operation; for to omit the smallest particular would destroy the success of the whole thing.

There are very queer people that come here sometimes. There you may observe a countryman and his wife, they wish to have their portraits taken to send to an old relation and they are inquiring about the price. They are told that the cheapest is ten francs.

The man, who might pass for a cattle dealer, looks at his wife, who shrugs her shoulders, saying,

"Ten francs for each of us! it is more than we are worth.—Draw us both, and take something off. Will you do us both for six francs?"

The proprietor, in reply, tells them to look at a picture near them, and begins to talk to some one else.

The countryman and his wife consult together.

"It is too dear," says the wife,—"ten francs—that will be twenty francs for us both,—there is no colour in them either,—all black,—I would rather have a painting!"

"But this is done all at once. You cannot have colours, as in a painting."

"But look, are our faces as black as that; when we look at ourselves in the glass, don't we see the colour of our hair, and our eyes, and our nose and our clothes?"

"But a looking-glass is not a painting."

"And these black things—bah! let us go home;—but what is this picture?"

The rustic couple move away. A gentleman, dressed with some pretension, and wearing large hoop ear-rings, which in Paris announces a white-washer or a man with sore eyes, appears with two ladies, one of them ugly, and the other pretty. These ladies want Daguerreotype portraits of themselves, and the gentleman has been kind enough to escort them hither.

"My picture has often been taken," says the ugly lady, "but none have been likenesses. All the painters say my expression is dreadfully hard to catch; I am curious to see what this proceeding will make of me."

"But there can be no doubt," says the other lady, "for it is an exact production of nature, isn't it, Mr. Mouillé?"

Mr. Mouillé (the gentleman with the hoop ear-rings) shakes his head imposingly.

"Yes, it is the reproduction, that is to say—you understand—it is the reproduction."

"It is a very extraordinary thing," replies the ugly lady; "it is very extraordinary that your portrait should take itself by the action of the light on a plate. Is not it the effect of the light, Mr. Mouillé?"

"Madame, it is the effect of daylight and optics, acted upon chemically, all combined together—it is a very fine thing."

"Were you ever taken, Mr. Mouillé?"

"No, madame, they are too black for my taste, as my complexion is very good. I am afraid I should lose by it."

"It is very slow," says the pretty lady to one of the proprietors, who is rubbing a plate. "Monsieur, can't you take a portrait at once by it?"

"You need only sit fifty seconds, madame, but some time must elapse afterwards, before we can give it to you; and sometimes we fail entirely the first time."

"Why so, monsieur?"

"Madame, there are fifty different causes why it might fail: if we use too much of one thing, or too little of another."

"Oh, monsieur, I don't want to know all that; but when the operation fails, what do you do then?"

"We begin again, madame,—we begin again, until the impression is perfect, we never leave it defective."

A young man who has been waiting an hour for his turn to come, now gets up, saying,

"If that is the case, and since there are fifty causes to make the operation fail, I have had enough. I shall take my leave."

"A true Parisian," says the proprietor; "when you don't play the quack with them, they have no confidence in you. This young man will go somewhere else, where they will tell him the operation never fails, and will present him a defective and ill-defined portrait. Your turn now, madame."

The countryman and his wife, who have again appeared, address themselves to the proprietor, saying,

"Sir, will you take us two for eight francs?"

"There is no bargaining here," is the reply.

The young lady enters the little enclosure. She is made to sit down, and lean her head against a place behind her, and fix her eyes on a point in front of her.

"We are going to begin now; you will not move."

"No, monsieur."

"Very well, we will begin."

The pretty lady does not move or stir, she is so extremely anxious to have a good portrait; nevertheless, a minute seems very long, and her eyes are very tired of staring at the point indicated to her. At last the operator closes the camera.

"It is finished, madame."

"Oh let me see it."

"Not yet, madame; if you will rejoin your companions, I will let you know directly how it has succeeded."

The young lady returns to her companions.

"Well," says Mr. Mouillé, "how did you like it; did it hurt you?"

"How could it hurt me?"

"Does it cause any emotion?"

"A very great emotion of fatigue. Oh, how I should like to see it."

A few minutes afterwards, the operator approaches.

"We have succeeded admirably, madame, your portrait is very distinct."

"Oh, how glad I am; where is it, monsieur?"

"A few minutes more, madame; have patience."

After waiting a quarter of an hour, the portrait is at last to be had; it is very like; but the lady sighs as she looks at it.

"How mournful it is. There is something in these portraits, which betrays that it is no mortal hand which has executed them; one would think that nature, to punish us for prying into her secrets, would injure us in revealing them."

"It is my turn now," says the ugly lady, "let us see if nature will do any better for me."

At the moment when this lady enters the enclosure, the country couple appear again.

"Sir, we will put twenty-four sous more; will that do?"

The operator gives them no answer, but goes into the enclosure.

The ugly lady tries a number of positions; she cannot decide upon any.

"Are you ready, madame?"

"Oh, monsieur, wait a moment. Am I right, so?"

"You will be right, if you will keep still."

"Let me assume a more graceful attitude. Will this do?—no—I like this better. No, I was better before, where shall I look, sir?"

"At this little point, madame; but then you will be obliged to maintain the same smile for fifty seconds."

"Oh, monsieur, I have preserved a smile for a whole evening, often and often. I smile so easily. At the theatre, I never do any thing else."

"Are you ready now, madame?"

"I am ready, begin!"

The operation is concluded, the operator, who is looking at his watch, does not observe that the sitter has constantly changed the expression of her face.

It is over, and the lady goes back again, and says to Mr. Mouillé:

"I have an idea that it has succeeded admirably."

After awhile, the operator announces that it has failed completely.

"We will begin again, madame."

"It is very astonishing—the light is very capricious."

She again places herself in the little tent, where she has the same indecision as to smiles and attitudes, sometimes she will take a rebellious air; then a tender one; then a melancholy; and, when

at last one is fixed upon, the operator, upon raising his eyes, after a few seconds, discovers that she has changed the expression of her face, he calls out:

"You move, madame,—you change your expression,—it will be a failure again."

"You think so; I hardly moved at all. Merely a graceful motion of the head—a very slight one."

"It will not do to add any thing, madame; I am very much afraid you have injured your picture."

The lady returns to her companions; the issue is impatiently awaited. The operator, when he appears, says,

"A failure again, madame. I was sure it would be so; you persist in moving; you shut your mouth and open it again, and show your teeth; it is impossible to obtain a representation in this manner; a fixed immovability is absolutely necessary. Look at it!"

The lady looks at a plate, where several figures interfere with each other, and no one is distinguishable.

"But there is a little of my smile, a little of my chin, and a little of my nose."

"But it is all double. I have seen people with double chin, and even with three; but I never saw any one with three noses!" adds Mr. Mouillé.

"Well, monsieur, if you think it is my fault, let us try again; I will be as still as a statue."

So she takes her seat again, and as she is really very anxious to have the picture, she is prevailed upon to keep perfectly still.

When the sitting is over, they burn with im-



patience to know the result. The proprietor comes back with a satisfied air.

"We have succeeded perfectly, madame; you sat so still this time that the picture will be very distinct."

"Oh! I am delighted; do let me see it."

"In a few minutes, madame; wait a little."

The time seems very long to the lady herself, especially as she is assured it is a good likeness.

At last the long wished for plate is brought;—they all rush to look at it. Mr. Mouillé, who looks at it first, exclaims,

"Oh, it is exactly like!"

The pretty lady agrees with him; the original is very anxious to see it herself.

As soon as she casts her eyes upon it, she exclaims with a voice of horror,

"Monsieur, what are you giving me. It is a failure again—a total failure this time!"

"I assure you, madame, it is excellent."

"I don't know whether it has succeeded or not, but I know you are showing me a fright; you will

never make me believe that that thing is my likeness. You must try it again."

"It is of no use to attempt it again, madame; you can never have a better one."

"You are very rude, sir. I will not take that thing."

And this lady, who is naturally ugly, finding herself made still uglier by the mournful expression of the Daguerreotype, insists that it is a failure, and goes away without taking it.

After her, comes a gentleman, who has the tic douloureux, and twists one corner of his mouth, and who, nevertheless, is very anxious for a Daguerreotype. Another, who winks his eyes,—an old lady who shakes her head continually. And these people cannot understand that a good representation of their moving features is impossible.

In point of fact, the greater proportion of those who go away with pictures, are not satisfied; and why not? It is because the Daguerreotype does not flatter, and it is very hard to satisfy people with the plain truth.

FUN WITH THE DOCTOR.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Who is it?"

"Doctor Carpus, Miss."

"O fiddlestick on Doctor Carpus! I wish he would stay at home and mind his own business."

These brief sentences passed between Miss Mary Mayflower and the servant, who had made her appearance at Mary's chamber door after admitting a visitor.

"Carpus is quite a passable fellow," Jane, Mary's sister remarked, smiling a little sarcastically.

"You had better go down and entertain him then."

"No, I thank you, Miss! I beg leave to decline that honour. His attentions are special, and my pretty sister Mary is the object of them. I wish you joy, Mrs. Doctor Carpus."

"Now that is too bad, sis! I declare I will insult him if you worry me after that style!"

"No, don't do that, Mary. No lady can be excused for wantonly insulting a gentleman."

"But what am I to do? He is intolerable to me, and yet persists in coming here two or three times a week. If he would only ask for you occasionally—or, if the girls were at home?—But no—'Miss Mary Mayflower!' is the word, and I must parade myself down, and endure his tittle-tattle for an hour. I wish I'd sent word down that I was not at home."

"And so burdened your conscience with a lie."

"Exactly! That's the rub."

"No—no—sis. That is not the remedy. Say

that you are engaged—if you do not wish to see him."

"I'm not too much engaged to see company. So that would be as much a lie as the other."

"Say then, that you cannot be seen. Base your actions on the truth, and abide there."

"That's easy enough to advise; but not so easy to do."

"It would be easy enough for Mary Mayflower, if she once set her head that way. My sister is not, I believe, in the habit of stopping at half-way measures, or to ask what may be the result of an action, if she feels much inclination to do it. So I must conclude, that there are some attractions about Doctor Carpus after all."

"Oh, of course! Some wonderfully strong attractions!" returned Mary, half-laughing, half-vexed, as she left the room to attend Doctor Carpus below.

"Good evening, Doctor!"

"Good evening, Miss Mary!"

Were said with a forced smile of pleasure on one side, and a real smile on the other. Then came,

"It is a delightful evening."

"Yes, beautiful."

"The air is as soft and balmy as May."

"Yes. We have had very pleasant weather lately."

"The finest I ever remember to have known."

A pause.

"How beautiful the evening sky is!" resumed Carpus, eloquently—"The moon is brilliant, and

the stars shine with an unusual lustre. Mars, Jupiter and Saturn, are all above the horizon. It is rare indeed, that our firmament is so richly studded with gems."

"Rarely indeed."

"Have you met with Nichol's *Architecture of the Heavens*?"

"No sir."

"Speaking of Saturn, reminds me of the volume. I don't know when I have been more interested in a work. His nebular hypothesis is most admirably sustained. By it, the rings of Saturn are more satisfactorily accounted for than by any other theory I have met. Likewise, the Zodiacal lights, comets, systems of stars—the vast nebulous masses that lie far off in the almost infinite depths of space, and only dimly revealed by aid of powerful telescopes; in fact the whole universe of suns and stars."

"It must be an attractive volume."

"Exceedingly so, especially to the student of natural science. To me it has been a feast of reason. In the science of astronomy, there is something that lifts a man out of himself—that carries him up, as it were, into the seventh heaven of his mind. Something that reveals the divinity within him."

As Dr. Carpus, whom the reader ought to know, was a young M. D., with a diploma six months old, handsomely framed and hung up conspicuously in his office, said this, he could not help rising from his chair, and taking a turn or two across the floor, at the same time that his right hand sought his forehead, and brushed back the long hair, to reveal its (the forehead's) ample (in his mind) dimensions. As this is a very good place to say it, it might as well come in here, that Doctor Carpus was a young man of twenty-two, who had a very good conceit of himself. He had graduated, after a regular course of three years' instruction, with more credit according to his own idea than any other student at the University. It is true, that the Professors of Chemistry and Anatomy, if asked their opinion of the matter, might have given a different testimony. Still, Carpus was sincere. He really thought that he had graduated with distinguished honour.

The good conceit of himself which thus led him into a false estimate of his worth in this respect, accompanied him in all other matters. In opening his office, he had no doubt but that, in the course of a very short time, he would be overrun with business. Six months' experience rather made his mind waver in regard to this, when a friend suggested, that it was next to impossible for an unmarried physician to succeed. He must have a wife to add weight to his professional importance. The hint was at once taken, and Doctor Carpus began to look around for some one whom he would be willing to take as a partner. In considering this matter, he laid it down as a governing rule in the case, that Mrs. Carpus must be rich and beautiful. Among the large circle of his

acquaintances, no one struck his fancy so completely as Miss Mary Mayflower. Her father was reputed to have no small share of this world's goods, and as for Mary, she was called a beauty everywhere. Mary Mayflower became, therefore, the object of his particular attentions, greatly to the sprightly maiden's annoyance.

Thus much, and now we will go on with our story.—The Doctor, after taking a few dignified turns across the floor, resumed his seat near Mary, and started a new theme of discourse, in which he could show off to advantage. At last he thought it time to retire, and let the exhibition which he had made of himself have its true effect upon the maiden's mind.

"Thank Heaven! he has gone at last," exclaimed Mary, gliding into the room where her sister Jane sat reading. "I declare, he is the most conceited, egotistical fellow I ever had the misfortune to meet! He is downright intolerable to me."

"Heigh-ho! And is that the way you speak of an absent lover?" Jane returned, laughing gaily.

"Lover! Don't talk of a lover to me, or I shall lose all patience."

"Why don't you send him off, then?"

"How can I send him off? I treat him as coldly as I can, but he don't take the hint."

"That he no doubt attributes to love's shrinking embarrassment."

"Hold your tongue will you, Jane!"

"Ha! ha! keep cool, my pretty sis!"

"How can I keep cool under such an annoyance. To be beset this way by a conceited young upstart of a doctor, is too much."

"People are already beginning to set it down as a match," chimed in the fun-loving sister.

"Indeed, Jane, that is too much!" Mary now said gravely. "Who has made any allusion to it?"

"O as to that, hundreds for what I know."

"No, but tell me one."

"Sarah Mortimer insinuated as much the last time I saw her!"

"Sarah Mortimer did!"

"Yes, certainly. And I don't see any thing so very surprising in it. The inference is natural enough," replied Jane, with provoking calmness.

"Now isn't all this too much for any one to endure! Why I wouldn't have my name coupled with that of Doctor Carpus, for any consideration in the world. It's a downright insult. The fact is, I'll offend him the next time he comes here, and so put an end to the matter."

"No Mary, you must not do that."

"Yes, but I will, the conceited fool!"

"Mary—Mary!" Jane said in a soothing tone, "don't get so excited about a mere trifle like this. Wait patiently until the declaration comes, and then refer him to Pa, who will send him off of course with a flea in his ear."

"Indeed, then, and I won't do any such thing. I'll insult him," returned the excited maiden.

This and much more passed between the sisters

before they retired to rest for the night. On the next day, Mr. and Mrs. Mayflower left for Boston, to be gone a couple of weeks, leaving their two daughters to keep house in their absence. Among the other members of the family was a pretty little Spanish poodle, who was by no means the least important personage in the house. It so happened a day or two after the departure of the old folks, that Fido was accidentally thrown down stairs, in consequence of which one of his fore-legs was pretty badly hurt. After the alarm that followed this serious accident had subsided, and Fido, with his leg bandaged, was laid upon the sofa, Mary, into whose mind a bright thought suddenly intruded itself, exclaimed—

"If I don't do it, my name is not Mary Mayflower!"

"Do what, sist?" Jane asked, looking up in surprise.

"I mean to have some fun with the doctor."

"What doctor?"

"Doctor Carpus."

"How?"

"I'm going to send for him, professionally."

"Mary!"

"I am. Fido needs a physician, and I don't know any one who would be so likely to understand his case as the learned Doctor Carpus."

"Why Mary Mayflower! Are you crazy?"

"O no. But I'm serious. The young man wants practice, and I feel a benevolent wish to advance his interests."

"It would be a capital joke!" Jane said, so amused at the idea, that she could not retain a grave countenance.

"It will be a capital joke, for I'll do it this very day."

"But will you see him?"

"Certainly I will—and look as solemn as the grave."

It was, perhaps, an hour after, that Doctor Carpus sat conversing with a young fellow practitioner, in regard to future prospects. Carpus was very sanguine, especially in respect to the impression he was evidently making upon the heart of Mary Mayflower. In the midst of this conversation a messenger came in great haste with a note. He opened it and read—

"Please call at Mr. Mayflower's in haste!"

"Has any thing serious happened?" the doctor asked in an anxious voice.

But the messenger had already disappeared.

"That looks well, don't it," Carpus remarked to his friend with a self-satisfied air. "I shall feather my nest there, certainly. But I must go immediately. Nothing the matter with Mary, I hope."

In a few minutes after Doctor Carpus stepped from his office, he stood at the door of Mr. Mayflower's dwelling. The servant who admitted him, directed him with a serious air to go up into the front chamber. With a quick, quiet step he ascended the stairs, tapped lightly at the chamber door, and then opened it softly and

passed in. The room was partially darkened; but not so much obscured that he did not at once perceive Mary seated near the bed, upon which lay the unfortunate poodle, with a thick bandage about one of his fore-legs.

"Has any thing serious occurred?" asked the doctor, as he paused and looked into Mary's sober, anxious face.

"Nothing very serious, I hope, Doctor. But we have been dreadfully frightened. Poor Fido fell down a whole flight of stairs, and has hurt himself very badly, I'm afraid. I did not know what to do, father and mother being away, and so I sent immediately for you."

For a few moments Doctor Carpus hardly knew where he was, or what to say or do. It was plain, serious as Mary seemed, that she was quizzing him; and that she had chosen a method to annoy and mortify him, of all others the most effectual. Vain and self-important as he was, his character had in it a spice of decision and firmness. He was likewise proud-spirited, and this determined him not to exhibit a portion of the surprise and indignation that he felt. Turning coolly to the bed, he removed the bandage from Fido's leg, and carefully examined it, much to the pain of the poor dog, who uttered a constant succession of distressing cries. He then replaced the bandage more carefully, and ordered that said bandage be kept constantly wet with vinegar. A prescription was written and handed to Mary, with directions how to administer the medicine. Bowing then gravely and with a dignified professional air, he promised to call punctually on the next morning, and then departed.

In the morning he came about the same hour—entered with perfect composure—bowed to Mary, who was in the sick chamber, with a courteous smile, and then turned to look after his patient, whom he pronounced better. Another prescription was written, and again the physician departed. This was continued for a week, sadly to the annoyance of Mary, who, however, kept up her assumed character as perfectly as did the doctor. By this time Fido could run about as usual, and as the doctor still called in regularly, Mary had to request him to suspend his professional visits, as their little pet seemed quite restored.

Doctor Carpus bowed and smiled courteously at this, and then left the house. Of course, Mary was never after troubled with his company.

It happened about six months afterwards, when the whole story had gone the rounds, and Doctor Carpus had been annoyed by it to his heart's content, that a collector stepped into Mr. Mayflower's store and presented a bill for two hundred dollars, for medical attendance in his family.

"But I don't owe Doctor Carpus any thing—He has never practised in my family. What does he mean, pray, by sending me a bill?"

"I know nothing about it," the collector replied. "He gave me the bill amongst others, and asked me to present it."

"It's very strange! He never visited my family professionally."

"What shall I say to him, Mr. Mayflower?"

"Tell him that I say I don't owe him any thing, and am surprised at his presuming to send me a bill."

"Very well sir." And the collector withdrew.

An hour after, he returned with a new and more explicit bill. It called for two hundred dollars for "six visits and medicine, to dog Fido." As soon as he read it, Mr. Mayflower became very angry, and said some hard things about Doctor Carpus. When he had cooled off a little, the collector formally demanded the bill, and was, as formally, told to go about his business, and that right speedily.

On the next morning, Mr. Mayflower was still further confounded to find a lawyer's note on his desk, setting forth, that he, the said lawyer, had been instructed to bring suit on a certain claim, fully expressed, in favour of Doctor Carpus.

Here, then, the matter began to assume a rather serious form. A lawyer was consulted, who assured him that Carpus could not possibly recover the amount claimed, although he was legally entitled to regular fees for his services, which would undoubtedly, be awarded him. But, as the prosecution of the suit would necessarily lead to an unpleasant exposure of his daughter, who, if he defended the case, would be called into court to give evidence, the lawyer seriously advised the

incensed old gentleman to settle the claim, unjust and exorbitant as it was, and so get clear of the whole matter.

It took old Mr. Mayflower some days to make up his mind to pay the bill. Finally, however, the tears and entreaties of poor Mary prevailed, who had a dreadful fear of being called into court. Her fun with the doctor brought the laugh upon the wrong side.

About a week after the claim was settled, a letter was received from Doctor Carpus, couched in pretty plain but respectful language, setting forth the nature and effects of the practical joke which the young lady had played off upon him, and alleging, that as she had enjoyed a little fun at his expense, it was no more than fair that he should pay off the score in her own coin. In conclusion, he referred to two one hundred dollar bills which he had enclosed, and stated, that as he had no legal right to them, he could not retain them. He had succeeded in making the party who had provoked him to institute a mock-suit, sensible of her folly, and there he was willing to let the matter drop; trusting, that when next she took it into her head to have some fun with the doctor, she would think twice before she acted once. And here the matter ended, leaving both Doctor Carpus and Mary Mayflower somewhat wiser from having read quite attentively a new leaf to them in the book of human life.

EUNICE ROOKLEY.

A SEQUEL TO THE STORY OF LEONILLA LYNNMORE.

BY MISS LESLIE.

PART THE SECOND.

WE should have mentioned that some of the numerous visitors came before dinner (causing its delay to a very late hour), and some made their calls of condolence in the course of the afternoon. Eunice had but a short cry, when she retired to her room, for she was very soon obliged to dry her tears, and go down to receive her friend Miss Glaphyra Glapwell, whom she forgot having invited to tea.

Miss Glapwell came early; and regaled our heroine with a great deal of news that she had already picked up concerning Mr. Stackhouse's bride: much of it being furnished by a lady who had just come from Newport. Miss Glapwell kindly advised Miss Rookley to show Mr. Stackhouse, and the public at large, how little she cared for him, by accepting another lover as soon as possible; adding flatteringly—"Of course,

Miss Eunice Rookley can be at no loss in making a selection."

Eunice did not disclaim the implied compliment: but said something about a resolution of never leaving her beloved mother.

"Oh!"—said the old lady—"that is not at all necessary—You know it has always been well understood, throughout Boston, that my house was to be the home of the daughter who married last; and that she and her husband were to live with me. And, indeed, we miss poor Merial so much (now that she is gone travelling over Europe with her husband) that I do not care how soon we have somebody in her place to enliven us. To be sure it sounds very strange to talk of such things—still, (though I say it that should not say it) if Eunice is inclined to settle I shall not object; for I am certain she will make a proper choice. I always knew she had too much sense to give any encouragement to old Stackhouse; for she was

well aware that it would be very inconvenient to have his six eldest daughters making a lodgment among us, and all his other children and grandchildren coming on visits—No—there was no necessity for her taking up with such a patriarch.”

“Dear mother!—how you talk,”—said Eunice.

“And now, my best Eunice”—resumed Miss Glapwell—“let me give you a little friendly advice. You know I can have nothing in view but *your* benefit. To be sure, you are not quite a young girl, and it must be confessed you are rather thin, and not very fresh-coloured. Of course it is only for your good that I say it. Your hair also has become scanty; but, as yet, I think, not more than a dozen gray hairs are perceptible. It is a pity you neglect pulling them out as fast as they appear—remember, I am speaking entirely for your advantage; knowing you to be a woman of too much sense to mind these things. But allow me to say, that you could still be made a very well looking personage if you would dress wider, and more like other people; and wear full skirts with trimming; and have pelerines to give breadth to your shoulders, instead of those little plain collars pinned up close to your neck. As I have said, you *are* somewhat thin, but then wadding can do any thing. There is Priscilla Nix who is in reality, an absolute skeleton, (and crooked besides, as the dress-maker tells me confidentially,) but by dint of wadding here, and stiffening there, and a great deal of trimming both on body and skirt, and close ruffling about her neck, she is actually transformed into a fine round figure; and really looks quite well.”

“But she cannot wad her face,”—said Eunice—“and its extreme thinness betrays what her figure is by nature.”

“Well—well—to be sure her face has to go—except that she touches the tops of her cheeks with a little something from a pink saucer.”

Both mother and daughter lifted their hands, and turned away their heads in horror, at the idea of rouge.

“Certainly,”—continued Miss Glapwell—“I don’t approve of rouge, myself. Painting is undoubtedly a deadly sin—But there can be no possible objection to a little additional hair—a few curls for the front of the head, and a braid for the back. I know an excellent way of fastening them, so that there is no possibility of their getting loose and coming off.”

Eunice looked more complaisantly with regard to the hair; but her mother seemed dubious.

“Come—I may as well be candid at once”—pursued Miss Glapwell—“Of course, it is from my sincere desire to promote the interest, and increase the attractions of my dear Eunice, that I am induced to hint at her finding herself in quite a new position, if she would make an entire change from her present style to one more youthful and fashionable. How Miss Shapely would set her off; for she can work wonders with any body. To say the truth, dear Eunice, (and remember, I

say it only for your good)—even a clergyman seldom falls in love with a woman for dressing old-fashioned and plain. All Mr. Stackhouse’s wives were great dressers, as far as lay in their power. And this last one, I am told, is bedizened out like an empress.”

To be brief—it was settled confidentially, on this very evening, that Eunice Rookley should commence next day the business of equipping herself in fashionable habiliments: and that the great Miss Shapely should be the dress-maker. At ten o’clock, Miss Glapwell, very happy at having carried her point, prepared to go home, guarded by the servant man, Job. Affectionately taking the hand of Eunice at parting, she said in a low voice to her friend—“I feel a presentiment that you will soon have cause to thank me for my advice—Eunice Rookley is not destined to pass her whole life in maidenly obscurity. Something whispers me that something is going to happen.”

Eunice waved her head and smiled, but she did not blush; for Mr. Stackhouse being again *hors de combat*, there was, as yet, nobody in particular to blush about.

When the mother and daughter found themselves alone, Madam Rookley indignantly talked over all the impertinent insinuations that had that day accompanied the various announcements of Mr. Stackhouse’s marriage; and she also inveighed against the assurance of that gentleman in presuming to trifle with Eunice Rookley, when he knew himself all the time to be so bad a match. Our heroine candidly told her mother that Mr. Stackhouse had never in form addressed her. It was true, he had always praised her housewifery, and her numerous good qualities, particularly that of making sweetmeats—and had sighed when he told her what a treasure she would be to some man of a congenial soul—Moreover, Mr. Stackhouse, though he took her hand whenever they met or parted, always respectfully refrained from saluting her with “the kiss of peace” with which he greeted Merial and any other young girl who chanced to be present; treating *them*, of course, as mere children. “Yet still”—said Eunice—“he never presumed to ask me if I would cast my lot with his.”

“And yet?”—said Madam Rookley, after a pondering pause—“I cannot imagine why he did not.”

“We are not to know”—answered Eunice solemnly—“let us still hope that it was all for the best.”

“But”—resumed Madam Rookley—“it is very hard that you should be teased with insinuations and remarks, and impertinent condolences from all quarters—and for nothing at all too—that’s the worst of it.”

“It would be harder still!”—said Eunice—“if there was really any truth in the reports of Mr. Stackhouse having actually offered himself, and then deserted me for this widow—with whom I wish him all manner of happiness.”

"You are quite too good, Eunice"—said her mother—"Now for my part, I prophesy, that of all Mr. Stackhouse's wives, this widow will be the worst. However, as to meeting him and his bride at parties (with every body watching to see how you take them in their honeymoon), that you never shall."

"I cannot say I have the least desire to see them at parties, or any where else"—said Eunice—"but if we do meet, I hope Eunice Rookley knows how to conduct herself with proper dignity."

"I really wish you would accept that kind invitation of cousin Andrew Macrimmon's"—said Madam Rookley—"and go and make a long visit to Glenbucket. You know, he will be in town the week after next: just about the time the Stackhouses arrive. You will have almost a fortnight to get ready."

"I will think of it"—replied Eunice—"To say the truth, I dreamed last night that I was in a china shop where the floor was covered with glass tumblers, and a hen and chickens were walking about among them. Of course there is nothing in dreams; but you know it is said that to dream of glass signifies the loss of a lover, (not that Mr. Stackhouse could be called a lover,) and that a hen and chickens denote his marriage to some one else."

"See there now!"—exclaimed Madam Rookley—"Well, well—sensible people may say what they please about dreams: but a belief in them is good enough for me."

It had already been decided that on the following day, as soon as the barberry jelly was finished, Miss Rookley was to call for Miss Glapwell to have the benefit of her company, on that shopping, and dress-making, and millinery expedition, which was to constitute a new era in her looks. And before the mother and daughter separated for the night, it was resolved, that after Eunice had done some pound-pears, and made some quince-cheese, and provided a large quantity of ginger plumb-cake, for the visit of Mrs. Dozey and Mrs. Prosey, she should really devote herself entirely to preparing for a few weeks sojourn at Glenbucket farm.

This resolution was strengthened in the morning by her reporting that she had dreamed of trying on a dozen new pairs of shoes; a dream of such fearful importance, that there is no warding off the bad luck that follows it, but by changing your abode, as soon as possible—at least within a month. Accordingly, Madam Rookley herself dispatched a letter immediately to her cousin Andrew Macrimmon, informing him that Eunice joyfully accepted his kind invitation, and would be ready at the specified time to accompany him to Glenbucket.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Dozey and Mrs. Prosey, having been taken riding by Madam Rookley, received their invitations in proper form to pass at her house the period of Eunice's absence. The

poor old ladies were overjoyed and gratified beyond expression; particularly Mrs. Dozey, who had a due sense of her own unworthiness. Mrs. Prosey, on the contrary, (as is always the case with tedious talkers,) had a tolerable opinion of her own conversational powers.

Old Charty, however, when she heard of these expected guests, insisted that somebody else should be asked to keep some life in the house. At her recommendation, Miss Glaphyra Glapwell was invited also, "to liven things up a little," she being a great favourite of Charty's. As this lady's home was in a large showy boarding-house, she gladly accepted the invitation: though without publicly evincing too much gladness.

Eunice Rookley found such relief from her excellent panacea of constant occupation, that Mr. Stackhouse's fourth bridal would soon have been almost forgotten; only that for "nine days" (the legitimate period of a wonder) she was every day reminded of it by her kind, considerate friends.

Under the auspices of Miss Glapwell, our heroine's wardrobe (as far as regarded the outer garments) was completely regenerated. Several new dresses were made for her by Miss Shapely, strictly in accordance with "those of other people:" and she was eventually prevailed on to consent to a braid and curls. On trial being made of the new costume, Eunice Rookley had never smiled more pleasantly than when she shook her head disclaimingly at Miss Glapwell's assertion of—"Now, Eunice, you have done yourself justice. Instead of being regarded as an old-maid, (which I must confess has been the case for the last ten years—people are so ill-natured,)—you will now strike every one as merely a lady who has ceased to be a girl. And there is a vast difference between the two characters."

At the expected time, Mr. Andrew Macrimmon (who had arrived the preceding evening at the inn where he usually stayed) appeared before the Rookley house, in his capacious chaise, drawn by an immense horse, which, on alighting, he anchored near the curbstone; taking from the bottom of the vehicle and depositing firmly on the pavement an iron weight of about thirty pounds, attached to a very long leather strap; the other end of the strap he hooked on to the bit, and the animal, imagining himself still held by his master, stood perfectly quiet. This way of securing a horse before a door, is very common in New England.

The good Macrimmon then proceeded to unload his chaise of sundry baskets and bags, containing things brought from his farm as presents to the Rookleys: and when he had covered the broad step with them, he knocked on the door à son ordinaire, with the but-end of his whip. It was opened by all the servants, Mr. Macrimmon being in high favour with them. Having shaken hands with them every one, and set Charty's face to a broader grin than usual, he entered the parlour where he found the ladies, with Miss Glaphyra

Glapwell, who had just arrived. Mrs. Rookley's carriage was to be sent in the afternoon for Mesdames Dozey and Prosey.

Eunice Rookley was already equipped in her riding-habit of bottle-green cloth, without which she deemed it impossible to travel even a few miles: wearing it always by land and by water; in steamboat and in sailboat; in coach and chaise, as well as in stage or car. This habit, to be sure, was old-fashioned; but that is no rule with riding-dresses, as nobody is expected to get a new one every season. Luckily, as that of our heroine had never been designed to wear on horseback, the skirt did not trail either behind or before: but was of a very convenient length for walking. With this habit she wore a small close leghorn bonnet, and a green veil: and her feet were equipped for riding in the chaise with a pair of cork-soled laced boots. Miss Rookley had travelled so little that she could not imagine the possibility of going twenty or thirty miles without a regular travelling dress. Her big trunk and her little trunk were long since packed, strapped, and brought down into the entrance hall. She had, at first, thought of taking none of her new equipments; but Madam Rookley reminded her that country people were always (and very properly) offended when townspeople came to visit them with their worst clothes instead of their best: considering it a mark of disrespect to themselves and their neighbourhood.

Andrew Macrimmon was a stout, strong, healthy looking man, about fifty. He prided himself much and justly on the "land of his sires," of which he had heard so perpetually from his Caledonian parent, that he almost believed he had been born and brought up there himself. The reading of his youth had been chiefly confined to the few books brought over by his father. They were all by Scottish authors, and included the poetry of Allan Ramsay, and Robert Fergusson; afterwards reinforced by that of Burns,—"himself a host." The glorious works of Walter Scott afterwards became a mine of gold to Macrimmon and the reading part of his family. He concluded that any person who had read them all had read enough; and that it was better to go over them again and again, than to try any thing newer and consequently inferior. He had a most excellent little yankee wife, and three sons and two daughters: all smart, active, and well-looking. The farm was in high cultivation, very productive, and consequently very profitable. Altogether, the Macrimmons were a thriving, popular, and very happy family: the more so that they made no pretensions towards imitating city-customs, and city-fashions—things that always sit badly on plain country-folks.

Though not later than ten in the morning, a copious *déjeuner-a-la-fourchette* had been prepared by Charty, in case the travellers should get hungry on the road. And "to make assurance doubly sure," a large basket of two-division-power was put into the chaise-box: one compartment furnish-

ed with smoked tongue, cold chicken, biscuits, and fresh rolls; and the other stored with tarts and cakes.

Previous to starting, Eunice held a long private conference with Charty at the head of the first stairs, (a very usual place for female confabulation,) giving her all sorts of directions as to the management of her department with regard to making Madam Rookley and her guests perfectly comfortable. She laid strict injunctions on Charty to treat Mrs. Dozey and Mrs. Prosey with the utmost respect; and to give them pleasure by having every thing on the table particularly nice during their stay.

"Yes, yes, Miss Eunice—I understand"—said Charty—"and I'll do my best to give them good victuals. It will be all right to show off a little, and let them see what fine living we have here. All the better, of course, for the cook being brung up in Philadelphy. I an't sure I won't give them coker-nut puddings, and lemon ones too, for, poor old things, (that I should live to say such a word!) I have a notion that where *they* live they have not nothing better for a desert than punkin-pies and pan-dowdies."

"For shame, Charty!"—said Eunice—"take care not to let them hear you talking in this way. But treat them with the utmost consideration and respect."

"I warrant you, Miss Eunice, I'll give satisfaction"—answered Charty,—“When I'm put upon my pint of honour, and promise to consider about, and respeck people what an't much, I always does as I says, for I put them on a bar with myself, and I like to be respected. Since you wish it, I'll take these old folks under my own portection, and see that they live in clover while they are here: so that this wisit may be a thing for them to boast of all the rest of their forlorn and tedious lives. For my own entertainment, after you are gone, I shall depend upon Miss Gofrier Clapwell."

"Very well"—said Eunice—"I know, Charty, I can trust you."

"And now, Miss Eunice"—pursued Charty—"as you're going to a farm, I wish you a great deal of pleasure and plenty of cream. Yes, and a sweetheart besides—that's the main pint. For, as soon as ever Miss Merial got married, I was took with a notion that, now a beginning was made, the rest of the family would go off soon. So now, good-bye, and a happy journey to you. Though that last is rather dubious; for I dreamt of cooked meat last night; a bad sign for them what's a going to travel, as it brings misfortin. I wish my dream had been raw meat, for that's a sign of nothing worse than fighting and quarrelling."

At length all was ready. The last words of Miss Glapwell to Eunice were strict injunctions how, when she wore her curls, to fix them on so as to insure their stability. She had previously enjoined her friend to believe nothing she might

hear of Mr. Stackhouse, till after her return to the city. Mrs. Rookley kissed her daughter, and whispered that she hoped to see her quite a different being when she came home.

The last words being all spoken, (those of Macrimmon were a summary "Good-bye every one of you,") he proceeded to put Eunice into the chaise, in presence of the whole assembled household; released the horse from his moorings, by unhooking the strap and depositing the iron weight in the bottom of the vehicle, jumped in himself,

waved his hand with something like a sort of "hurrah;" and he and his companion were soon out of sight. As they drove off Charty threw one of her old shoes after them "for luck;" and Job ungallantly refusing to go out into the middle of the street and pick it up for her, (alleging that if the shoe was brought back the luck would turn,) the respectable old coloured lady had to perform that office herself in her stocking foot.

(To be continued.)

THE LAND OF BURNS.

BY THEO LEDYARD CUYLER.

NEXT to Abbotsford, the most interesting spot in Scotland to a stranger, is Ayrshire. These were the two chosen spots where Scottish genius loved to dwell: and departing, has left every tree, and stream, and flower around a hallowed thing. The interest which hangs around both, is deeply melancholy; and I doubt if there be any two places on earth which recall the recollections of so much pride and glory, mingled with so much of pain, and of sorrow.

The second day I passed in Scotland was passed at Abbotsford, and as soon as I arrived in the western part of the kingdom, I hastened down to the land of Burns. A fine railroad now leads directly from Glasgow to Ayr. It certainly seemed rather unpoetical to be dragged to the shrine of poetic genius by a locomotive; but I remembered that our American Stephens had rode from Athens to the Piræus in an omnibus, and I should not be surprised, if myself, or some of my readers should one day be hauled up the Mount of Olives by a stationary engine, or float over the cities of the plain in a high-pressure steamer. The cars left early in the morning, and when I arrived, they were all in a bustle of preparation; the liveried porters were running to and fro—the superintendents in stiff collars and laced coats, were strutting about with a sham military air, and the porters, superintendents and locomotive too, were warning us by many puffs and shouts that the time was up, and we had better take our places. These are regulated generally by *caste*. In the rear of the train, far removed from the noise, the "gentility" were reclining on sumptuous cushions with pillows behind their heads, for all which, they pay an extra price. In the middle, the "respectability" are disposed of in more unpretending and less expensive carriages; while close to the engine, the hard-fisted "democracy" were clam-

bering over into portable pens, called "stand-ups," where they are all ranged on end after the fashion of a pincushion. But the time is up!—the bell rings—and we emerge slowly upon a line of double rails running off as far as the eye can reach, straight as an arrow.

At some distance ahead, stands a man waving a green signal, which intimates to the locomotive, that the track is clear, and he may travel as fast as he chooses. As soon as he sees it, he draws a long breath, gives an exulting whistle, and away he flies on the wings of the wind. The signal man darts by us like lightning—another and another, and another is passed, until we see a red flag waving far ahead to tell us we are approaching a stopping place. The lurid cloud hanging in the air, and the tall chimneys vomiting forth black smoke, betoken a place of manufactories. As our train moves slowly through the streets, the creaking of machinery, and the writhing of wheels, and the roaring of furnaces—to my mind, no unfit emblems of the agonies endured by living men within these darkened walls—fall upon our ears, and make us shudder. The cars stop at the "station" amidst a crowd of half naked beggars, who gather around us imploring charity for themselves, and their starving families. Poor wretches! what can be done for them? Every day they are increasing, with no proportionate increase of means for their support; and every day the question comes up with louder and more fearful import into the ears of their astounded rulers—what *can* be done for them? They are asking with open mouths and bleeding hearts for bread, and thus far, their rulers have only given them bayonets. How long they will endure the substitute, is known only to Him who sent them here upon His footstool.

But we have no time to speak of the many villages by the wayside, or of the sufferings of their

miserable operatives. It is always to us, a harrowing subject. After a *flight* of two hours, we found ourselves in sight of

—“Auld Ayr—whom ne’er a town surpasses
For honest men, and bonnie lasses.”

Here an omnibus was waiting to take us down to the birth-place of the Poet. I clambered upon the top of the vehicle and rode along in silence, trying to realize that I was among the scenes consecrated by his muse. Suddenly, on reaching a slight elevation, they all broke upon me. His monument—his cottage—Alloway kirk, the scene of the inimitable Tam O’Shanter—and behind them all, the “banks and braes of Bonny Doon.” It was in the midst of the harvest, and the fields on either side were filled with the reapers. Among the sunburnt faces turned up to us as we passed, I fancied that I could distinguish the fatal Jeanies, and Nannies, and Peggies, such as once led captive the wayward affections of our poet.

I went first to the *monument*, a chaste group of columns on a pedestal about twelve feet high, surmounted by a lyre. The structure is surrounded with beautiful walks, and flowers sloping off to the Doon. Within it, on a centre table, is the Bible (in two vols.) given by Burns to Highland Mary, when they “lived one day of parting love” beneath the hawthorne of Coilsfield. One of the volumes contains in Burns’ handwriting, the inscription, “Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shall perform unto the Lord thine oath—ROBERT BURNS, *Moss-giel*.” A lock of Mary’s hair, of a light brown colour—given at the same time to the poet—is preserved in the leaves of the treasured volume. Simple milkmaid tho’ she was—and although she came to that celebrated interview in a russet gown, and without shoes or stockings, yet, who would not rather have this memento of the barefooted lassie of Robert Burns, than a lock from the brow of Victoria!

A few steps from the monument is Alloway kirk. It is now a small ruin of some thirty feet in length, without roof or windows, and filled with the tombs of some neighbouring families. The old sexton was standing by the grave of Burns’ father, and came to us to describe the church, and point out the route of Tam O’Shanter. He showed us the chinks in the sides through which the kirk seemed “all in a bleeze,” and he pointed out the identical place in the wall, where “Old Nick” was sitting, and presiding over the midnight revels of the beldames when—

“Louder and louder, the piper blew,
Swifter and swifter, the dancers flew.”

After the old man had finished his recital, which

he delivered with much enthusiasm and a fine Scotch brogue, I asked him if he had ever seen the poet.

“Only once,” he replied, “and that was one day when he was riding on a neighbouring road, and met a friend who told him to hurry along, for Robert Burns, the poet, was just ahead. He said that he whipped up his horse and soon overtook a shabbily dressed man riding slowly along, with his blue bonnet drawn over his forehead, and his eyes bent towards the ground.”

“And didn’t you speak to him?” said I.

“Nae,” replied the old man, in a tone of deep reverence. “*He was Robie Burns, I dare na speak to him!* if he had been any other man, I wad hae said, ‘Good morrow to ye.’”

Beautiful and elegant tribute paid by an unlettered peasant—not to rank, or to wealth, but to a soul, altho’ clad in “hoddie grey” like himself!

Throughout all Scotland, I found the same fervent admiration for his works. The greater portion of the peasantry have his songs at their tongues’ ends, and often astonished me by the aptness of their criticisms upon them, and by the nice appreciations of their hidden beauties. Sir Walter Scott is, of course, more read in the mansions of the great, but he cannot compete with Burns in cottage fireside popularity. “The Shirra was a *clever mon*,” said one of his neighbours, “but he was nothing to Robie Burns!”

The most interesting object was yet to be visited—the cottage of his birth. We approached the spot with reverence, and a well-dressed old woman welcomed us in. “This is the room,” said she. I looked around on the rough stone walls, and could not believe that they had ever contained such a soul. His parents must have been very poor, for the cottage, with all its subsequent repairs, is hardly equal to the generality of our log cabins. The old woman was intelligent and affable. “Rabie was a funny fellow,” said she, “I kenne him weel; he stappit at my house on his way to Edinbro, to see the lairds.” I asked her if he was not always humorous.

“Nae,” she replied, “He used to sit with his hands on his lap like a bashful country lad, until he got a drap o’ whiskey, or heard a good story, and then he was off. He was very puirly in his latter days.”

Poor fellow! what might not self-restraint have done for that gifted, but wayward spirit, or rather what might not religious influence have been on a mind wrought in the finest mould, and formed for a higher being.

After collecting a few relics of the spot, and entering our names in the never failing *album*, we set off for the bonnie banks of Ayr, and crossing one of the “Twa brigs,” returned to Glasgow.

OUR FRIENDS OF OLD.

A CELEBRATED SOLO AND CHORUS,

WORDS BY H. P. GRATTON, ESQ.

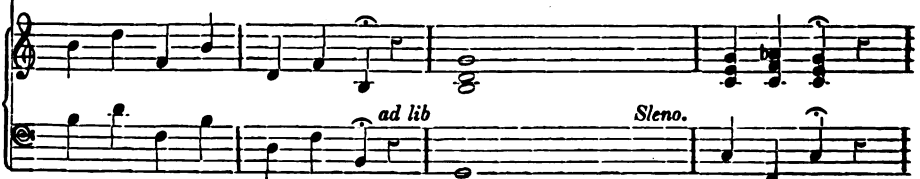
THE MUSIC BY F. N. CROUCH.

Presented to the Lady's Book, by J. G. Osbourn, No. 112, South Third Street.

MAESTOSO CON SPIRITOSO.



Come fill we a glass to the days of old, When the song was sweet, and the jest was told; Tho' the



Marc: con. anima. mf

Rest to our friends of old, of old! Rest to our friends of old!

Marc: con anima. Cres. f p

f Cres. f

Rest to our friends of old, of old! Rest to our friends of old!

CHORDS.

ff mf p Piu lento. pp

Rest to our friends of old! Rest to our friends of old! Rest to our friends of old! - - -

ff mf p pp

Rest to our friends of old! Rest to our friends of old! Rest to our friends of old! - - -

ff mf p pp

Rest to our friends of old! Rest to our friends of old! Rest to our friends of old! - - -

ff mf p pp

Rest to our friends of old! Rest to our friends of old! Rest to our friends of old! - - -

ff mf Rall. p Piu lento. pp

In libations deep, let the rich wine pour,
Fill high to the brim, here's the present hour;
Uncloy'd be each bosom's fond delight,
Health to the gay hearts we meet to night,
And rest to our friends of old!

When years have pass'd, and the time shall come
For us to sleep with those long gone home,
May as kindly hearts be in friendship met,
And may those kind hearts ne'er forget
A health to our friends of old!

EDITORS' TABLE.

"In Fashions now describe the magic art
Of charming through th' admiring eye the heart,
Nor deem our modern modes may be complete,
Unless we prove them by the obsolete."

The "extravagance of fashions," and the injury inflicted on the health of woman by absurd modes of dress, have probably been themes of lamentation to "reformers" in every age since the arts of millinery and mantua-making were practised.

It would be a curious history, and by no means uninteresting, could we trace the changes in dress since the days of the high-spirited and patriotic Boadicea, when the brave Britons were compelled, much against their savage inclinations, to pay some attention to their own toilets, as well as considerable tribute to their Roman conquerors. This paying of taxes, like the changes of fashions in dress, seems a civilizing process in the beginning; but legislators, like milliners, are too apt to run into those extravagances which make the tithings of the one as ruinous to the people, as the trimmings of the other. We are all much too easily persuaded that what is difficult to obtain or dearly purchased must have some peculiar excellence. The Dutch Burgomaster, who paid ten thousand dollars for an ugly scentless tulip, when he might have had the love-breathing rose for a sixpence, has many imitators among our fashionables of the present day,—those who can see no beauty, except in the rare and dear.

The pure and elegant taste which can discover the loveliness of simplicity, is indeed a gift as uncommon as that

of genius. Still the cultivation of the mind has a tendency to correct the barbarian admiration for ornaments and glaring colours, which is always found in savage nations. A better influence, however, is seen when the moral feelings gain ascendancy in a community, as taste is more dependent for its refinement on feeling than reasoning.

Judged by the criterion of dress, much as there is still to improve, we think the moral taste of the present day is decidedly more pure and perfect than in any preceding age of the Anglo-Saxon race. This we consider a subject of no small importance, and to make the "Conversation on Fashions," which we intend occasionally to introduce into our "Editors' Table," more interesting, we shall every month give specimens of antiquated modes of different eras. The dresses

here shown were the very top of the fashion sixty years ago, or about the close of our Revolutionary war. Thus our respected grandmothers were wont to adorn themselves for the church or ball-room. The cap with its lappets, resembles those worn at a much earlier period, in the time of Henry the Seventh. Such a head

dress is only becoming to those who have low shoulders and long necks. The hoop had, at this period, become much less formidable in its dimensions than it once



was; yet still it was retained near the upper part of the skirt, in full dress. An English poet, some twenty years or more previous to the epoch of our pictures, thus *feelingly* remonstrates against the absurd fashions of his age:

"Dare I in such momentous points advise,
I should condemn the *happ's* enormous size;
Of ill I speak, by long experience found.
Oft have I trod th' immeasurable round,
And mourned my shins bruised black by many a wound;
Nor should the *tightened stays*, too straightly laced,

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In whalebone bondage gall the slender waist,
Nor waving *lappets* should the dancing fair,
Nor ruffles edged with dangling fringes wear;
Oft will the cobweb ornaments catch hold
Of the approaching button, rough with gold;
Nor force, nor art can then the bonds divide;
When once the entangled gordian knot is tied."*

And here, in relation to the tight lacing of our present

* See Art of Dancing.

fashions, so much condemned as an unheard of enormity by superficial writers, we can see by a glance at these figures that the ladies sixty years ago were far more obnoxious to censure. The corsets of this age, with here and there a slender slip of whalebone inserted, would no more compare with the thick-ribbed, close-stitched, armor-like stays of our grandmothers and great-grandmothers, than the modern fortresses around Paris with the walls of Troy. Assuredly we are improving, not only in the taste which regulates fashions, but what is of more importance, in our knowledge of the natural laws which govern the physical constitution. We know the penalty of tight lacing much better than our grandmothers did; that health and beauty are essentially injured by it, and, if continued, on the high-pressure system, life will be the sacrifice.

"Every young lady should be taught that all the muscles of the body may be made more strong by judicious exertion," says a late physician; "that those of the breast and shoulders require it more than any others, as they are the first to exhibit weakness, if neglected, and also they are the most important. Look at a girl whose exercise is limited to an occasional promenade or dance; you will find her shoulders round and her body stooping; or you will perceive that in the absence of all muscular ability to sit upright, fashionable dress has intervened to correct the deformity produced by idleness. The complaint is often heard that females are weak without the support of dress. The truth is, they have taken from the frame its uniform action, and have transferred to articles of apparel those duties which belong entirely to the muscles which God created for certain well-known definite purposes.



The summer walking dress of this female figure is more showy than our present fashions—the long streaming sash is decidedly bad taste for street costume. The hat, white chip, with feathers, would be becoming to a young, pretty face, yet is not so as a general fashion. But royalty then set this fashion, as we learn from Mrs. Delany, the lady to whom Miss Burney, in her "Memoirs," so often alludes. Mrs. Delany, in her "Letters," thus describes the dresses of the royal ladies, who came to call on the Duchess of Portsmouth and herself.

"The company were the king, queen, princess royal, and princesses Augusta, Elizabeth, Mary, and Sophia, a lovely group," (of course!) "all dressed in white muslin

"A female who cannot sit erect, and remain so with ease, without the assistance of artificial means, has so long trifled with her constitution, that muscle after muscle will yield, action after action will cease; the first indication of the coming evil is weakness of some particular part, the next confirmed disease of the digestive organs, or of the spine, or consumption."

We trust our fair, intelligent readers will not seek to imitate those objectionable fashions of dress, the stiff stays and unwieldy hoop, which are entirely out of keeping in this locomotive age, when every thing seems hurried onward by steam power. Nor can ladies avoid being affected by this increased activity. They cannot, if they would devote half their time to doing nothing, and the other half to making nothing. Let us hope that one good effect of the general taste now cultivated for reading, and the increased respect in which female intellect is held, will be the correction of public taste in regard to fashions of dress, perfecting the simple and modest style which now, in some measure, prevails, and inspiring our young and lovely countrywomen with the ambition of being models of that pure elegance in costume, which may be described in three words,—neat, appropriate, and becoming.

The costume of gentlemen, sixty years ago, appears decidedly calculated to give an air of gravity to the person. It seems as though all men must have looked "elderly." Think of our gay young dandies in bag wigs and square-toed shoes, with enormous buckles, and the three-cornered hat! The low crowns—ungraceful things—some of the exquisites have adopted. But, the ladies are our care—we leave the follies of the gentlemen to Mr. Graham.



polonaises, white chip hats with white feathers, except the queen, who wore a black hat and cloak."

This was October, 1783. Since that time our own broad land has, from the condition of dependent colonies, risen to be one of the most powerful nations on earth. Our "brave men" make their own laws, and maintain their own freedom. Ought not our "fair women" to be careful in selecting and modifying those European fashions which they adopt, so that these shall be in unison with the purer principles of virtue and moral propriety, which in a republic must be cherished, if we would make it superior to royal and aristocratic governments?

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

One of the most attractive books of the season is the "*Attache, or Sam Slick in England*," published by Messrs. Lea & Blanchard, from the London edition. The good-natured satire of Haliburton is very cleverly applied to England. Sam has lost none of his racy originality; he lays about him, right and left, with unsparing vigour. In closing the book, the reader only regrets that the satirist has not gone over half the ground. The same publishers have just issued "*Lights and Shadows, and Reflections of Whigs and Tories*," by a Country Gentleman. It is a series of very clever sketches of the leading political characters in England, from the days of John Wilkes nearly to the close of the reign of George the Third. The opinions of the author are bold and often startling; but he is evidently very familiar with his subject, and writes in an off-hand, sketchy, readable style, particularly acceptable to those who would learn history by a short-hand process. It would be an amusing exercise to compare his characters of the great statesmen of George's reign with those given by Lord Brougham.

Mr. Wm. H. Graham of our city, has published "*Ringwood the Rover, a Tale of Florida*," by W. H. Herbert," a thrilling story of Buccaneer exploits, in which the author displays his usual mastery of a historical theme.

Messrs. Appleton of New York and Philadelphia, have published "*The Farmer's Manual, a Practical Treatise on the Nature and Value of Manures*." As this work is founded on actual experiments, and gives the most recent discoveries in Agricultural Chemistry, it will of course attract the attention of all readers who are interested in this important subject.

Messrs. T. H. Carter & Co. of Boston, have now completed four volumes of "*Marco Paul's Travels and Adventures in the Pursuit of Knowledge*," by the author of the Rollo Books, one of the most popular writers for young people in our country. It is embellished with engravings from original designs, and will be completed in six volumes. The author has exerted his best powers in this work, and it will undoubtedly be popular.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have issued, in the cheap form, "*Celebrated Trials of All Countries, and Remarkable Cases of Criminal Jurisprudence*," selected by a Member of the Philadelphia Bar," a well-known and very popular work. There are eighty-eight trials, each of which was probably published originally at a price not less than is now demanded for the whole. The same firm have issued "*Ten Thousand a Year*," in the same cheap form. This is one of the ablest novels ever written. It is to be hoped that Dr. Warren will again favour us with a work of the same power and interest which belong to this and the Diary of a Physician. The same publishers continue the "*Farmer's Encyclopædia*," which is now nearly completed. We have been favoured with a peep at the "*Gift for 1844*." It is truly magnificent, on large paper *maxima charta*, as the bibliomanics say; the engravings are superb. We shall read the matter, and notice it in *extenso* hereafter.

The Harpers continue "*Allison's Europe*," "*McCulloch's Gazetteer*," "*Hannah More's Works*," "*Brande's Cyclopædia*." The first and last of these are nearly completed.

"*Adrian, the Neophyte*." By George Lippard "This is a short sketch, or rather skeleton of a story, exhibiting the fierce struggles of a passionate nature, first aroused to the temptations of the world. The sketch is written with much skill, and is effective in showing the conflict of the heaven-aspiring but superstitious soul, when drawn down from its fancied high sanctity by the heart-engrossing influence of human love. These descriptions of the pen have a vividness which seems caught from the picturings of the pencil." "*The Poetry of Life*," by Mrs. Ellis,"

has lately been republished in the cheap popular style, and a more acceptable or better work could hardly have been given to the readers of this kind of literature. New York, J. & H. G. Langley.

"*Lady's Musical Library*," for September, is an excellent number, containing fifteen pieces, among which are three beautiful Quadrilles, called the "Lea Spring Cotillions." There are also several exquisite songs and airs.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Of barege of a light fawn colour, the skirt trimmed with three moderately deep flounces, placed close, one over the other, and bound, put on nearly plain; tight half-high frock body; sleeves rather loose and reaching to a little below the elbow, showing the under puffed sleeve of white muslin. Mantilla of dark satin, richly trimmed with black lace, the facings on the front being decorated with buttons of the same. Bonnet of fluted tulle, the crown prettily decorated with a cluster of field flowers.

Fig. 2.—A dress of figured barege, the skirt trimmed with two immense deep flounces, put on rather scanty; tight half-high body, forming a point in the front, and trimmed with a frill of the same, forming a kind of small pelerine; tight sleeves, headed with a narrow frill, falling just under the one on the body; cuffs of white lace, a row of rich white lace falling gracefully over the top of the corse. Bonnet of straw-coloured crepe, drawn and decorated with a drooping heron's plume of the same colour at the tips, but shaded off to a perfect orange towards the end.

Fig. 3.—Of plain white batiste; body and sleeves fitting close to the figure. Mantelet scarf, of shaded green satin, edged all round with black lace, moderate width of open-work gympie divides the back of the mantelet, showing the waist, and giving a perfect tournour to the back part of the figure; collar of the same open fancy work, surrounded with a row of open black lace; the ends of this mantelet is confined to the waist in the front with a green ceinture, tying in a bow, and two rather long ends. Bonnet of pink areopane, the front slightly turned at the edge, the interior of which is decorated with a plaited fulling of the same, the exterior prettily trimmed with ribbon and flowers.

COMPLIMENTARY.—*Godey's Lady's Book*.—The August number of this deservedly popular Monthly well sustains its high reputation. The richness of its embellishment, the neatness and elegance of its execution, and more than aught else, the superior order of its contents, reflect no little credit upon the taste and ability of its editors.

Mr. Godey (the proprietor) numbers among his contributors many of the first American authors, men who unite, not to cater simply for the public taste, but to elevate and improve the general tone of society. Hence, the stories that adorn the pages of his Magazine, are always graphic, rich in sentiment, and first in morality. ~~All who~~ have daughters just blooming into womanhood, should, if they are not already so, become subscribers to the *Lady's Book*. Such tales as "*Annetta Haverstraw*," and "*Mildred*," cannot fail to make a deep impression upon the plastic mind of youth, to point out in what true nobility of nature consists—and to prove the power of religion to strengthen, chasten, and beautify the human character.

By rendering his work, in time to come, as rich and attractive as the present number, Mr. G. will always secure a large share of public patronage.—*Somerset Herald*.

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Portrait of a Lady

G O D E Y ' S

L A D Y ' S B O O K .

NOVEMBER, 1843.

THE RUNAWAY MATCH.

BY PROFESSOR FROST.

(See Plate.)

I DETEST runaway matches. "*Marriage is honourable*," says a great authority. Indeed it is one of the most important transactions in life, and as such it should be celebrated with all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance which the condition and circumstances of the parties will admit, and their position in society may render appropriate. This being my doctrine, I cannot entirely approve of the conduct of my friend Harry Harwood, the artist, in running off with old Titus Hazle's daughter in the way he did, and marrying her in Providence, far away from all her friends, and contrary to the form of the good old puritanical statute in such case made and provided. It was a very "romantic attachment," as the phrase is, and it fell out "on this wise." Young Harwood had finished his studies at Cambridge, and got his diploma—this, by the way, I can safely aver; for I saw it delivered into his hands by the stoutest and most amiable of college presidents, and I afterwards saw it in Harry's studio, the parchment being "richly illuminated" with coloured pen-sketches of all the professors and tutors who had flourished during the previous lustrum, drawn to the life and caricatured to the death. He had got his diploma, and, what was better, he had got the consent of his father to reside a year at Cambridge and read, paint, or sketch, as his inclination might dictate.

Harry has often told me it was the happiest year of his life—not because he was allowed to

follow the bent of his own genius so freely; but because he happened one day while sketching the farm-house of old Hazle, in West Cambridge, to catch a glimpse of his daughter, the beautiful Fanny, and to fall desperately in love with her. After that eventful morning, it was perfectly wonderful how hard he took to sketching, and it was equally marvellous that all his sketching excursions, begin where they would, were sure to terminate somewhere in the neighbourhood of that same old weather-beaten farm-house.

I was a sophomore then; but being rather an oldish looking youth, and fond of pictures, the artist honoured me with his confidence. So I was regularly informed of everything as it happened, Harry painting, smoking, and telling his troubles, and I lolling upon his sofa, listening and looking on. I gave him a world of sympathy and good advice, which he listened to with great apparent approbation, and went on in his own way. When he found himself seriously attached, I counselled him to go straight to old Hazle and ask for his daughter in due form. Here I think I was foiled by Fanny herself, who had heard her father speak contemptuously of the profession Harry had chosen, declaring roundly that "painters were poor devils, always out at the elbows, and never having wherewithal to go to market." As the farmer himself had acquired a great deal of money by industry and economy, he considered thrift the criterion of merit, and would not have given his

daughter to Allston or Raffaele, much less a poor student with his fame to acquire and his fortune to make. So Fanny, who was content to love, be loved, and hope, made Harry defer the declaration in form, and wait for a favourable turn in their affairs. The courtship ran on for a whole year without the old farmer's knowledge. But at last some gossip about the village told him, and he went into a towering rage about it, shut up his daughter, and threatened to cudgel Harry within an inch of his life, if he should ever be lucky enough to catch him.

Harry let him fume, and having succeeded in taking a secret and tender farewell of his mistress, he posted off to Italy; and subsequently he went to Paris and London. In five years he was a famous artist, and had money in bank. Then it was that he came home and demanded his bride in form; but the absurd old hunks refused his consent. It is true she was his only daughter and an heiress; but the match was in every respect unexceptionable. Out of all patience with such obstinacy, Harry succeeded in arranging and executing an elopement. Scandal says that Fanny actually jumped out of a chamber window; but this Harry denies. He declares that they ran away as quietly and respectably as possible; and were married in a few hours after the barouche and four had rapidly disappeared from the green lane at the foot of old Hazle's orchard.

The very next evening, at the earnest desire of

Fanny, they came back. Her husband had wished that some of the respectable friends, of whom he had many in Boston, should have time to go out and talk the old farmer "into reason." But Fanny, woman-like, chose to rely upon her father's affection. Who can fathom the depths of a father's love? Hers had certainly, according to his own view of things, good reason to be seriously offended, and, in the first burst of his fury, when he discovered her escape, he said a great many hard things; and they say that he led the domestics and farm servants a terrible life for the rest of the day. But extremes are apt to follow one another, and when towards evening, as he was sitting by himself, and just beginning to feel the desolation of a solitary old man, deserted by his only child, she came in accompanied by her manly husband, in all her radiant beauty, cast herself, with many tears, at his feet, and begged his pardon, and promised to live with him, and to be the solace of his age, the old man's heart melted within him, and he freely forgave her.

To give old Hazle his due, he was a man who never did things by halves, and when he came to know my friend Harry, (one of the most noble-spirited and most amiable men in the world,) he gave him his whole heart; and a happier family than that which is composed of the old farmer, young Harwood, Mrs. Harwood, and all the little Harwoods, is not at this present writing, to be found in all Middlesex county.

ROSALIE.

BY MISS ALICE HERVEY.

(See Plate.)

I WATCH for thee when morning's sun is drinking
The early dew from every leaf and tree,
And when behind the western hills slow sinking,
Its light declines, still do I watch for thee.

And by my side, where'er my footsteps leading,
Thy faithful dog waits but one glimpse of thee,
Then through the valley, like an arrow speeding,
He bounds to meet and welcome thee to me.

Then linger not, though friends around thee pressing,
With gladsome song and mirth may tempt thy stay,
Let no dull care, no pleasure's soft caressing,
Have power to lure thee from my side away.

Come while the light breeze through the wood is stealing,
And Autumn's sun is gilding earth and sea,
For welcome as the light of heaven's revealing,
Is thy dear presence to thy Rosalie.

SKETCHES OF PARIS.

BY A PARISIAN.—TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

GOING TO MARKET.



THE Parisian ladies go to market; this is praiseworthy, as it proves that they are occupied with their housekeeping and domestic duties. The wives of rich capitalists, merchants, bankers, annuitants, and artists are not ashamed to go every morning to the nearest market and buy provisions. Some go alone, with a large basket on their arm, and when it becomes too heavy they get a porter to carry it home for them.

Others are accompanied by a female servant, bearing the basket. But, in this case, they are exposed to the insolence of the market-women of whom they do not buy, who will sometimes call after the servant as she trots along by her mistress' side,

"Look at that great thing that they are taking to school;" or

"Can't you come to market by yourself, you great fool;" or

"They are afraid she will run off with the basket;" or

"How can you bear to live at a place where the mistress follows you to market?" and a number of such polite speeches. The mistresses who

go to market, are so accustomed to this sort of language, that they take no notice of it. But the servant gives an encouraging look, as much as to say,

"That's right—strike hard—go on! and perhaps she will let me come by myself next time."

People who are in the habit of going to market generally have their own market-people, of whom they always buy. Nevertheless as they pass along the others cry out,

"Come to me, my dear! buy something of mine, my jewel! You won't go by so proudly to-day! I will sell very cheap! Buy something and give me good luck! Ah! the wicked woman—she will not buy any thing of me! Won't you speak to me, my darling?"

People meet their acquaintances at market, and they stop and talk, seeking provisions meanwhile and bargaining.

"Here is Madame Benjamin! Good morning, madame—how do you do? I need not ask you that, you are as fresh as a rose. Oh! don't look at me! I beg of you. I am a perfect fright. This is an old frock that I only wear in the morning. I

have had it two years. But it looks very well; and I am sure, to come to market, you would not wish to dress better. But your dress is very pretty. Oh! mine is good enough, but if you knew what I gave for it—35 sous, and it is a very good colour."

"How very cheap, where did you get it, do tell me the place—at Aubertot's—Rue Poissoniere, near the Bouievart?—Let me see your salmon—is it fresh?"

"Just out of the water—smell it, and tell me what you think of it."

"Are you buying fish?" asks Madame Benjamin of the other lady—"it is dreadfully dear—and as to poultry, it is beyond every thing."

"Every thing is very high now. I tell my husband every day that he will have to allow me more money for marketing or else there is no use in my going at all."

"But, husbands are such strange creatures. They never will listen. They answer calmly, 'manage it as you can; I don't eat more than I used to; I don't wish to spend more in marketing.'"

"Yes, and if you did not give them a good dinner, what faces they would make and how they would grumble."

"Well! this salmon, how much for this piece?"

"Six francs! because you want it, my dear."

"Six francs, indeed. It would taste too strong of the silver."

"But look at it!—it is a piece fit for a king; and then you know salmon is very scarce, like good men. It is very different from mackerel, you may get any quantity of them."

"Will you take three francs for this piece?"

"Fie, whom do you take me for! I had rather

not sell it at all. Take it for 100 sous. That is the lowest I will sell it for."

"No, indeed. I am going with you, Madame Benjamin."

"Wait a minute. Let us see. Give us four francs, and be done."

"I have told you what I will give, I can't go any higher."

"How hard you are. Well, take it. It is only because it is yourself; and you must eat it yourself."

The lady places the piece of salmon in her basket, and goes away with Madame Benjamin, saying,

"If I did not know how to bargain, I should be robbed. That is the reason I always come myself. You can't trust servants. What do they care if things are dear? It is not their money—and there are so few who enter into their employer's interests."

"Don't speak of it, they are a troublesome set. Have you that same woman still?"

"Yes, but I don't mean to keep her. She don't know how to do any thing. She lets the meat burn, and she can't sew. She spends the day in ironing caps for herself."

"Mine is faithful—very faithful; but at the same time very impertinent. Indeed, I very often do things myself, rather than ask her to do them."

"Good morning, ladies," says a long thin woman, in passing by, a woman whose face resembles that of a China dog.

"Have you made your purchases? I am going to see if the market is good. My husband and I are very particular, we must have the best of every thing, we like good eating."



"So does everybody," says Madame Benjamin, smiling maliciously at Madame Legras.

The new comer opens Madame Legras' basket.

"Oh! you have some fish. But what a little piece. It would not make two mouthfuls for my husband—and pigeons—oh! how thin they are—I must have finer ones than those. Let me taste your butter—hum, by no means the best—my husband is so very particular about butter;—he and I both are very fond of good eating. - We always have good things at our house."

"And do you mean to say we have only bad ones?"

"My dear friend! I never even thought such a thing. But, you know, all people are more or less particular. Adieu, I must go and buy. I am afraid all the best pieces will be gone."

"Poor thing," says Madame Legras, when the tall lady is out of hearing, "don't you pity her? She and her husband are both so fond of good living! Why, I went there one day and found them dining on a red herring and a miserable bit of turkey. She will go all through the market, and at last buy a radish. I understand her."

A little woman, who is no longer either young or handsome, and who comes to market in a dress with flounces, and a hat with flowers, accosts the two friends, exclaiming,

"Oh! Madame Benjamin and Madame Legras! Good morning! Have you bought all you want; as to myself, we have company to dinner to-day. Mr. Bichonneau is so very fond of having his friends to dine with him, and eat up his substance, and afterwards, as I always tell him, they never thank you for it. But it is his way. Nine people to-day with my Phonphonse, that makes twelve. It is very fortunate that he did not ask one more, it would have made thirteen! I declare I would not have come to the table. But, among these nine people, we have that great fat Flemish painter, who eats as much as four common men; and M. Lecarlin—how he drinks! What in the world can I give them all? Is fish dear?"

"Tremendous."

"Then they shall not have any. Instead of a *matellotte*, I will give them a *gibclotte*. How is game?"

"Four francs for a very small partridge."

"Four francs! and it would take two at least for all those people. For game I shall have a chicken done with small onions, and vegetables. What are peas?"

"Dearer than ever."

"I must be satisfied with potatoes, then, and instead of strawberries I shall have two dishes of baked apples. If they are not contented, I can't help it. Good-bye, madames,—shall I see you this evening?"

"We will try."

Madame Bichonneau moves on. The others continue to talk, and exclaim:

"M. Bichonneau's dinner will be a splendid affair."

"I would rather never have any company at all than have them in that style."

"I think so. It is better to do things well, or not at all."

"But, Madame Bichonneau is an old coquette, who spends every thing in her dress, and puts her husband upon potatoe diet, all the year round."

"Poor dear man! He is a good fellow. If I were so unfortunate as to give my husband the same dish, two days in succession, he would not say any thing to me; but he would go into the city to dine all the rest of the week."

"All men are not Bichonneaus. Well, I am glad of it; for I don't think there is any thing so tiresome as stupid men."

"I agree with you exactly. I would rather have a wicked husband than a stupid one. I am going into my butter woman's."

"And I to my butcher. Good-bye, Madame Legras."

"Madame Benjamin, if you hear of a servant-woman that you think will suit me—an honest one, and above all, not pretty, send her to me, will you?"

"I will."

STANZAS.

BY ERNEST HELFENSTEIN.

I will spare thee the sorrow of parting,
Will spare thee the pang of regret;
Will be false to myself in departing,
And teach thee the art to forget.

I know thou art sad, and will spare
The wound that my grief might impart;
I will smile lest thou should'st despair,
Lest anguish come home to thy heart.

Thou wilt say I am fickle, false-hearted,
For affection too cold, and too proud;
Yet the pain that the truth had imparted,
The strength of thy spirit had bowed.

I will spare thee the sorrow of parting,
Will spare thee the pang of regret;
Will be false to myself in departing,
And teach thee the art to forget.

HELEN MACARTNEY.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

* * * "Blame not fate
For sorrows which thyself did first create."

"PROMISE me that you will not grow weary, dearest, during the long, long years that must elapse ere I can claim the hand which now trembles in mine," said Horace Medwin to her who had just plighted her faith to him.

"Do not expect too much of me, Horace," was the reply; "I cannot promise that my heart will be patient while years are stealing the brightness from my eye, and the freshness from my feelings."

"Perhaps, you will repent a pledge which must be so tardily redeemed."

"You know me too well to believe so, Horace: I would fain see you content with your present prospects of success, and even at the risk of seeming most unmaidenly in my wishes, I will say that a mere competence with you would be all that I should ask to insure us happiness. Wealth will be dearly purchased by all the terrible anxieties of a long absence; yet since you think its acquisition essential to your comfort, it is not for me to oppose my wishes to your superior judgment. 'They also serve who only stand and wait;' and since I can do nothing to aid you in the pursuit of riches I can at least 'bide the time.' Go where your sense of duty calls you, Horace, and remember that whether your efforts are crowned with success, or your hopes crushed by misfortunes, this hand is yours whenever you claim my pledge."

"Bless you, bless you, my own sweet Helen; that promise will be my only solace in my exile, and oh! what a stimulus to exertion shall I find in the remembrance of those tears."

Helen Macartney was the child of one of those gifted but unfortunate persons who seem born to ill-luck. Her father's whole life had been a series of mistakes; he had quit college in a fit of pique just as he was fully prepared to receive those high honours which might have been of great service to him in the career of science to which he eventually devoted himself; he abandoned a profession in which perseverance would have made him eminently successful; he failed in mercantile business because he could not tie his thoughts down to the details of commerce; in the lowest ebb of his fortunes he married, not from love but compassion, the proud and penniless daughter of a decayed family, who brought him a dowry of poor relations; and, finally, he wasted his really fine talents, which, if properly exerted, would have secured him at least the comforts of life, upon

schemes and projects which were as idle as Alnaschar's dream. As the eye of the mathematician traces on the blue field of ether the diagram which solves his newly combined problem, so the fancy of the speculative philosopher builds in the vague air his hopes of fame and fortune; but, unlike the man of science, who from his visionary plan deduces a demonstrable truth, the man of schemes is doomed ever to see his fairy fabrics fade, without leaving a wreck behind. The only thing which ever had power to withdraw the thoughts of the projector from his unreal fancies, was his love for his gentle daughter. He had thoroughly instructed her in all that forms the true foundation of learning, and no expense was spared in the acquisition of those elegant accomplishments which add so great a charm to female society. Helen was a gifted and graceful woman, as well as a fine scholar. Beautiful and gentle, with superior talents, correct taste, and a character which the discipline of circumstances had prematurely strengthened, without impairing the freshness of her feelings, she was a creature worthy to be loved and cherished by some noble heart. But her life had never been a happy one, for, from her earliest childhood, her mother's wayward indolence, and her father's total want of worldly wisdom, had produced an irregular, scrambling sort of system, or rather want of system, in their little household, the discomforts of which had been felt by Helen long before she was capable of understanding or remedying the evil. Leading a very secluded life, and absorbed in those petty cares which engross so much time and thought in a household where there is no wealth to purchase immunity from labour, she felt little disposition to indulge in the gaieties so natural to her age. Conscious of the beauty which her innate perception of all things lovely enabled her to discover in her own sweet face, and perhaps displaying a trace of girlish vanity in the precision with which her dress was always adapted to the fine proportions of her stately figure, she was yet untainted by mere personal vanity. She adorned her person even as she improved her mind, rather for the gratification of her own elegant taste than with the wish to attract the admiration of others.

Among the various pursuits which Mr. Macartney's versatile talents enabled him to adopt, as a means of subsistence, that in which he was most successful was the instruction of youth. Possess-

ing a peculiar talent for simplifying the mysteries of science, he might have reaped a rich harvest from a gift which is perhaps one of the rarest of intellectual endowments, but his eccentricities impaired his usefulness, and at length the number of his pupils were limited to a few youth of matured and developed minds, who sought him to acquire aid in the higher branches of study, and who were amused rather than annoyed by his peculiarities of character. Among these, Horace Medwin had ever been distinguished, as an especial favourite of the singular old man, and a degree of intimacy almost amounting to domestication in the family, had arisen between them. Gifted with talents but little above mediocrity, he possessed a firmness of character and strength of will which enabled him to overcome difficulties for which a far more vigorous intellect would have felt itself unequal. For him to determine, was always to succeed, for he had a fixedness and tenacity of purpose which never allowed him to lose his grasp on the desired object. Yet, blended with this self-reliance and decision, which might else have made him arrogant and overbearing, were some of the gentlest charities of human nature. Kind, considerate, and affectionate, he won the regard of all those who were associated with him, while at the same time, he unconsciously controlled them by his superior firmness of will.

Perhaps, it was this very quality in the character of Horace, which first excited the regard of Helen Macartney. "What has she known of love," says Madame de Stael, "who has not seen in the object of her choice a powerful protector, a guide courageous and kind, whose look commands even while it supplicates, and who kneels at her feet only to receive at her hands the right to dispose of her destiny?" The vacillating temper of her father, whose instability rendered him most unfit to direct the steps of others amid the vicissitudes of life, had made Helen doubly sensitive to the spell which a certain kind of mental force in man ever casts over the more timid heart of woman. Horace had been early attracted by her girlish beauty, and the love which then sprung up in his heart strengthened with his years until he no longer doubted that his future happiness depended upon winning the pure affections of the artless being who looked up to him with the relying tenderness of a sister. Though much his superior in brilliancy of mind, and possessing in a much higher degree all the perceptive faculties, yet his strength of judgment and force of will were sufficient to give him that superiority in her eyes which alone induces a woman to give out the whole wealth of her affections; and Helen soon learned to love him with a depth and fervour which was only equalled by the undeviating constancy of her attachment.

But Horace Medwin was an ambitious man, and his love, while it was strong as death in his heart, only served to refine and elevate what was

before a merely selfish feeling. To procure a bare subsistence by his daily labour, and thus live along from day to day, was little suited to his ideas of happiness. He had been brought up in the midst of that worst kind of poverty, which is found in the homes of those whose pride demands sacrifices which comfort would forbid; and the daily struggle between positive want and a desire to keep up appearances had appalled and dejected him from his youth. He had early resolved to win a fortune, and at a time when boys are thinking only of their sports, he was preparing himself for his future career. As he grew older, a very little observation sufficed to convince him that those only are certain of success, who, laying aside all the restraints of pride and prejudice, will stoop to plant ere they climb to reach the fruits, and he therefore decided that in order to break through the many bonds which early habit and association impose upon every one, a residence in a land of strangers, during his season of trial, was to be preferred. In vain Helen sought to moderate his views, and confine his ambition within the limits of the narrow circle, where may ever be found domestic happiness. He was now ambitious for her sake as well as for his own, and the fairest pictures of the future joy which his fancy sketched, required a golden frame to give them finish in his eyes. A clerkship in an extensive mercantile house, resident in Calcutta, opened an avenue to the wealth he sought, and well knowing that his knowledge of Oriental languages would scarcely fail of insuring him success, he conquered his own deep regrets at parting with Helen, and accepted a situation which would banish him for years from his native land. He went forth sadly but hopefully to gather golden fruit in the mystic groves of Ind, while Helen remained to think for her wayward father, to act for her imbecile mother, and perhaps to feel too deeply for her own loneliness of heart.

The first two years after her lover's departure witnessed little change in the condition of Helen. The daily routine of cares which the peculiar character of her parents imposed upon her, filled up the measure of her time, and Hope, that gentle soother of the weary heart, was ever singing its quiet song beside her. But, at last the grim fiend of poverty, which had so long lingered upon the threshold, entered their dwelling, and sat down at their scanty fireside. Mr. Macartney's habits of abstraction had increased until they almost seemed like aberration of mind; his pupils dropped off one by one; his schemes of utility and fortune failed; his inventions were all forestalled or thrown aside as imperfect, and the old man began to feel the pressure of positive want. The desire of fame lost its inspiring power, and in the utter wreck of his fortune he sought the excitement of the cup which is drugged with death. His wife, who had never been other than an inert, helpless, fretful creature, only lamenting over evils which she sought not to avert or remedy, became still

more helpless from disease, and Helen found herself left to struggle with the exigencies of life beneath a double burden of anxieties. Chained to her mother's couch of sickness, and unable to offer any efficient aid in procuring their daily subsistence, she was compelled to exchange the few superfluities which want had left for the comforts necessary to age and illness. But, when her father's fine though ill-assorted library was invaded by their necessities,—when she witnessed with bitter regret his childlike abandonment to grief as shelf after shelf became void of those “dear familiar faces,” which in all the vicissitudes of his fortune had ever looked kindly upon him, she felt that the minor evils of life may be harder to be borne than its heaviest misfortunes.

It was not until the death of her mother, whose protracted illness had brought upon them the additional burden of petty debts, that Helen was left at liberty to carry out the scheme which she had been maturing in her own mind. With that dread of pecuniary obligation which is so inherent in woman's nature, that if it were not a virtue it would be almost deemed a weakness in the sex, she determined to cancel every claim upon them by the exercise of her own talents. Her plan was formed with prudence, and she carried it into execution with a degree of energy surprising even to herself, nerving herself to bear the arrogance of those who cannot forgive to poverty its self-respect, she visited persons to whom her father was indebted, and offered to satisfy their claims by the instruction of their children. Her gentleness and sweetness of demeanour interested those who had hearts to appreciate her motives, and, among the persons whom she had dreaded as enemies she found warm and efficient friends. A number of pupils were soon procured, and perhaps the happiest moment Helen had known since the departure of her lover, was that in which she first found herself installed in a narrow and heated schoolroom, surrounded by a circle of some twenty children who awaited her daily attention.

Though perfectly frank in all her communications to Horace, yet Helen had dwelt but slightly on the detail of their privations. Motives of delicacy and a fear lest he might mar his own fortunes by returning to their aid, induced her to conceal much of their actual condition. But her sense of duty would not allow her to leave him in ignorance of her new vocation, and Horace, in his reply to her letter, plainly intimated that his pride was deeply wounded.

“Your filial devotion, dear Helen, will cost me another year of absence,” he wrote; “for it will require a few more golden ingots to make the world forget that you have been subjected to the disgrace of labouring for your own subsistence. Remember, I speak not my own sentiments—they are those of society, and we must conform to them, however we may despise them.”

Helen sighed as she read this confession of weakness in the character of him whom her soul de-

lighted to honour. To a highminded nature like her own, there was honour rather than degradation in thus adapting one's self to circumstances, and she felt that she had never so well deserved the respect of the world as she did now, when her lover considered it forfeited by her rigid observance of duty.

A life of humble goodness affords few materials for the pen of fancy. The five years which Horace had originally allotted for his absence passed slowly away, and yet he spoke not of his return. He had been successful beyond his hopes, but his wishes had grown greater than his gains, and another twelvemonth was deemed necessary to perfect his schemes. Helen submitted patiently but sadly to this new disappointment. Indeed her spirits were fast sinking beneath the wearying drudgery of a life of unshared toil and anxiety. There was none to sympathize in her moments of despondency, or to cheer her by the kindly voice of affectionate interest. A sort of torpor seemed gradually creeping over her warm feelings, as if her heart were partially paralyzed by its loneliness. The discomforts of a close and noisy school-room served to benumb her brain, and in the pale, silent, melancholy woman who traversed with feeble steps the path which led to her daily labours could be found little trace of the enthusiastic, ardent and bright-faced creature whose every gesture was wont to express her impulsive character.

Let none of those would-be moralists, who, seated in luxurious ease at their cheerful fireside, pretend to measure the temptations, and weigh the resisting virtues of their brethren; let none such pretend that poverty is not an evil. Disguise it as we will, it is ever an evil shape, and whether it cowers beside the dying embers on the pauper's hearth, or hides its gaunt limbs beneath the furred robe of the votary of fashion, still is it a fearful thing. Talk not with stoical contempt of that which has power to break down the barriers of principle, and summon the demons of avarice and dishonesty to rule over the souls of men; which can chill the heart and best affections, and chase the sweet charities of life from the cold hearthstone and the scanty board,—which can bow down the lofty intellect, and put fetters of triple brass on the pinions of genius;—which can bend the most untameable will, and crush the haughtiest spirit to the dust. The power which can extinguish the taper, whose feeble glare sheds a last earthly light on the features of the dying child, and robs the weeping mother of that last fond look which is turned upon her even from the portals of the tomb;—the power which can make the strong man lie down in childlike weakness to perish beside his starving little ones;—the power which beyond all other evils of our fallen state, can torture the body and tempt the soul, is one which our hearts may contemplate with awe, but not with contempt. Yet is poverty but a ministrant of the designs of a wise and good Pro-

vidence; and, as in the olden time, men were hospitable to all comers knowing that they sometimes entertained angels unawares, so may we welcome all the messengers of Heaven whether of good or evil import, believing that in the end they will leave on us a blessing. So long as poverty loosens not the tie of kindred love,—so long as its shadow darkens not over the pure fountain of affection in our hearts,—so long as no mildew is shed from its baleful influences upon the snowy whiteness of the soul, it may be endured patiently, nay even cheerfully, and as there are certain flowers which shun the sunshine but thrive and blossom only in the shade, so may we find many a virtue which prosperity called not forth, springing up in our hearts beneath the gloom of a sky of clouds.

Yet, if poverty be an evil, surely riches are a snare. When did man ever say to his avarice, "peace, thou art filled!" When did the still, small voice of tenderness ever reach the ear of him who was delving the deep mine for gold? When was the cry of warning ever heeded by him who cast his net again and again into the deep waters, until his barque sinks beneath the weight of his useless draught? Year after year rolled on, and found Horace Medwin still wearing the chains of avarice in a foreign land. Those years had not passed away without leaving their trace upon the inner as well as upon the outward man. The cares which had imprinted deep wrinkles on his brow had destroyed many a fresh feeling within his heart.

Alas! alas! the world too soon exhalet
The dewy freshness of the heart's young flower;
We water them with tears, but naught availeth,—
They wither on through all life's later hours.

Horace would have spurned the idea of being covetous. He fancied that the motives which actuated him, ennobled the pursuit of wealth. The sophistry of the passions is ever skilful in silencing the voice of the truthful monitor within man's heart, and suppressing that yearning tenderness which urged him to return to her who so patiently awaited him, he toiled on for a future which might never come. Oh! how rarely do men learn the true enjoyments of this unstable life! Ever anticipating or procrastinating, while some, like idle children, strip from the fair young tree of Hope its blossoms, and then weep because they gather no fruit; others are found to pass their whole existence in watching the growth of some centennial plant, whose scentless blossoms they can never hope to behold.

Absorbed in the engrossing cares of business, his mind fully occupied with schemes of fortune, and his heart calmly reposing in the security of undoubting affection, Horace had led a life of toil but not of sorrow, during his self-imposed exile. The excitement of commerce, the pleasure of success, and the enjoyments of that semi-civilized mode of life which enabled him to satisfy with Oriental luxury the tastes that a refined education had engendered, all gave a charm to his exist-

ence. How little could he imagine the heart-sickness which was consuming the strength of her for whom he toiled; how little did he suspect that she who could have borne every misfortune in life, if she had been aided by the presence of affection, was slowly but surely wasting beneath the unsupported burden of a lonely heart. Yet a tone of despondency in her later letters, and a slight hint of her failing health, aroused the tenderness of her absent lover, and Horace at length decided to delay no longer his return. It was very difficult for the successful merchant to check the tide of fortune as it rolled its treasures at his feet, but when his better nature had once been aroused, he was not to be turned from his purpose by motives of interest; and, hurrying through the necessary arrangements, Horace Medwin bade farewell for ever to the land where ten of the best years of his life had been passed. With that singular inconsistency so common in human nature, the patience with which he had borne the servitude of business, and which would probably have enabled to wear out another year, had not his affections been excited, now utterly deserted him. A lifetime of anxiety seemed to be concentrated in the tedious six months which intervened ere his ship touched the shores of his native land; and when his foot once more pressed the soil, he felt as if he could have knelt and kissed it as holy ground.

It was the dull gray dawn of morning, when Horace landed from his long imprisonment, and, impatient of all further delay, he hurried onward to that quarter of the city where he expected to find Helen. He had informed her of his embarkation, and he fancied that she would, even at that early hour, be awaiting him, since she must have doubtless heard of the arrival of the ship. But when he reached her abode, and beheld it closed as if every inmate was still buried in slumber, he was ashamed of his boyish eagerness, and turning from the door ere his foot touched the threshold, paced the empty street until such a time as he could reasonably hope to be admitted. Was it presentiment of evil that sent such a chill to his heart as he turned his back upon that humble dwelling, where he believed his sweet Helen now slept amid pleasant dreams which were soon to have so blissful a realization?

With a fervour of impatience which he could scarce control, he paced the neighbouring streets until gradually the din of busy life awoke around him, and the closed casements of the humbler dwellings opened their sleepy eyes to the light of the risen sun. As he approached for the hundredth time the spot where all his hopes now centred, he caught sight of a slipshod housemaid who had just unclosed the barred portal of Helen's abode. Hurrying forward, he addressed a brief question to the girl. The answer was as brief, but its effect was terrific. With a cry such as none but a strong man, in the very death-throe of his hopes could utter, he sprang forward, and passing

the frightened woman with the rapidity of lightning, bounded up the narrow staircase. A closed door impeded his frantic progress, and flinging it wildly open, he stood suddenly as if awestruck within the apartment.

The room wore the desolate and dreary appearance which the light of morning ever brings to the scene of a weary vigil. A coarse-looking woman, who had evidently been not unmindful of her own comfort, sat sleeping in an arm-chair at the fire, while a ray of sunshine darting through a crack in the unopened shutter, almost extinguished the sickly glimmer of the night-taper which burned dimly on the littered table. Horace saw all these things with that singular acuteness of vision which excessive excitement sometimes awakens, but as his eye turned from the figure of the sleeper it fell on a rigid and sheeted form extended on the uncurtained couch. One step brought him to its side, and with wild haste he flung aside the covering that concealed the ghastly face of the dead. Surely those pinched and yellow features were utterly unknown to him,—it could not be his Helen that he looked upon. His own heart answered the vain hope, and with a groan which seemed to rive his very soul he fell senseless beside the cold remains of her who had

loved him so vainly and so constantly. He had come one day too late!

Sorrow does not always kill, and Horace lived in loneliness of heart until years had bowed his stately form and whitened his temples with the blossoms of the grave. But life had lost its charm for him. He was surrounded with all the appliances of wealth, but he found no sympathy or companionship in the world; and a deep and abiding sense of self-reproach was his perpetual torment. Willingly now would he have given all his hard-earned fortune could it but have brought the breath of life to those pallid lips and the light of day to those dim eyes of her who had worn out her life in sighing; yet it was his torture to be compelled to feel that had he been content with half his present wealth, Helen might now be the sharer of his heart and home. What cared he now for the gold and gems upon the brim of the chalice, since death had mingled wormwood with the draught it held? He had learned the bitter lesson which experience teaches, and found, when too late, that he who, in obedience to the dictates of a false world, silences the purer instincts of his nature, but garners up for his future years a harvest of disappointment and remorse.

A WALK ABOUT LONDON.

BY THEO. LEDYARD CUTLER.

CARLYLE—WELLINGTON—ST. JAMES, &c.

THE time that I passed in London—not being in “the season”—was an unfavourable one for seeing the eminent political men, and witnessing court parades, but still I was highly privileged in meeting a number of literary characters whom it is the good fortune of but few of our countrymen to see. The literary nobility, of course, are not to be followed and stared at like the star-and-garter nobility in the streets, and upon those who have not taken the necessary trouble to provide themselves with letters, their doors are, for the most part, strictly closed. And very properly too, for to the man who writes for his bread, *Time* is emphatically *money*.

I have already spoken a few words of my kind friends Mrs. Hall and Miss Baillie. A word now about THOMAS CARLYLE, who is probably an object of greater interest to Americans than any other living author. I received a very characteristic note one evening from this great literary nondescript informing me, that I “would be very welcome to him the next day at two, the hour in which he became accessible in his garret.” His

home was more than two miles from my lodgings in Trafalgar Square, and I took an omnibus nearly to the place. He resides in a neat little two story brick house in Chelsea, one of the environs of London, on the banks of the Thames. His house-keeper showed me at once to his “garret,” and a very respectable garret it was too! the ragged poets of the Johnsonian age would have *danced* to get in such an airy, well-furnished apartment. He received me very cordially, and I sat down, and began—shall I say it? to *stare* at him; for I assure you, Carlyle is a *man* to be stared at—such another is not to be seen every day. Just imagine a large, robust, broad-shouldered Scotchman with gray eyes, and stiff, dark hair, attired in a long black coat, such as is generally worn by the Methodist clergy, and poring over a German tome, and you have a considerable idea of our “great brother man.” If you had not heard his name you would know him as soon as he opened his lips, for he talks just as he writes. He gives you the same assortment of obsolete terms, picturesque phrases, outlandish epithets, and long German compounds, all mingled in a singularly uncouth, but at the same time, singularly im-

pressive style. I have been frequently asked, if Mr. Carlyle's style appeared to be natural, or affected. I am disposed to think it was at first an affectation, but he has used it so long that the mannerism has now become natural. This is apparent from a comparison of his most finished and eloquent essay on Burns, published in the Edinburgh Review of 1828, with his last incomprehensible compound of Transcendentalism, Chartism, and—it is useless to disguise it) *rank Infidelity*, which has appeared under the title of "Past, and Present."

After enjoying a delightful conversation with him, he took up his hat and cane, and we walked up to London. All the way he talked in his own peculiar style with a humour, and a broadness of Scotch accent that kept me laughing in spite of myself. He frankly confessed himself entirely ignorant of America, although, his miscellaneous works were first collected here, and he has now five readers on this side of the Atlantic to one in England. In fact I found him but little read there, and on mentioning his name once at an English table, my neighbour turned, and asked me who he was! Another man present replied with a sneer—"that *Chartist* he means."

About the time that I saw Mr. Carlyle, the outbreaks in the manufacturing districts were exciting great alarm, and after he had descanted at some length on the Manchester operatives whom he styled "great dumb Saxons, full of old Norse ferocity," I spoke of the happy condition of the labouring classes in our own democratic country.

"Oh yes," said he, "you may talk about your democracy, or any other cracy, or any kind of political rubbish; the true secret of happiness in America is, that you have got a good deal of land with very few people!"

His remark was in the main, true; and the great mass of evils in England, with her bread taxes, and sliding scales, and parish workhouses, and trades unions, are directly traceable to her enormous population. I was especially struck during Mr. Carlyle's conversation, with a short reminiscence of his early admiration for Robert Burns—how he used to creep over into the church-yard of Dumfries when a little boy, and find the tomb of the poet, and sit and read the simple inscription by the hour.

"There it was," said he, "in the midst of poor fellow-labourers, and artisans, the NAME—ROBERT BURNS!"

At morn, at noon, and at eventide he loved to go and read that name so dear to every lover of nature, so especially dear to a peasant boy of Scotland, like himself. And well might one like Carlyle, clothed upon with a true spirit of poetry, and imbued with an earnest love for his fellow man, love himself to linger by the resting place of him to whom these noble gifts had been vouchsafed in such unwonted measure.

I endeavoured to protract our conversation by walking as slow as possible, but when we had

arrived at the Green Park, he was called in another direction by an engagement, and I bade him a cordial farewell. As he walked away I looked after him with deep admiration, not unmingled with sorrow. Of admiration for his heroic independence of thought, and action, for his keen insight into the workings of the human soul, and more than all, for his stern, unbending resistance to the oppression of his fellow man.

But when I saw one gifted with such rare gifts, turning away from the pure fountain of life, to hew out for himself a broken cistern which can hold no water, I could not but feel sorrow. Carlyle has thus far given us nothing satisfactory to a truly religious mind. The God whom his fathers worshipped in their mountain homes, and for whom they so gladly suffered, is nowhere to be found in all his works. Of the life-giving doctrines of the atonement, and the resurrection—of the faith by which the Apostle of the Gentiles walked, and so many of the feeble saints have ever since his day rejoiced to walk, he knows nothing. Instead of this warm, fervent, holy religion of the gospel, we have but the cold, dreary waste of German philosophy—a strange thing truly, from one who has been born and bred in the land of the Covenanters.

I have spoken of my high admiration of Carlyle's intellect, but I cannot consider his as belonging to the highest order of minds. He is not one of the immortal few to whom Providence has given to lead their age, to build up new temples to truth, to utter those great precepts which are the texts and guide-books of their times. Carlyle has shown an astonishing acuteness in detecting the errors, and the evils of this day, but he has exhibited no ability for correcting the errors, or remedying the evils. He is incessantly crying out to the men of this generation, "It is naught! you are trying to feed upon stones!" and yet he has never told us where to find the true bread by which we can be nourished, and grow. He may be therefore an useful man to draw attention to existing evils, but he never can have a place among the solid benefactors of our race—among the Davys, the Wilberforces, the Howards, the Romilys, and the Franklins. Neither is he a very *original* thinker. His range is by no means wide. He seldom attempts *new* thoughts, or if so, has seldom succeeded. The great pleasure arising from reading Carlyle, is derived from the singular picturesqueness of costume in which he has clothed old and familiar ideas. Even the fables and proverbs of our childhood can sometimes scarcely be recognized in their new and fanciful attire, and when we meet them, we are naturally pleased with their improved appearance. To the man who thus brings us back to truths which were well nigh forgotten, and colours the plain and unsightly objects of our mental vision with a fresher, or a gayer hue, we owe a debt of gratitude—and such a debt is due Mr. Carlyle.

After leaving the author, I turned my steps

homeward, and as my walk led me through some of the most interesting parts of London, I will occupy the rest of my sheet with a short description. On passing up the Green Park, through Grosvenor Place—in which our minister, Mr. Everett, resides—you come to Hyde Park Corner, famous in all the fashionable novels. Here is Apsley House, the dark, clumsy looking residence of the Duke of Wellington. It is three stories high, perfectly plain, with *iron* windows, which the headstrong old Duke caused to be put in after their predecessors had been battered out by the reform mobs. The interior is furnished in sumptuous style, and contains the costly service of plate awarded to him after the victory of Waterloo. At one corner of his house is a colossal statue of Achilles, erected by the ladies of England in honour of the same achievement.

A writer in Blackwood's Magazine has truly remarked, that "there is but one man who fills the universal eye of London." There is but one man to whom the whole great metropolis, from the patricians of Grosvenor Square to the beggars of St. Giles, are ready to doff their hats, and if needs be, to raise a cheer. And no wonder, for everybody knows him. If you take an early walk into St. James' Park, down by the Palace, ten to one but you will meet a very old man, with a very thin face, and very white hair, and tremendously large nose galloping rapidly towards the Horse Guards. As he rides along, the urchin pulls off his ragged hat, and the sentinel by the Palace wall "salutes," and even the man of business who has seen him a hundred times, stops in his hurried walk to take another look at the *old Iron Duke*. When he arrives at the arched passage which leads through the War Office into Parliament street, and where two fierce looking fellows in green coats and brazen helmets sit all day keeping guard on two black horses, (thence known as the "Horse Guards"), he wheels his charger, and dashes back again towards Buckingham Palace, and thence through Picadilly to Apsley House. A fine bracing ride for the veteran; and long may he enjoy it for his own gratification, and the patriotic urchins besides.

Passing over the route just mentioned, let us walk on to St. James' Park. This is one of the smallest pleasure grounds of London, but it is much larger than any which we have in America. Just as we enter it, the immense sombre edifice to the right with a row of stiff sentinels in front, is Buckingham Palace. Here the Queen resides during the session of Parliament, but the doors are all closed now, as her majesty is on a visit to Scotland, and there is no one at home unless it be "the folks in the kitchen." The Palace is an enormous building with colonnades in front, and would be very elegant were it not for one de-

formity which spoils, to my eye at least, every public building in London. I mean the intolerable coal smoke, blackening and begriming every thing it touches. Imagine our Capitol at Washington, or the United States Bank bedaubed with soot from bottom to top with an occasional bit of the original colour shining through, and you have an object not one whit more hideous than St. Pauls, or Buckingham Palace. Some pretend to admire it, because it makes the structure look antique, but I can't approve their taste. I love the gray and sombre garniture in which Time has clothed his eldest offspring, but I abominate coal smoke anywhere.

There is one feature connected with this park which will interest your lady readers, and which I liked amazingly. Among the happy crowds which were moving under its luxurious shades, I noticed a number of elegantly dressed females on horseback. The English ladies in general are capital riders. They sit their horses firmly and gracefully, and dash off in that fearless "Die Vernon" style which makes one's heart leap within him. I wish that our American ladies would pay more attention to this superb accomplishment. There is afforded quite as fine an opportunity to display an elegant figure as in the ball room—there is imparted to their delicate cheeks quite as rosy a tint as rouge can produce—and they return from the amusement with spirits fully as buoyant as if they had been to a rout, or an assembly. If our young ladies would preserve their exquisite but frail beauty, they must ride more on horseback, and use more healthful outdoor exercise.

Next to Buckingham Palace is St. James' Palace, an ugly brick building, no longer occupied by the royal family. The remainder of the square on the upper side, is taken up with Marlborough House, the residence of Queen Adelaide, and Carlton House Terrace, which contains many of the splendid mansions of the nobility. Carlton House is famous in the political campaigns of the last century. Here the young Regent held his brilliant court. Here Fox and Sheridan loved to retire after the labours of the evening to renew those contests of wit which had enlivened the dull routine of parliamentary debates. Here was Burke with the most elegant mind, and Wyndham with the most elegant person of their time. Here were gathered those fascinating groups of female politicians resplendent in the whig uniform of the buff and blue; and here, above them all, was that proud Duchess, whose face now looks down from the walls of Devonshire House, a perfect image of univalued beauty. I would fain descend longer on the fallen glories of the place, but Trafalgar Square is close at hand, and I am glad to sit down again, as much fatigued as my readers.

THE COUNTRY-SEAT.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

"Now, Ellenetta, here is a good chance to attack papa," said Charlotte Ann Disney; "I can always tell, of late, when he is done with his newspaper, by his rolling it up as a lorgnette to look over at Mrs. O'Conner's canary birds. Let us go into the front parlour and break the ice."

"Well, do you begin."

"No, you are the elder, and it would come best from you."

"But you have a better way of saying things to pa than I have. You can appear more innocent."

"If I had some excuse; we must go at it in a roundabout way; Oh, yes! I'll take in his slippers," and the young ladies ceased their whispered confab, and strolled through the folding-doors towards the front window, where Mr. Disney was sitting, between his dinner and his time for afternoon business.

"Dear me, pa," said the younger, "how can you wear those stiff, thick leather slippers on such a warm day! your feet must be very uncomfortable."

"Warm day, in the middle of April!" returned Mr. Disney, a plain straightforward man, who had no suspicion of a plot.

"I think it dreadfully warm for the season," said Ellenetta.

"And so do I," responded Charlotte Ann, "and here is poor pa with his feet melting in those heavy slippers, while the nice ones we worked for him are lying in ma's workstand. Here, pa, do put them on—you have never gratified us by wearing them, yet, after all our labour and trouble in working them. Such a beautiful pair of slippers!"

"Pair of slippers!" laughed Mr. Disney; "I don't see how you can call them that. I always thought that shoes to be a pair should be alike, and these have one an elephant, trampling on the toes, and the other a giraffe standing over the instep."

"But they are match designs, pa," replied Ellenetta; "just of a size and very elegant, I assure you; for, as Mrs. O'Conner says, there is much more taste in a fanciful variety, than in a precise sameness; but here comes ma, quite worn out with the heat of the day, and with putting away the dinner things. Let ma broach the subject," she added, in a whisper.

"Ma says she positively won't," answered Charlotte Ann, at the same pitch, "so I'll do it myself. Don't you think, ma, that we'll have an excessively hot summer, from present appearances?"

"The summers are always hot enough for me," returned Mrs. Disney, with a sigh. She was very fat.

"It is said that the summer is always warmer after a cold winter," continued Charlotte Ann. "At that rate we shall stand a chance to be roasted alive."

"You mean that a warm summer succeeds a warm winter," hastily interposed Ellenetta; "this winter has been particularly moderate, therefore the summer will be excessively the reverse."

"Fudge!" ejaculated Mr. Disney, who, though he had perhaps never heard of the excellent Mr. Burchelle, quite equalled that worthy in the use of his elegant expletive.

"Do you really intend keeping us in the city all this summer, papa?" demanded Charlotte Ann.

"Can you name a summer that I have kept you in the city since you have been old enough to leave it?—any one who had paid your bills at the Springs for the last few years would be likely to have a good memory on that point."

"It is indeed very expensive to go to watering places," said Ellenetta, "and in these hard times one must have very little conscience to insist upon it. Besides, I have been at the Springs so often, ever since I was fifteen, which was four summers ago, and Charlotte Ann has been there three times,—quite often enough to weary one of the excitement they produce."

"I should myself prefer some more retired place," said Charlotte Ann; "I shouldn't ask any happiness greater than to stay at home, provided we were living, as some of our more fortunate neighbours always are during the warm season, at a country-seat."

"Yes," sighed Ellenetta, with a hopeless air; "but, sweet as it would be, we are not to think of that."

"If you are tired of the follies of watering places, and wish to enjoy nature, I am very glad of it," said Mr. Disney, "and I'll take you to some farm to board, as soon as you please."

"Just listen to pa!" laughed Charlotte Ann, "as if we cared about nature!"

"I'm sure we do admire it, Charlotte Ann,—it is very beautiful and poetical,—you always try to be so giddy and matter-of-fact," said Ellenetta, significantly shaking her head at her sister; "but, as Mrs. O'Conner says, one must be at home in the country to enjoy it."

"After all," resumed Charlotte Ann, as if struck with a sudden conviction, "I don't see why we mightn't have a country-seat, as well as

other people. When I was at school I used to get quite provoked at the girls for wondering that we should not have one, particularly as I knew that pa was in better credit than any who had. It adds so much to the respectability of a family to keep a country residence, that it is strange, pa, you never thought of taking one."

"Sure enough," said Mrs. Disney.

"A country-seat! in the name of common sense what's to come next!" exclaimed Mr. Disney; "there is no limiting the wishes of you women. When we first went to housekeeping, it was in a snug two-story house, twenty feet front, where I was quite as comfortable as I have ever been since; then, in a couple of years, I was argued into going to one of twenty-five feet, under the plea that there was not room enough for you two babies; but, in reality, because your mother thought it would be more genteel. Next, when you were brats of school children, I had to build a story, because the other girls lived in three-story houses; and at last, when you thought it time to pass for women, you wheedled me into putting up this, which is too large by half, and which cost three times as much as a reasonable and prudent man in business ought to have in dead capital. And now you have the face to talk about a country-seat! you ought to be ashamed of yourselves."

"La, pa!" returned Charlotte Ann, "you shouldn't complain of such changes; you could afford them, and every one increased the gentility of the family. Now, you must admit that there are a great many advantages in living in the country. You always admire Rosanna Freeland and her sisters,—they have such blooming complexions, and such plump, healthful figures, which you have often told us was owing to the country air. There can be no doubt it would be much better for our health if we were to try it."

"I don't know that. Your health is pretty good, and whether there would be any improvement I question. It is not merely the country air which has so beautified the Freeland; that is but an accessory to their active and regular habits. They ride on horseback without having their bodies screwed up till riding becomes a torture; they walk, as a duty and an agreeable recreation, not for the purpose of displaying their fine clothes and their fashionable gait; they work in their garden, cultivating their vegetables and flowers, as well as eating and wearing them, and they superintend the housekeeping and the dairy so assiduously and skillfully, that in either department they are models. That's the way by which they have acquired their bloom and activity. People of idle and lazy habits, like yourselves, my dears, begging your pardon, might just as well remain in the city."

"You are complimentary, pa, I must say," remarked Ellenetta.

"It is only the truth, child; if you were in the country you would never ride, because there would be nobody to see your performance; nor walk, for

fear the grass should draggle your dresses, or the sun should tan your faces; you would not plant a root, lest your hands should be spoiled; and, as to housekeeping, that would be pretty much as it is now."

"Yes, I should have to continue worrying myself to death with it, as I always have done," said Mrs. Disney, who was a violently fussy housekeeper.

"You had better give us a trial, pa, and see if you would not be agreeably disappointed," said Charlotte Ann; "for my part, I know I should incline to be very industrious; we would not then have so much company, and we could work a great deal."

"And I don't doubt," added Ellenetta, "that we might be able to finish the remaining six of the parlour chairs and ottomans during the summer; then, the worsted-work done, it would not take long for the cabinet-makers to complete them. I am disgusted with these hair-cloth ones."

"What! with these expensive gimcracks that you begged so hard for when you became too fine for those neat maple ones! and, pray, what's to become of these?"

"Use them for the chambers, pa, or send them to the auction-rooms, as other people do with their hair-cloth chairs, when they get damask, or velvet, or worsted-worked ones," said Charlotte Ann.

"And I am to pay for the making of a new set, after all that you have got out of me for your yarns and cloth, and pictures, and all that trash! I'll be very clear of abetting any such project."

"Why, pa, you ought to be proud that you have daughters who possess the taste and industry to embellish your house with such handsome furniture," remarked Ellenetta.

"And then we could learn half a dozen new duettes," pursued Charlotte Ann; "music in the country is so delightful, as Mrs. O'Conner says, and it is so disagreeable to be practising in town where all the neighbours can overhear, particularly when one has the ambition to be thought to play at sight. How perfectly happy we should be to return to the city as rosy as the Freelands, and improved in music, and with the chairs ready for winter company!"

"Fudge!" said Mr. Disney again.

"There it is!" exclaimed his wife, carping at the last idea; "winter company, indeed! it is to get rid of company that I would be willing to go into the country. I am sick to death of it; nothing but dressing and talking, and cooking for company. Parties now and then, calling on strangers, one cares nothing about, and inviting and entertaining them,—there is no getting rid of it here. I refused to go to the Springs last year, for there one is in the way to get deeper into such troubles, and for all that I was alone here, I was almost as much worried out with visitors as ever. I should like to go somewhere to be at rest, if it was at the Rocky Mountains."

"Yes, indeed," responded Ellenetta; "if we had a country-seat, poor ma might have a little rest."

"If it was only for one summer, it would be an advantage to her," proceeded Charlotte Ann, "provided we could be so near that papa could be with us at night, so that she would have no uneasiness. I was thinking about that the other day, when we drove past old Mrs. Applegarth's place, Wimbleton Cottage, which is for rent this year. It is not more than four miles from the city, and a most delightful spot. It is just such a place as I should choose—so retired, and with such a fine large garden, and such an abundance of fruit."

"Particularly of strawberries," added Ellenetta: "Mrs. Perkin Spriggs, who was there last year with her seven children, said that the table was set with them three times a day, and that fond as the little things were of them, they, as well as the family, had as many as they could eat,—so many indeed, that five of the children got sick afterwards,—and the quantity could hardly be missed."

"There must have been a quantity to satisfy such a drove of little p——"

"Oh, pa, don't say pigs!" interrupted Charlotte Ann.

"Gormandizers, then."

"And Mrs. Applegarth says the garden is so good," continued Ellenetta, "that when she lived there herself, she made enough, by supplying the market people with what she could spare out of it, to furnish her own table, and to pay all her servants."

"It wouldn't take much to furnish Mrs. Applegarth's table, and to pay the servants she keeps, I should judge, from her reputation," observed Mr. Disney.

"At all events, we should have abundance of fruit and vegetables for ourselves," said Charlotte Ann. "Indeed, I think it would be very great economy to rent it,—we need not then go to the Springs, and we would have much less company. Besides that, we need not get any dresses, as it is not necessary for people to make a very fashionable appearance in the country."

"Stop, stop," interrupted Mr. Disney; "I don't want to hear anything about saving expense, none of you know any thing about it. Your retrenchments always cost as much, in the end, and are more inconvenient than your extravagances. Domestic economy is as much of a science as political economy, and you have no heads for science of any kind."

"At all events it would be very delightful," persisted the determined Charlotte Ann; "the section of country is so desirable, that many of the most exclusive of the aristocracy have selected it for the location of their country-seats, and, no doubt we should make acquaintance with them."

"I'm sure we don't care about forming ac-

quaintances," quickly interposed Ellenetta, glancing furtively towards her mother; "people at country-seats don't visit much, or, at least, confine themselves to those they may have known in town. The place alone is a sufficient attraction, it is so perfectly picturesque and classical, as Mrs. O'Conner says. It is a straw-coloured house with Chinese porches front and back, and has three paper-mulberry trees opposite each side, with marble statues between them."

"I think, Ella, though they look like marble, they are only sandstone painted," corrected her sister.

"It seems to me you are both mistaken, girls," said Mrs. Disney; "though they look like stone, with the paint coming off, I think they are wood, with the paint mildewed."

"That's more like the thing," returned Mr. Disney; "it would be out of keeping with widow Applegarth's economy, and her lath and plaster house, if it were any thing else."

"Whatever it may be, the statues must be interesting to people fond of sculpture," resumed Charlotte Ann: "there is an Indian chief with a bow and arrows in his hand, and another with two snakes coiled round his walking-stick."

"Why, Charlotte Ann, a'n't you ashamed of yourself?" exclaimed Ellenetta; "they are both Roman gods; I'm sure you studied antiquities and mythology once a week at school."

"Now, girls, I put my veto on this nonsense at once," interrupted Mr. Disney, jumping up from his chair quite out of patience; "you are not fit to live any place but where you are, so let's hear no more of it. People that make changes without having some good reason for it, mostly soon find reason to wish to change back again. I understand you both well enough. The only foundation you have for this new freak is a wish to be able to talk about your 'country residence,' and to appear to equal those who are now a little beyond you in their follies. I don't at all object to the custom of retiring to such a place by those who can afford and appreciate it. On the contrary, it is highly agreeable and beneficial to people who are qualified for its inconveniences as well as its attractions; but to do so for the mere sake of fashion and ostentation, is an absurdity I won't countenance. Recollect all your acquaintances that undertook it,—most of them have their places rented out, and the rest, after dragging through a few weeks at them, fly off to public resorts, where they can indulge habits more congenial to their tastes. As to your motives, my dears, they are equally reprehensible. It is our duty, as social beings, to keep up a hospitable intercourse with our acquaintances, and you would soon find yourselves in difficulties quite equal to those of occasionally opening your house for the entertainment of guests. So, no more of it."

"Did you ever know any one as provoking as pa!" said Ellenetta, as the seniors left the room.

"Oh, I expected that," returned Charlotte Ann; "but don't give up,—perseverance can even conquer pa, and I'm resolved not to be disappointed. I have set my heart on a country-seat, for we shall never be considered decidedly and exclusively in the first circle till we get one. If we can only persuade him to rent for this summer, against the next we shall be able to induce him to purchase one. Mrs. O'Conner thinks that Mrs. Applegarth's will suit precisely, and promised me yesterday that if we took it, she would spend at least part of the summer with us."

"But you mustn't say any thing about company to ma," advised the more cautious Ellenetta.

"Certainly not, and, as Mrs. O'Conner is acquainted with the Mendenhalls, who live on the next place, we shall, of course, be introduced to them, and through them to the other families in the neighbourhood, who are all peculiarly aristocratic."

"And the gentlemen from town will think it a pleasant excursion to visit us. Mrs. O'Conner says that young gentlemen and ladies enjoy each other's society exceedingly in the retirement of the country. She thinks there is nothing so charming as to ramble through the woods and grounds, released from etiquette, and with the spirits elated by the beauties of nature."

"I'm sure Mr. Butford will come," observed Charlotte Ann.

"And Mr. Dilworthy," added her sister; "then, as to any less desirable beaux, Mrs. O'Conner will take them off our hands, and entertain them herself. It will be so convenient to have her to matronize us, she dislikes so much to submit to restraint, that she says she has no idea of imposing it on others. The more I think of the matter, the more I feel bent upon succeeding."

"Mr. Butford seems extremely fond of rustic amusements," said Charlotte Ann, musingly; don't you remember, he gave us his idea of rural felicity the other evening,—plucking peaches from the trees, with a beautiful young lady hanging on his arm."

Thus strengthened by their own agreeable fancies, the Misses Disneys were prepared to return with renewed vigour to the charge; and, accustomed to "manage" their mamma, they found her an able ally.

We never refuse to yield the point of perfect equality with our lords and masters, but we will contend that the pertinacity of three women can match the obstinacy of one man any day. This even Mr. Disney was at length obliged to concede, and in due time his family had taken possession of Mrs. Applegarth's country-seat. In the triumph of their conquest the ladies found even the labour and bustle of "moving" invested with a charm; but when their excitement had subsided, they began to discover that their new situation, however much it might enhance their dignity, in the eyes of the world, was not, in all things, quite so delectable as they had anticipated. Wimbleton

Cottage was indeed, by the direct road, but four miles from the city, but that road was nearly impassable, except in a very fine season, and the one they were obliged to use, made the distance almost double the extent. Consequently, instead of their having Mr. Disney's protection at night, he was compelled generally, through want of time for such a journey, to resort to his otherwise deserted mansion in town, while they all huddled into one room, listened to the wind and the rats, and fancied they heard in every sound the whispers or the tread of banditti.

Then, another disappointment was, that removal had taken place too late in the season for much gardening, and Mrs. Applegarth, having been too prudent to anticipate that labour, on the mere possibility of a future tenant, of course all the vegetables had to be transported from the city market. The young ladies had calculated upon raising poultry, fancying that it would be a pretty employment to flit among the young chickens in straw hats and white aprons; but it also, they found, required time and patience, and the town had to be resorted to again, and at last it was tacitly agreed, that little in the way of expense had been saved by the change.

Another, and the greatest difficulty, was the common one about servants. In these they had heretofore been remarkably fortunate; but, when they left the city, their domestic force, through dread of the drudgery of country work, had resisted all entreaties to follow them, and substitutes, willing to "make the sacrifice," were in particular demand. At length, however, they had engaged a cook, but it was on the express assurance that they would seldom have company, and two additional women, one of whom stipulated that she was not to have large washings and ironings, and the other, that she was to milk only a single cow. Mr. Disney had peremptorily refused to increase their former number by any additional individual, and a man to take care of the horse, and the cow, and the garden, besides doing house service, was, as it may be presumed, not easy of acquisition.

Three weeks passed, bringing little compensation for their disadvantages. The weather had been of the most gloomy kind; cool and wet, making their summer arrangements appear untidy and uncomfortable, and preventing any city beaux from appearing to enliven their solitude. Mrs. Disney, indeed, found some enjoyment in sitting about in a loose wrapper, congratulating herself on the absence of company, but she would much have preferred the luxury, had she been able to see a crowded street from the window; and the girls endeavoured to find satisfaction in toiling at their worsted-work, and thinking of the chairs it was to adorn, but they were too often reminded of their privations, by the want of colours and shades, to be obtained no nearer than the city.

At last, one afternoon, during which they had

been favoured with an hour or two of sunshine, their attention was aroused by the view of a hackney-coach, jolting through the muddy and stony lane, dignified with the title of avenue, which led to the house, and the girls were especially gratified to recognize in the nodding and elaborately garnished head, perceptible within, that of Mrs. O'Conner. Even Mrs. Disney was somewhat pleased with the prospect of some termination of their tedious monotony, and hastened out with her daughters, though her complaisance received a check at the appearance of two trunks in the baggage rack, as many band-boxes beside the driver, and a couple of bird-cages on the front seat.

Mrs. O'Conner, whom the girls prided themselves on considering their particular friend, was a frivolous, flirting, reckless, yet calculating widow, quite pretty, and rather under thirty, who, to support the greatest possible style, for one part of the year on moderate resources, restricted herself through the remainder to the economy of living among her acquaintances.

"My dear Mrs. Disney, my dearest girls! how are you all," she exclaimed, kissing them all rapturously; "you can't imagine how impatient I have been to see you, after such a separation! I have called at Mr. Disney's store, day after day, to accompany him out, but was always disappointed by his having too many engagements to be able to leave the city, and I concluded at length to hire a hack and come alone. The road is horrible though, and the coachman had the face to ask me as much fare as if I had come the longer way, because it took up as much time, he says, and was more wear and tear; but here I am at last, safe and sound, ready to make myself quite at home as one of the family, and peep with you 'through the loopholes of retreat.' What a sweet spot you have selected! I need not ask if you are not enchanted!"

"We have had rather unfavourable weather to enjoy it," replied Ellenetta.

"True, but you see I have brought you a delightful change,—as a gentleman of my acquaintance tells me, wherever I may be, there is perpetual sunshine. But, my dear girls, I think you don't look quite so blooming as before you left the city."

"It must be owing to our having been so much confined to the house," answered Charlotte Ann, "there was so much rain that we could not get out to take exercise. We have not been further yet than the gravelled walks in the yard since we came out. In the city we might have walked between the showers; but here the grass and the ground remained so wet, that ma thought it unsafe for us to attempt it."

"Sure enough; but I rather think the paleness is an improvement. I don't like much colour in the summer, it always looks to me so warm and vulgar. A delicate whiteness is much more refined and interesting to my taste, so we won't

quarrel with the weather, if it behaves better hereafter."

"As we did not expect the pleasure of seeing any of our friends, we did not think it worth while to dress to-day," said Ellenetta, apologetically; "and having brought no warm dresses out with us, we have worn our shawls over these lawns, which makes them look tumbled."

"No apologies to me, my dear! but painted lawns always do look odious in wet weather; it takes the stiffening out, and makes them so dabby. White cambric wrappers are the only dresses suitable for the country, they always look smooth, as they require no starching, and you may soil them as much as you please, washing can't injure them. I have brought a full dozen of them with me, which I shall wear on all occasions. But the dampness has taken all the curl out of my hair; if you please, I should like to retire to my room to arrange it. It curls so easily, that an hour in paper is quite sufficient for it, and you may probably have some beaux here in the evening."

"We do not expect any," replied Ellenetta; "we have had no gentlemen to see us as yet,—I suppose on account of the rains."

"Oh, those rains!—but I'll insure you plenty, now that I have come to add my forces to yours. I have promises from a dozen, but, whether they come or not, I like always to have myself in readiness. It is so unpleasant to be caught by surprise, so let us off to dress."

Mrs. Disney referred to some want of preparation apparent in the room, alleging the deficiencies of her servants.

"Not a word, my dear madam," answered the widow, "I have been living with my house in dishabille for a fortnight, in readiness for my intended domestication with you, and with no servant excepting the chambermaid, as I had discharged the others. It would have amused you to have seen my levées in the evenings. The gentlemen would come, and one does not like to refuse them admittance when they are so solicitous. There we set in the parlours, with the floors bare, the glasses and pictures hidden by newspapers, and the sofas and chairs all covered with sheets and such things. We had a great many jokes on the subject,—it reminding us of love in a cottage, or in the new settlements, and all that. But, what a charming apartment this is! one can sit at the windows and perceive visitors approaching at such a distance, that there will be time for any preparation; and these shutters, with the movable slats, are just the things to peep through, in case of a serenade. It would be beautifully picturesque to see gentlemen standing among the statues with flutes in their hands, or reclining on the grass with their guitars."

"I am afraid we are too far from the city to have many serenades," observed Ellenetta.

"Too far! why my beaux tell me that I have so much of the magnet in me, I could draw them any distance. But, how close those lovely woods

are! it will be sweet to stroll in them,—we must try it to-morrow morning."

"We shall have to wait till they are dry," said Charlotte Ann; "the dew on the bushes would be disagreeable, even if the rain should clear away this afternoon."

"Dry! oh you matter-of-fact creature! the very poetry of walking, is in the morning,—at sunrise, or before it, while the dew is sparkling. It reminds me of that exquisite and lover-like passage in Milton or Byron—

'Together let us tread the dewy meads,
And gather in their prime fresh-blooming flowers
To grace thy braided hair;'

I shall never forget the occasion on which they were first addressed to me. But, speaking of flowers,—Charlotte Ann, dear, oblige me by cutting a cluster of those multiflora rose-buds for me, yonder in the yard. Flowers, according to my taste, should be an indispensable part of a lady's costume in the country,—they are so graceful and appropriate."

The request was obeyed, and then with the intimation that their own attractions needed repairing, the girls were affectionately banished from the room. There might have been a secondary reason—a desire to delay their initiation into some mysteries of the toilette of which they were still in youthful ignorance, but this is only a conjecture.

The arrival of Mrs. O'Conner was hailed by the girls as a happy era in their country annals. From the contiguity of their respective dwellings in town, the extraordinary number of her gentlemen visitors was well-known to them, and both were in a state of happy expectancy that they would now profit by it. This seemed destined to a speedy realization, for in a few days the beaux began to appear, but a few days more proved that they were Mrs. O'Conner's beaux, and intended to remain so. Though the Misses Disneys were both pretty and pleasing, their girlish graces were small matters in comparison with the studied charms and practised accessibility of the dashing widow, particularly as a fortune, reputedly large, enhanced her attractions, while they were dependent on a father who was likely to live as long as any husbands they might select. Their favourite cavaliers, Messrs. Butford and Dilworthy did indeed make them a visit; but it happened to be under circumstances which made it a source of painful recollections, rather than agreeable hopes. Having lately become votaries of gymnastic exercises, they undertook the expedition on foot, but were caught in a shower, where there was nothing for shelter, and their white pantaloons, morocco boots, and well-dressed heads had suffered a lamentable metamorphosis before they reached Wimbleton Cottage. It was too good a subject to escape the joking volubility of Mrs. O'Conner, and she so improved it that, properly appreciating their dignity as a flourishing grocery firm, they

received her sallies as an affront, and never went back again.

Upon Mrs. Disney it brought what she considered still more serious grievances. The whole current of her housekeeping was changed. The beaux, though ostensibly coming to make calls, invariably made them about meal times, and, well as she always lived, like many other notable managers, she considered a family dinner and a dinner for company two entirely different things. Now, she felt it incumbent always to provide the latter, which was very inconvenient from their being dependent on the city for every thing the table required, and what with the trouble of going to market every day or two, and the difficulty and frequent disappointment in preserving their provisions, there was scarcely a day that she did not pronounce herself at a nonplus.

"If they would only come for tea!" she wished at first, but afterwards when some of them did come in the afternoon, Mrs. O'Conner had such a facility in talking of the effects of a walk or ride on the appetite, and was so eloquent in complimenting Mrs. Disney's knack at catering for hungry people, that to keep her credit she could save herself of very little trouble.

"If I had known all this, girls," she at last broke forth, "I would have been very clear of getting myself into such a business. I hoped that I had at last settled myself to have a little rest, but this is fourfold worse than ever. That giddy-headed, rattle-tongued widow! she is as much trouble with her dressing and flirting, as a whole corporation. I shouldn't wonder if all our servants were to leave us in the lurch on her account, and then what would we do?"

"Sure enough, ma,—who would milk the cow?" laughed Charlotte Ann.

"It is no laughing matter, miss," returned Mrs. Disney, sharply; "they are all grumbling and threatening already, and no wonder! to think of her having eight white wrappers in the wash in one week, and every thing else in proportion. Such wrappers too,—all ruffled, and puffed, and pleated,—there is as much work with them as if they were intended for ball-dresses. Maria was so provoked about them, she declared she would have nothing to do with them, and I had to pacify her by ironing the most particular parts myself."

"Mrs. O'Conner thinks," said Ellenetta, "that unless wrappers are handsomely trimmed with ruffling and inserting, and edging, they look too much like night-gowns."

"Then let her wear something else. If she must draggle her dresses by trailing them through the grass, or stain or crense them by reclining, as she calls it, under the trees, let her wear dark calico,—it would be more suitable."

"You know, ma, ladies can't walk gracefully when they are holding up their skirts," said Ellenetta.

"And Mrs. O'Conner thinks," added Charlotte Ann, "that ladies should always be ready to re-

ceive company, and that white is the most becoming rural dress."

"Rural dress!—now Lotty, don't let me hear any of that nonsense; she'll make you as ridiculous as she is herself. What would your father say, if he knew any of these romantic fooleries?—it would be well if he did not warn her off the premises. Then, such an everlasting run of visitors,—you ought to have too much spirit to have the house always filled with young fellows, who care nothing about you, and who are just making an accommodation of us."

"I'm sure we can't help it, ma," said Charlotte Ann.

"No, and that's the worst of it, for there's no telling how long it may continue. She either has not the sense to know or the conscience to care how much she imposes on people. If she was really as intimate with the Mendenhalls as she pretends to be, she would bestow some of her time on them, I should think."

"It is rather strange that the Mendenhalls have not called on Mrs. O'Conner," said Charlotte Ann, when their mother was summoned away to some of her multifarious duties; "you remember we calculated so much on making their acquaintance. But here comes Mrs. O'Conner,—I'll ask her what she thinks of it."

"They don't know of my being in the neighbourhood," returned the widow; "and if you wish to become acquainted with them, you'll have to call first."

"But we are comparatively strangers in the neighbourhood," said Ellenetta.

"No matter, you came out first this season."

"Did we?" asked Ellenetta, doubtfully.

"Certainly, you did; I remember nodding to them as they drove out of town, which was two days after you came, and, of course, you must make the first visit. Supposing we go this evening? I shall be happy to introduce you, and, as I'm not ceremonious, I shall not wait to be called on."

The girls assented, and, as the distance was short, they were glad she had not proposed riding, for they would have been ashamed to present themselves in their plain Jersey wagon, the only vehicle their father had provided for them, before people whose equipages were so stylish as those of the Mendenhalls. Their road lay partly through the wood which Mrs. O'Conner so much admired, and towards it they proceeded.

"If only we had a beau or two!" said the widow; but, on second thought, she mentally recanted the wish, for she remembered that the ordinary run of her gallants were not exactly such as the Mendenhalls might approve. "Oh, these sweet woods!" she exclaimed, when they had reached the shade of the trees; "what an exquisite place it would be for a pic nic, or gipsying party! I doat upon pic nics,—there is necessity to take care of one's heart at them, when the company is interesting,—one becomes so sentimental. I re-

member some sweet poetry on the subject, which was marked for me in an annual that poor, dear Mr. O'Conner presented to me before our marriage. It closed so archly and naturally—

'We went a gipsying,
And we are married.'

"Look there," interrupted Ellenetta in a low voice, "there is a gentleman with a gun in his hand!"

"A gentleman?—quite an adventure!" returned the widow joyfully, and they all bent their eyes upon a young man sitting on a stump at some distance from them. He had on a frock coat, excessively short in the skirts, and with the pockets so filled as to make it look still shorter; a very deep and very tight stock, on which his head seemed suspended, and a little blue cloth cap, apparently hanging on a few sandy-coloured, inflexible locks. Altogether in countenance, air and costume, he would have served admirably as a subject to illustrate a "Comic Almanac."

"Quite a distinguished looking young gentleman," remarked Mrs. O'Conner, "I do so admire a hunting dress—it is so picturesque and genteel. It is strange that he does not perceive us."

"I am very glad he doesn't," replied Charlotte Ann, "I am so afraid of meeting people in the country. Thank fortune we have not to go past him. Let us be as quiet as possible and go round this way, and he, perhaps, won't see us at all."

"Indeed, I shall do no such thing—I intend to have an adventure; I'll see what he looks like a little nearer; dear me, that gun!" and as the widow approached the sportsman she uttered a scream, which frightened the girls as much as the report of the weapon would have done. The stranger even looked scared, and jumped off the stump; "Oh, that gun!" repeated Mrs. O'Conner, still advancing, "I am so afraid of the horrid thing!"

"It won't shoot you—I won't let it shoot sooch booty cals for de vold!" said the sportsman, on which the fears of Mrs. O'Conner were allayed at once.

"I beg pardon," she replied, smiling her sweetest, "but the sight of a gun always makes me unconquerably nervous—it is a failing with us ladies—one of our amiable weaknesses, as you gentlemen call them; and she seemed inclined to prolong the scene, but, with a proper decorum, the girls hastened on, and she was constrained to follow. "A young foreigner," she continued when out of his hearing, "a young German, upon my word—at least, so I suppose from his accent. I have no doubt one of distinction; did you notice he was not at all embarrassed at seeing us?—perfectly easy and gallant; we have great reason to be flattered, he seemed so struck with admiration. You cunning rogues, I have a suspicion that you knew he was there, by your appearing so urgent to draw me away. Come,

confess the truth—isn't he some favoured beau that steals out to see you and conceals himself in the woods to await a smile from your fair face? I know how opposed your father is to foreigners of pretension. A'n't I right?"

The girls regarded her with amazement, and both repelled the charge.

"Well, well, I see you won't make me your confidante, but I shall have my own thoughts on the subject, nevertheless—you know I am one of

the initiated in such matters. However, he is a delightful looking fellow, and no doubt worthy of the flirtation. I idolize Germans ever since I read the Sorrows of Werter, they have such sweet blue eyes, and play and sing so divinely. Some people prefer Spaniards and Italians, but I can't say they are to my taste. But here is Mendenhall Place—a perfect palace, isn't it?—and as I live, there is the irresistible Gust Mendenhall!"

(To be continued.)

THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE FORTY YEARS AGO.

BY MRS. HARRISON SMITH.

"WALLS," it is proverbially said, "have ears;" had they likewise tongues, what important, interesting and amusing facts, might the walls of the President's house reveal.

What a variety of characters, of events, of scenes and conversations, recur to the mind of one who has been a witness of the mutations which have taken place in this dwelling of our chief magistrates.

During the last forty years, eight presidents have successively lived beneath its roof; each one introducing not only new inmates into the house, but a new circle into the society of Washington, and thereby imparting to it a variety unknown in our other cities; thus affording to a contemplative mind more interesting subjects for reflection, than are elsewhere to be found.

These successive administrations, when thus reviewed, seem like so many different dramas—each distinct, and seen in itself complete, and with each, a new set of actors. How few of those actors now remain! Most of them have passed from the stage of life—the voice of public favour or condemnation cannot disturb the repose of the grave; and no motive can now exist to misrepresent their conduct or characters. But not only have the performers, the scenery of these dramas is likewise changed, and the seat of government, then a wild waste, where the farmer drove his plough—the sportsman followed his hounds, and the botanist pursued his studies, is now putting on the aspect of a city, with its houses and streets, its churches, its public buildings, and ornamented grounds. It is still an infant, but a thriving and handsome infant.

The comfortless and unfinished condition of the President's house forty years ago, is well described by Mrs. Adams, in her recently published letters—It stood on a wide common, uninclosed—unsheltered by a single tree, and so pervious was it to the weather, that wind and rain found access to its best sleeping apartments; and its first tenants were exposed to every species of inconvenience and discomfort. It was not long, however, that

Mrs. Adams had to endure the disagreeables she so graphically describes, and whatever her husband felt on leaving the Presidential mansion, she, it may easily be imagined, was glad to return to the quiet and comfort of her happy home.

Then came Mr. Jefferson.—Borne on the full tide of popularity—sustained by a strong and triumphant party, with what exhilaration of spirit must he have entered on his new sphere of action.

His cabinet was formed of men of the highest talents, who were not only his political, but his personal friends, whose interests, opinions and principles were so identified with his own, that the different views, necessarily taken by different minds of the same subjects, never produced a discordance destructive of unanimity of action. Often has Mr. Jefferson been heard to declare, that this distinguishing characteristic of his administration, was the one which he most highly valued, and his face beamed with satisfaction as he said, "in fact we were one family."

This official family lived with him on terms of domestic intimacy; the courtly forms that had been previously established for the regulation of the presidential circle were little observed, if not entirely discarded, and a system of more simplicity and equality introduced into the social intercourse between the President, and his fellow citizens.

As Mr. Adams came to the new seat of government, only a few months before the close of his administration, there was no new furniture provided for the President's house, as appropriations for that purpose could only be made at the commencement of the presidential term. When Mr. Jefferson took up his residence there, he found it scantily furnished with articles brought from the President's house in Philadelphia, and which had been in use from the time Gen. Washington resided in that place; these, though worn and faded, he retained, out of respect to their former service—particularly in his drawing-room, which was fitted up with the same crimson damask furniture that had been used in Mrs. Washing-

ton's drawing-room—it was his wish that it should never be parted with, but when no longer fit for service, should be carefully preserved as a kind of relic of past times.

On the new furnishing the President's house, if Mr. Jefferson erred in the system he adopted, it was in too much plainness and simplicity—yet, though plain, it was in good taste, and in every arrangement, comfort and convenience were more consulted than mere appearance. The *East room*, designed by the architect for an *audience chamber*, was not finished, and was never furnished and used until Gen. Jackson came into the presidency.

The apartment Mr. Jefferson had taken most interest in fitting up, was his cabinet. It was a spacious, pleasant room, opening to the south, and commanding a view of the Potomac and intervening grounds—the recesses of these south windows were filled with his favourite plants and flowers, of which he, himself, took the entire care. Around the walls were maps, books, charts, &c.; through the centre of the room, ran a long table covered with green cloth, and furnished with every thing necessary for its designated purpose; it had numerous drawers, containing not only articles appropriate to a writing and council table, but such as were suited to his own peculiar tastes and occupations. Among these, were carpenters' tools that he often found amusement in using, and a set of small nice garden implements, that afforded him still more pleasure.

Among his roses and geraniums, was suspended the cage of his favourite *mocking-bird*, that he cherished with peculiar fondness, not only for its melodious powers, but for its uncommon intelligence and affectionate disposition, of which qualities he gave the most surprising instances. It was the constant companion of his solitary and studious hours—when he was alone, he always opened the cage and left it at liberty—It would fly about the room, alight on the table, and pick the crumbs he there scattered—or perch on his shoulder, seeming to understand what he said to it, and to answer him with its intelligent looks as well as its tuneful voice. On Mr. Jefferson's return from his daily ride, it was his habit to take an hour's repose on a couch in his chamber—before he did so, he would go into his cabinet, open the cage, call his bird, who would follow, hopping up the stairs after him, and then placing itself on the head or feet of his couch, would regale and soothe him with its sweetest and most varied strains. How he loved this bird! How he loved his flowers! He could not live without something to love, and in the absence of his darling grand-children, his bird and his flowers became the objects of his tender cares. In a man of such dispositions, such tastes, who would recognize the rude, unpolished *democrat*, that some foreigners and some political enemies described him to be? Sir Augustus Foster, in his notes on the United States, thus depicts him, although he candidly says, he looked upon this rudeness and coarseness of dress and manner,

to be mere affectation, assumed to win popularity from the democratic party, of which he was the head. The picture that this gentleman has drawn of Mr. Jefferson, is a mere caricature, in which those who knew him best, would never recognise the least resemblance. If his dress was plain, unstudied, and sometimes of rather an antique fashion, it was always of the finest materials; in his personal habits, he was fastidiously neat, and in his manners, simple, affable and unceremonious; it was not from ignorance of the usages of the highest circles, with whom he had long and familiarly lived whilst in Europe, but because he despised the trivialities and conventionalisms, the mere forms and puerile distinctions imposed by the tyranny of fashion. His simplicity never degenerated into vulgarity—nor his affability into familiarity. He received foreign ministers when they visited him, with as little ceremony as he received other gentlemen, without any of the form and etiquette attending their intercourse with European courts; and if, as was more than once the case, these foreign dignitaries mistook this absence of ceremony, for ignorance of courtly forms, or for incivility, they not only misunderstood Mr. Jefferson, but likewise the spirit of our government.

He was often called a *notional* man, full of odd fancies and strange contrivances, and it must be owned he had a great number of original contrivances; with few exceptions, however, they were likewise conveniences, which it is believed, were never met with in any house but his own. Sometimes, the practical was sacrificed to the fanciful, and utility, to beauty, as was peculiarly the case in the location and structure of his house at Monticello.

"What could have induced your father," asked a friend, "to build on this black and barren peak, where every drop of water must be brought from the bottom of the mountain, and where the soil is so parched and sterile, that it is to be feared his lawns, shrubberies, groves and gardens must be absolutely burned up?"

"I have heard my father say," replied his daughter, "that when quite a boy, this mountain top was his favourite retreat. Here he would bring his books to study; here would pass his holiday and leisure hours; here indulge the wanderings of fancy, and the contemplation of the beauties of nature; here he never wearied of gazing on the sublime scenery that spread around, bounded only by the horizon, or the far off Alleghany. He became so attached to this spot, that he determined, when arrived at manhood, here to build his family mansion."

The same fanciful disposition characterized his architectural plans and domestic arrangements, and made Monticello, though a very beautiful, yet a most inconvenient habitation.

Some of his most useful inventions he introduced with advantage at the President's house; among others, in the dining room, a machine

consisting of circular revolving shelves, was constructed in the wall, by which the dinner and its appurtenances could be introduced into, and carried out of the room, without the opening or shutting of doors, was found peculiarly convenient. When persons with whom he wished to have a free and unrestrained conversation, dined with him, the number at his table never exceeded four, and by each individual was placed a *dumb waiter*, containing every thing that might be wanted during the process of the dinner, so as entirely to dispense with the attendance of servants, it being his opinion, that much of the social, and even public discord that existed in society, was produced by the mutilated and misrepresented conversations, repeated by these mute, but attentive listeners.

One day when William M'Clure and Caleb Lownds (both well known and distinguished characters) were invited together to one of these dinners, Mr. M'Clure, who had travelled over Europe, and just returned to the United States, after a long residence in Paris, could of course impart a great deal of important and interesting information, with an accuracy and freedom not allowable in epistolary communications; Mr. Jefferson gave him his whole attention, but closely as he listened, Mr. M'Clure spoke in so low a tone, that although seated at his side, the President scarcely heard half that was said. "You need not speak so low," observed Mr. Jefferson, "you see we are alone, and our *walls have no ears*."

"I have so long lived in Paris, where the walls have ears," replied Mr. M'Clure, "that I have contracted the habit of speaking in an under tone, and even then, every word must be weighed before it is uttered, for no place—no family—no table, however private, is secure from the observation of the police, whose agents, under the character of servants, insinuate themselves into the most domestic circles."

At Mr. Jefferson's usual dinner parties, the company was always small, seldom, if ever, exceeding fourteen, including himself and his secretary. The invitations were not given promiscuously, or as of late years, alphabetically, but his guests were selected in reference to their tastes, habits and suitability in all respects; which attention had a wonderful influence in making his parties so peculiarly pleasant and agreeable, as was remarked by all who were ever admitted to his table. This limited number prevented those little knots or separate conversations in an under tone, which are common at large dinner parties. At Mr. Jefferson's table the conversation was general; every guest was entertained and interested in whatever topic was discussed: to each, an opportunity was afforded for the exercise of his colloquial powers, and the stream of conversation enriched by such various contributions, flowed on, full, free and animated. Of course he took the lead, and gave the tone with a tact so

admirable, that all were pleased and no one offended, while the talents and information of each—of which he seemed to have an intuitive perception—were drawn out in such a manner as to place them in the most advantageous light. Did he perceive an individual silent or unnoticed, he would make such a one the object of his peculiar attention, and in a way apparently the most undesigning would draw him into notice and make him a participator in the general conversation. One instance will be given that will illustrate Mr. Jefferson's manner in this respect better than any description. On an occasion when there was several distinguished persons at table, and the conversation was unusually earnest and animated, he perceived one individual remain silent and unobserved, who, having recently returned from Europe, where he had resided so long a time as to be, comparatively, a stranger in his own country, and was entirely unknown to the present company; after having, seemingly without design, given the conversation the turn he wished, Mr. Jefferson addressing himself to the stranger, said, "Mr. C—, it is to you we are indebted for this benefit; no one more deserves the public gratitude." Every eye was turned on this before unnoticed person, and no one looked more surprised than he himself. "Yes, Sir," continued the President, "the upland-rice, which you sent from Algiers, if generally cultivated—and its success thus far authorizes the hope that it will be—will prove an inestimable blessing to the Southern states." Immediately, Mr. C—, who had been a mere cipher in this intelligent circle, became a personage of considerable importance; he was listened to with attention, and took a large share in the conversation which ensued.

When Mr. Jefferson took up his residence in Washington, on becoming President, he did not forget that he was a fellow citizen of its inhabitants, with whom he kept up a friendly and social intercourse, and although he, himself, never made visits, he received all who visited him with frankness and cordiality. While Congress was in session, the invitations to his table were confined to that body, to other public characters and to strangers, who at that time thronged the city; but during the recess of Congress, the respectable citizens of Washington, Georgetown and Alexandria, were generally and frequently invited, especially those with whom he was personally acquainted; on these occasions, when the guests were known to each other as well as to him, nothing could exceed the ease, and frankness, and social enjoyment of these delightful parties. Often, however, the company was necessarily made up of strangers to himself and to each other, whose official station entitled them to a place at the President's table, when there sometimes occurred *awkwardnesses* (if there is such a word) which were quite amusing. One day a lady that sat next Mr. Jefferson, who had no personal acquaintance with him, but on such an occasion,

wishing to do her prettiest, thought she must talk to the President, and having heard his name, though she knew not how, coupled with *Carter's Mountain*, she made a still more awkward inquiry of him, than Madam Talleyrand made of the celebrated Denon when he dined at her husband's table, although the ignorance it betrayed was not so great and inexcusable as that exhibited by the French minister's lady; turning to Mr. Jefferson, she asked him if he did not live close by *Carter's Mountain*. "Very close," he replied, it is the very next mountain to Monticello."

"I suppose it's a very pleasant place," persisted the lady, not perceiving the significant frown of her husband, or the irrepressible smiles of other gentlemen.

"Why yes," answered Mr. Jefferson, smiling, "I certainly found it so."

Then, catching a glimpse of her husband's countenance, she forbore any further inquiries on the subject, and not being able to think of any thing else, which she supposed might be interesting to the President, continued silent during the rest of the entertainment.

One great reform in dining parties was made by Mr. Jefferson; instead of remaining for hours at table after the ladies had withdrawn, at his parties, the gentlemen after taking two or three glasses of wine, left the table and took their coffee in the drawing-room, which custom not only preserved temperance, but promoted the most refined social enjoyment.

The whole of Mr. Jefferson's domestic establishment at the President's house, exhibited good taste and good judgment. He employed none but the best and most respectable persons in his service. His maitre d'hôtel understood his business to perfection, having served in some of the first families abroad. The excellence and superiority of his French cook, were universally acknowledged even by those accustomed to the best tables, and no one surpassed him (viz. Americans) in the variety and costliness of his wines. In his entertainments, republican simplicity was united with epicurean delicacy, while the absence of splendour and profusion, was more than compensated by the neatness, order and elegant sufficiency that pervaded the whole entertainment.

He secured the best services of the best domestics, not only by the highest wages, but more especially by his justice, moderation and kindness, and by the interest he took in their comfort and welfare—Without an individual exception, they all became personally attached to him. It was remarked by one, often an inmate of his family, that their watchful, cheerful attendance, seemed more like that of humble friends, than of mercenary menials. On the breaking up of his establishment, every one of his domestics on leaving his service, was, by his generous interference, enabled to obtain some advantageous employment for themselves, and in losing him, felt as if they had lost a father. In sickness, he

was peculiarly attentive to their wants and comfort, often to the sacrifice of his own convenience. On an occasion when the young family of one of his domestics had the whooping cough, he wrote to a lady residing some distance from the city, requesting her to send him the recipe for a remedy, which he had heard her say had proved effectual in the case of her own children, when labouring under that disease. This lady relates another instance of his kind consideration of the case of his servants.

She, one day as she was passing through a small parlour, adjoining his cabinet, leaning on his arm, noticed a piece of furniture of rather singular form, and struck by its beauty as well as novelty, stopped to inquire its use; he touched a spring, the little doors flew open, and disclosed within a goblet of water, a bottle of wine, a plate of light cakes, and a night-taper.

"I often sit up late," said he, "and my wants are thus provided for, without keeping a servant from his rest."

The place of coachman was little more than a sinecure, as his handsome chariot and four beautiful horses were never used, except when his daughters were with him, and even then it was seldom he allowed four horses to be driven, never, unless distance or bad roads made it necessary.

He was opposed to ostentation and mere display of any kind, and sometimes carried his plainness and simplicity farther than the most democratic taste would have required, in this instance particularly, as the driving four in hand was the general custom among the old and wealthy families in all the southern states—likewise, of the foreign ministers, and it was not for a long time that they dispensed with this distinction and followed the example of the President.

Eventually, it was generally adopted, no President, since Mr. Jefferson, using more than a pair of horses, and it has become a rare sight in our city to see a coach and four.

Scarcely any weather, however severe or oppressive in winter or summer, prevented Mr. Jefferson from taking his daily ride on horse-back/alone and unattended. This was one of his greatest enjoyments; added to the exhilarating effects of exercise in the open air, were other pleasures he highly prized—that freedom of thought and feeling solitude only can insure, and best enjoyed amid the works of nature, of which he was a fond lover and great admirer.

He used to explore the most lonely paths—the wildest scenes along the high and wooded banks of the Potomac, or among the hills, and woods, and valleys of the beautiful country, which in every direction surrounds the city. He was passionately fond of botany—not a plant, from the lowliest flower, to the loftiest tree, escaped his observation. Dismounting from his horse, he would climb rocks, or wade through swamps, to obtain any plant he saw and desired, and seldom returned from these excursions, without a variety

of specimens of the indigenous productions of our native soil, it being a favourite plan of his, to use these, in exclusion of all foreign trees and plants, in ornamenting the public grounds of our metropolis. This idea imparted an additional interest to his botanical researches, and in reference to it, he had a long list made out, in which they were classed according to their forms, colours and the seasons in which they flourished.

To him it would have been a high gratification, in every way to have improved and ornamented our infant city, but with a power so limited, the only thing he effected, was the planting of Pennsylvania avenue with a double row of Lombardy poplars, which he designed as a merely temporary plantation, only to remain until the willow-oak (a favourite tree of his) and other more durable and beautiful trees should yield a sufficient shade. But this and many similar plans had to be relinquished.

One day at the dinner-table, when conversing on this subject, he suddenly exclaimed, "I wish I possessed despotic power!"

All looked surprised, and one of the company said "You, you wish for despotic power?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Jefferson, "for by no other means can I preserve the noble forest trees that are still left growing in different parts of the city-grounds. It seems to me akin to murder to cut down trees that have been the growth of ages; yet I am powerless, and cannot prevent the ruthless destruction that is going on. Such trees! to be cut up for fuel! trees that would form such durable and magnificent ornaments around our capitol, covering, as they now do, the whole hill and adjacent grounds. Yet I cannot save them!"

"Why not purchase them, since they are to be sold?" asked one of the guests.

"The President of the United States has no funds for such a purpose," replied Mr. Jefferson.

He was anxious to put the grounds immediately around the President's house in order, but, as congress would make no appropriations for this or similar purposes, he had to abandon the idea, and content himself with enclosing it with a common stone wall. When the *grisly bears* brought by Capt. Lewis from the *far west*, (where he had been to explore the course of the Missouri,) were confined within this enclosure, a witty federalist called it "*The President's bear garden.*"

With a view to improve the market gardens about the city, Mr. Jefferson often visited and supplied the gardeners with the seed of fine and rare fruits and vegetables, which, by his desire, were transmitted to him by our consuls, who vied with each other in collecting the best to be found, in the different countries where they were located. These he not only distributed himself, but accompanied his gifts with the information necessary for their proper culture and management, and throughout the season would occasionally call and watch the progress of their growth. This attention excited the emulation of our horticulturists,

and was the means of greatly improving our markets, and for their further encouragement, he ordered his steward to give the highest prices for the earliest products of their gardens. There were two nursery gardens that he took a special interest in; both were located in situations of romantic beauty, one on the banks of the *Eastern Branch*, the other on those of the Potomac. To these he frequently resorted, as he found in their proprietors an uncommon degree of scientific information and an enthusiastic fondness for botanical researches.

Although the President made no visits in the city, he would sometimes call on acquaintances whose houses he passed in his rides, would show a lively interest in their rural improvements, and where he discovered a taste and fondness for such objects, would always share with them the plants and seeds he received from abroad.

Mr. Jefferson was known in Europe as much, if not more, as a philosopher than as a statesman. Whilst minister at the court of France, he lived familiarly in a circle of literary and scientific men, formed of distinguished savans from all parts of Europe. He was the successor of Franklin, not only in his diplomatic, but likewise in his scientific and social relations. On introducing Mr. Jefferson to his chosen and most intimate friends, Dr. Franklin expressed his hope that his friend might succeed to the same confidence and the same privileges which he himself had enjoyed.

"Pray," said Mr. Jefferson, smiling, "secure for me the most flattering and delightful of all those privileges, that of being saluted by your fair friends."

"No, no," replied the venerable philosopher, "you are too young for that; it was my gray hairs procured me that distinction."

Mr. Jefferson's acquaintance in this distinguished circle of learned men, made him well-known throughout Europe, and when he became President, his reputation as a man of letters, induced many literary and scientific men to visit our capital. Among others, Baron Humboldt.

One day, in answer to some inquiries put to him, this celebrated traveller replied, "I have come not to see your great rivers and mountains, but your great men." Of these he held Mr. Jefferson in the highest estimation. On the arrival of the Baron on our shores, he hastened to Washington, and during his stay, he passed some hours of every day with Mr. Jefferson, who not only paid him every attention due to his high character, but what seemed still more acceptable to the Baron, showed him the cordial hospitality and kindness of a friend. In fact he became domesticated in the President's family, and visited him at any hour without form or ceremony.

Baron Humboldt formed not his estimate of men's manners by their habits or conventionalisms: refined as was his taste, and polished as were his own manners, he was neither shocked or disgusted, as was the case with the British minister, (Mr.

Foster) by the old-fashioned form, the ill-assorted colours, or simple materials of the dress of our republican President, but, indifferent to these external and extrinsic circumstances, he quickly discerned and highly appreciated the intrinsic qualities of this philosophic statesman, beneath the homely costume and simplicity of manner which had concealed them from the more fastidious diplomat.

Not so with the Baron's young friend and companion, Don Carlos Montufar, the grandson of the viceroy of Peru; he was not only disappointed but absolutely shocked at the absence of all attendance, etiquette, and splendour in the presidential mansion. "I could scarcely believe the fact," said he, "that it was the President of the United States I was presented to; not a person was to be seen outside of the house—for palace I cannot call it—and, when we ascended the steps and rang at the door, it was opened by a servant, not only without livery, but most plainly dressed—without being announced we were led through an empty hall, no guards, no attendants, and ushered into a very plainly furnished apartment, where an elderly gentleman, of still plainer appearance, received us with as little form as if he were the simplest citizen—he shook hands with us! asked us to be seated, and conversed as freely and unreservedly as if we were his equals and friends. How astonishing!—Why at my grandfather's court, the palace is surrounded with guards, the halls and antechambers with officers and attendants, in the richest costume. There every thing bespeaks the viceroy to be the first personage in the country; but here one could not tell your President from any other citizen!"

Though not expressed in precisely these words, such were the impressions made on this young courtier, who, it was evident lost much of his respect for the United States and its government, by what he deemed this semi-barbarous simplicity and equality.

The Baron's visits to the President being thus unshackled by form or ceremony, and not confined to any prescribed hour, he called one evening about twilight, and being shown into the drawing-room without being announced, he found Mr. Jefferson seated on the floor, surrounded by half a dozen of his grandchildren, so eagerly and noisily engaged in a game of romps that the Baron's entrance was not perceived for some moments; when his presence was discovered, Mr. Jefferson started up, and shaking hands with him, said, "you have found me playing the fool, Baron, but I am sure to you I need make no apology."

Another time he called of a morning, and was taken into the President's cabinet; as he sat by the table conversing, his eye was caught by the title of one of the journals, or newspapers, which lay scattered on it, distinguished by its party virulence and violence, particularly by its abuse of Mr. Jefferson, calumnies not only political but personal. "Is it possible," exclaimed the Baron, "that by receiving you encourage this libellous journal!

Why is it not suppressed—its editor fined and imprisoned?"

Mr. Jefferson smiled, saying, "Put that paper in your pocket, Baron, and on your return to Europe, should you hear the freedom of our press questioned, show the paper, and mention where you found it."

A long conversation then ensued on the subject; among other observations, Mr. Jefferson remarked,—"I cannot deny that this freedom of the press sometimes degenerates into licentiousness, yet I look on it as one of the best preservatives of our liberty, of our institutions, of our morals; and that an inquisition into the private conduct of public men has the most beneficial consequences."

"But these base insinuations—these calumnies—why are they not explained—why not refuted?"

"If I cannot live them down, believe me I cannot write them down—actions speak louder than words," replied Mr. Jefferson.

In these sketches, it is not pretended to give the exact words of the speakers here introduced; but the opinions, the facts, the sentiments, and even manner, are faithfully adhered to.

Another foreigner of distinction, who was often with Mr. Jefferson, accompanied him one day when he went out to review the militia and other military companies of the district. As they rode along, the stranger expressed his surprise that the President, being commander-in-chief, should on this occasion wear his citizen's dress, and inquired his reason for so doing.

"To show," replied Mr. Jefferson, "that the civil is superior to the military power."

When this gentleman returned to France, among other inquiries made of him by the emperor, Napoleon asked him, "what sort of government is that of the United States?"

"One, sire," replied he, "that is neither seen nor felt."

Mr. Jefferson held no levées, but received visitors every morning at stated hours, (a practice all his successors in the presidency have adopted,) excepting, however, *New-Year's Day* and the *Fourth of July*. On these public days, not only the President's house, but the whole city was thronged with visitors from the other towns of the District, and the surrounding country.

They were *national festivals*, on which the doors of the presidential mansion were thrown open to persons of all classes, where abundant refreshments were provided for their entertainment. On Mr. Jefferson's accession to the presidency, the mayor and corporation of Washington waited on him, requesting to be informed which was his birth-day, as they desired to celebrate it with proper respect.

"The only birth-day I ever commemorate," replied he, "is that of our independence—the Fourth of July."

During his administration this was indeed a gala-day in our city.

The well uniformed and well appointed militia

of the DISTRICT, the Marine Corps, &c. &c., after parading through Pennsylvania Avenue and the roads, rather than streets, of our almost houseless city, formed on the open-ground in front of the President's house. The gay appearance of the troops, their martial music, enlivened the scene, and exhilarated the spirits of the crowds of coun-

try people and citizens, assembled from all parts.

At that time there were no buildings—no enclosures in the vicinity of the President's house, but an extensive and verdant common, where the inhabitants found pleasant walks, and the herds and flocks abundant pasture, on the day of this national festival.

TO THE WHITE-WINGED BUTTERFLY.

INSECT of the snowy wing,
Trembling 'midst the Linden's green,
White as snowdrop of the spring,
Dimly through its foliage seen—

Living flowers, fair and bright,
Clustering 'mid the tender leaves,
Looking like the blossoms white
Which the young Clematis weaves—

Tell me, in this cool twilight,
Little stranger, of thy home,
Whence thy sudden timid flight,
What has lured thee forth to roam?

Has the south wind borne thee up,
With its gentle loving breath,
From the proud Magnolia's cup,
Or the Woodbine's humble wreath?

What attracts thy restless wing
To the city's sultry air,
While on hill and dale there spring
Flowers that woo with odours rare?

Dost thou call me fair and bright?
Still remember I the day

When a worm, I met thy sight,
Loathing, thou didst turn away.

Yet within the lowly worm,
Wrapped as with a garment lay
The white wings, the graceful form
Thou hast welcomed so to day.

Dost thou marvel at the change
Which a few short days have brought,
Faith can point to one more strange,
In thy future shall be wrought.

Though thy life be full of care,
Though despised thy lot may be,
And life's burden thou dost bear,
Panting, struggling to be free—

Yet if faith be strong and bright,
In a few short days shalt thou
Wear in heaven the garments white,
And the crown upon thy brow.

Washed from every stain of sin
Which the soul from earth has caught,
Grateful wonder shall begin
At the change within thee wrought.—F. H.

THE ARETHUSA.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBBINS.

Not in gardens stately,
The Arethusa groweth;
Not by the way side
Her rarest beauty showeth.

In wet lonely meadows,
She waits for those who seek;
Bending on her leafless stem
Her crowned head so meek.

Her crystal purple petals,
With pearls and gold adorned:
She looketh like a fairy,
Leaning on her wand.

I think of fair sweet children,
In strange places scattered;
When I meet the Arethusa
With meadow damps all watered.

When I weep to think of them,
I dry my tears and say,
That innocence must needs be safe,
And dwell with God alway.

Out of dreariest places
It will an Eden make;
Earth is still an Eden
For its own dear sake.

SUBJECTS FOR PAINTERS.

BY W. R. SMITH, ESQ.

"CARMAGNOLE"—THE POPULAR SONG.

CARMAGNOLE! This word, my readers, recalls to our recollection a most horrible song.* Let the young men of the present age thank God that they did not come into the world, until, after a reign of ten years, it began to be obliterated from the memory of the people, as the roarings of the lion, and the howlings of the hyena are extinguished in the depths of the wilderness.

The *Carmagnole*, born in a debauch of blood, written within the myriads of a prison, amidst the vociferations of tumultuous mobs, and the cries of victims slaughtered in their dungeons, quickly spread itself through the city, passing from quarter to quarter, from crossway to crossway, terrifying men and leaving women only strength enough to draw close within their arms their little children, to protect them against an infuriated populace, which engulfed itself in the streets, and rolled by like a thunder-storm.

PICTURE I.—This song was howled like a death-cry at the doors of the coach of a poor queen, pale and beautiful, whom her frenzied people brought back a prisoner to her capital. The crime of this noble woman was a holy one; she had not sought her safety in flight because she believed herself to be too young to die; but because she felt herself to be too good a mother, not to be willing to save her children, even at the price of the crown of France.

PICTURE II.—One day, whilst this courageous mother slept on the straw of her prison, she was awakened with great surprise, on hearing cries of joy. They were dancing before the Tower of the Temple, to the chorus of the Revolutionary hymn. She raised herself to smile at the gaiety of her people. As she advanced towards the window, she saw through the bars a friendly face, that seemed to *rise up* before her. The head rested itself at the grate of the loop-hole, and inclined itself, but without a smile.

"My poor Lamballe!" said the queen, believing herself still under the influence of a vision,— "how pale she is! doubtless it is from my griefs that she has suffered; her eyes are closed! perhaps, not to look upon my misery. But, take courage—look at me!" added the noble captive; her hand was extended, as if to touch the hand of

her friend; but immediately the head made a movement towards the top of the window, and the hand of Maria Antoinette encountered only the humid and clammy wood of a pike. As for the body of the princess de Lamballe, it was torn in fragments, spread in the kennels of the streets, where the loud voice of the populace cast to the winds the chorus of the *Carmagnole*!

PICTURE III.—When the widow of Louis XVI. appeared before her judges, eager to cast before the executioner a second royal feast, the concert of voices which so decreed mingled with their imprecations the burthen of the *Carmagnole*!

PICTURE IV.—When the daughter of Maria Theresa offered to the eyes of the world the doubly terrible spectacle of a condemned young female, and of a queen of France, upon the scaffold, a bloody *round* which was gnashed, and snarled, from the foot of the instrument of punishment, twice interrupted the prayer which she addressed to God for her two orphans! This last *round* of brutal uproar was still the chorus of the *Carmagnole*!

In the name of humanity, we ought doubtless to proscribe this word from our dictionaries; but, to efface it altogether from our recollection, we would also lose the memory of a great captain, whom the ingratitude of men has immortalized; and who, to render that memory more popular still, bequeathed to his *costume* the name which he had rendered so illustrious by his life.

CARMAGNOLE—THE GREAT MAN.

PICTURE I.—Not far from the right bank of the Po, near to Turin, in the year 1405, there was a young lad of fifteen years of age, skilful, if it can so be called, in guarding the flocks of his farm. Neither voracious beast, pressed by famine, nor soldier living on plunder, was able to put his vigilance in fault; as for braving his courage, some had dared it, but all had also cause to repent of their temerity. "A free-hearted shepherd, like Francis Bartholomew Busoni," was the common expression throughout the country, to designate an intelligent and courageous guardian of the flocks.

At that time, while Francis kept his eyes on his sheep, and each evening conducted his well-fed flock to the sheep-fold of the farm, war spread itself over Italy like a net of swords and lances; so much so that the highways were overrun night and day by bands of condottieri, (free troops,) who made a market of their blood, with those who

* During the period of the French Revolution, I have daily and nightly heard this song *roared out* in the streets of Philadelphia by boys, and children of a larger growth. Two lines occur to my memory.

« Dan sous La Carmagnole,
Vive le bon du canon! S.

were willing to pay for it, provided that the sack and pillage of towns taken by assault was granted to them.

Facino Cani was one of these partizans, or seekers of party, for the condottieri troubled themselves little about fighting for Venice, Genoa, Milan, or Turin. Their banner was their pay; their country the tent which sheltered them, whether its standard was the evangelical lion of St. Mark, or the silver cross of Sardinia. In those times it was necessary to be noble, to command regular troops; but, to be a chief in the free companies of Facino Cani it was only requisite to despise danger, and to possess a knowledge of those arts of war which deceive an enemy and decide a victory.

As Francis slept one evening, by the highway, at that hour when the sun, in setting, tinges the transparent heavens of Italy with the glimmering lights of a conflagration, a man stopped near the young shepherd; for some time he contemplated that sunburnt countenance, on which one might believe that he could read "strength and courage."

"Rise," said the traveller.

Francis opened his eyes and sprang to his feet.

"The form of a man," added the stranger, scanning him with admiration.

"And the heart of a man also," replied Francis, raising his arm, as if to punish a troublesome meddler, who had so lately and rudely interrupted his sleep.

"I am Facino Cani," continued this inspector of men.

The shepherd's arm remained a moment suspended, then, without striking, it fell mechanically; the name of the partisan inspired all with terror or respect.

"Yes," added he, "Facino Cani, who from a private soldier in the troops of Visconti, has made himself Prince of Tortona, and of Verceil, because heaven belongs to God, and the earth to men of courage."

"In that case," said Francis, "I have my portion of the inheritance to demand from Italy."

"And here is the key of your ducal castle," added Facino Cani, whilst girding to his side a great heavy sword.

The eyes of Francis shone like two meteors, and he followed the soldier-prince, who traversed the country, recruiting for his army all those who with the mould of a man had a thirst for military dignities.

PICTURE II.—In 1424, in the capital of Milan, was celebrated the marriage of the Count of Castel-Nuovo, and Antoinette Visconti, niece of Philip Maria, Duke of Milan. The Palace Del Broletto, built for the new married couple, resounded with songs of festivity. The escutcheons suspended on the wainscots of the hall of honour, told with what titles the sovereign duke honoured the subject of his royal alliance. Here, might be read "Capture of Plaisance," there "Surrender

of Brescia;" farther on, "Siege of Bergami;" on one side, "Milan reconquered;" on the other, "Reunion of Genoa to the Ducal Crown;" and, in the centre of a trophy, was raised, upright and resplendent, the great naked sword given by Facino Cani to the shepherd Francis Bartholomew Busoni, successively become captain, under the name of Carmagnole, and finally count and nephew of the Duke of Milan.

PICTURE III.—In 1425, a man accused of having excited the enthusiasm of the soldiery, by his courage; of having gained to himself the love of a conquered people, by his moderation in victory; in fine, of having struck a blow at the power of his master, by elevating himself above him, in the admiration of strangers; a man, we say, sorrowfully pursued the road to Venice. He left far behind him immense properties, confiscated by the avarice and injustice of his sovereign. Ignorant where to find a shelter, the proscribed carried away nothing with him, except the great sword of Facino Cani, and the imperishable glory which would deservedly ever attach itself to his name. It is said that one evening, overcome with fatigue, he knocked at the door of a miserable cottage, and having nothing wherewith to pay for his lodging he risked his banished name to obtain a place at the table of the poor inhabitants.

At the mention of this name, the whole family fell at the feet of the great general; the women offered him their attentions, the men the sacrifice of their lives; and a little child was surnamed Felice e Glorioso (happy and glorious), for having, in his play, touched the pommel of the sword of Carmagnole.

PICTURE IV.—In 1430, at Venice, there was a general of fortune, whom even princes in the service of the Republic honoured themselves in obeying. Escaped from the poignard of an assassin sent against him by Philip Maria of Milan, in order by a murder to acquit himself of a debt of gratitude, the new Venetian general received from the hands of the Doge, at the altar of St. Mark, the standard of chief and the baton of commander, which conferred upon him supreme power over all the land forces of the Venetian territory. This man, laden with honours and with wealth, who daily extended the boundaries of the Republic, and consolidated its power throughout, was still Carmagnole.

PICTURE V.—On the 5th of June, 1432, between the two colonnades of the Piazzetta,* the officers of justice brought a man, gagged, and bound with cords. The hangman's assistant forcibly bent his head upon the block, and the chief executioner raised his axe on the naked and bruised neck of the victim, already half dead with the pangs of the torture. The crime of which they publicly reproached him, was, of having sent back to their ploughs four hundred prisoners of war; the offence of which they secretly accused him,

* Little square of Venice.

was, of having merited the confidence of the senate, by being unable to violate his oath to the Republic, without ruining it by his defection. He never had dreamed of perjuring himself; as they could not wrest from him any part of his power over the army without failing in the gratitude which they owed him, they instituted unjust proceedings against him. The senate conceived that there would be less ingratitude in putting him to death than in exhibiting any mistrust or jealousy towards him, after the services he had rendered.

We have no need to add, that this man, who had lived the life of heroes, and who died the death of criminals, was still the humble shepherd, the companion of Facino Cane, the preserver of Philip Maria of Milan, the Protector of the Venetian Republic; in a word, Francis Bartholomew Busoni, called Carmagnole.

JANOT—THE CARICATURE.

A wild effusion of blood made the name of Carmagnole popular; a wild effusion of wit brought that of Janot into fashion. If Callot, of facetious memory, as was formerly said, and of splendid fame, as we may now say, did not engrave that burlesque figure, in the midst of the orgies of an ale-house, it is because Callot, dull and grave, like all great comical characters, severe in his manners, and affected in his costume, walked from the palace to his engraving shop, without stopping, like the good fellows of his time, in the inns which he found on his way.

Janot with his butterfly tied before him, at twice his arm's length, and who stretched out his hand to seize the insect, which always outstripped him; Janot with his lantern lighted at mid-day, and who trembled at the least puff of wind, lest the flame should be extinguished, and he should only have the light of the sun left, by which to grope along the streets; Janot with his fine knife, completely new, to which he has never yet had but two new blades, and three ebony handles; Janot, we say, remains in our memory, as the gayest specimen of human stupidity. He it is, who, between two letters that the postman brings in his box, chooses the largest one, although the other is addressed to him; he it is, who, having been sent to market, relates that he has just bought a pair of shoes of three years old for a child of two shillings; it is still he, who, being charged with the care of the kitchen, puts the live charcoal into the porridge-pot, in order that the beef shall boil the faster. Howsoever he speaks, whatsoever he does, Janot is an object of laughter; one step further, he will excite our pity; he will become an idiot.

JANOT—THE HERO.

In 1525, when the Imperialists entered Champagne; when the English ravaged Picardy; when the Spaniards passed the Pyrenees, to dismem-

ber the kingdom of Francis the First, and the Milanese detached themselves town after town, piece by piece, from the inheritance of the successor of Louis the Twelfth; in fine, in that disastrous year there yet remained to the French a last place of defence on this side of the Tessino, that river which admiral Bonivet had been compelled to repass so shamefully.

PICTURE I.—The castle of Cremona lost, and an end was put to the French possessions in Italy. He who guarded the post, inspired his soldiers for a long time with confidence and with courage. The place had at first been largely provisioned, but at length their resources failed them. The enemy was at the gates; he proposed an honourable capitulation; the French commander personally offered his life to those of his garrison who spoke of yielding to the place; he even turned the point of his sword against his own breast, ready to die on the first word of surrendering the castle. Upon this, the messenger was sent back with so formal a refusal to yield that nothing remained for the besieged but to prepare themselves for new conflicts.

PICTURE II.—Days passed, and Bayard, who ought to have relieved the courageous defenders of Cremona, appeared not on the plain. Nevertheless, emaciated arms with pain raised the arquebuss; eyes almost extinct sent at random the shot against the enemy. Each evening they mustered, and each evening their ranks, thinned by famine, occupied less space at the hour of military call. At length no more than seven remained to defend the castle; seven phantoms without voice, and almost in delirium, possessing no longer the human visage, but always obeying, as if instinctively, a chief attenuated like themselves, and who dragged himself along the ground for want of strength to die above it!

PICTURE III.—At length the French standard floated at a distance on the route. Bayard broke through the enemies' lines, and arrived in time to receive these words of the commander, who only awaited the coming of a deliverer, to surrender his soul to God:

"You have greatly delayed!" said he, and the brave man expired!

He who sustained even to the extremity of human courage the confidence of his soldiers; he whom Bayard judged worthy of his esteem, and who merited it so well, the good captain who retarded perhaps for one day the loss of Milan, was named Janot. Why he has not obtained an equal celebrity with that of his grotesque namesake, may be conceived. We remember Gautier Garguille, the buffoon,—we forget that this same Gautier Garguille expired with grief on learning the death of a friend. The biographical dictionaries have had no place to give to Janot d'Herbouville, and we ourselves, in consecrating to him one recollection, do not expect to have done any thing for his memory; the Janot of the theatre has many more claims on popularity.

THE WAY TO BRING HIM BACK.

BY MISS LUCY AUSTIN.

Dear Julia:—Here I am at last at Niagara, in the midst of a tremendous crowd, and I cannot tell you how shy and frightened I feel, nor how often I wish myself back again in our old-fashioned, quiet parlours. But do not think I am discontented. It is not that. I could not be so undutiful to my dear old grandfather and grandmother, who have undertaken this journey merely on my account. I am glad to find they are none the worse for their fatigue, and are very much pleased with every thing around them, which is more than I am. You ask me to tell you the names of the people here; how can I undertake such a task? Crowds of old ladies, crowds of young ones, and gentlemen to match. I know about seven of these people to speak to, so you may imagine how I feel among them. The dinner-bell is ringing, and I have no time to say any more, but do you write to me soon, and tell me how my canary birds are, and if you take good care of them. I think the small one is very delicate,—pray do take care of him.

Yours, affectionately,
MARY SPENSER.

Dear Mary:—I received your letter, and was never so disappointed since the time I spilt the ink over my new ball-dress last winter. Is that the way you write from Niagara? I never heard any thing like it. See what it is to be a favourite of fortune, petted to death by a doting grandfather and grandmother. I expected a long list of beaux and flirtations! I expected a letter seven or eight pages long, describing all sorts of enchanting things, and behold!—you send me a miserable little epistle, complaining how tired you are, and that you only know seven people, and you don't say whether it is seven ladies or seven gentlemen, (I should think seven gentlemen were a very good beginning;) and you wind up with your canary birds. Really, I have no patience with you; it would have been much better if your grandfather and grandmother had left you at home with your canary birds, your proper sphere, and taken me to Niagara! Yours, &c.

JULIA.

My Dear Julia:—Don't be offended at the stupidity of my last letter, nor that I have written to you since. Really, I have so many acquaintances that they take up all my time. There are several very agreeable gentlemen here; and you know I always was very fond of walking. There is a very pleasant family of Conynghams here; and

we ride on horseback in large parties. One of the Miss Conynghams I like particularly, and the mother is a sweet woman. Excuse that great blot, I heard somebody knock at my door, and I laid down my pen to go and see who it was. A servant handed me a bunch of beautiful flowers, with Mr. Howard's compliments! I wish you could see them, or smell them. I will put one little flower in the letter. We dance every evening, and I am so tired by the time I go up to bed, which is seldom before midnight, that I can never snatch a few minutes then to write to you, as I meant to do. I do not want to come home at all. The very mention of such a thing distresses me beyond measure. Yours,

MARY SPENSER.

My Dear Mary:—Coming on finely! coming on finely! This is something like life,—walks! and rides! and bunches of flowers! I have no doubt but that it is very delightful. I don't wonder that you are not anxious to come home; a week often makes a great difference in a person's sentiments; but I never saw such a change as in you.

JULIA.

From Frank Howard to his friend Sam Wilmot.

Dear Sam:—Come on here as fast as you can! Come to Niagara, and you will never want to go away. We are very crowded here; but I say, the more the merrier;—there are a great many beautiful girls here from all parts of the Union. Last week I was very much in love with a fair blue eyed beauty, from Virginia; but somehow or other on Sunday I was very much taken with a lady with great black, Spanish looking eyes. Since then, she and I have flirted at a great rate. Remember, if you come here, no interference in that quarter. When shall I expect you?

FRANK HOWARD.

Samuel Wilmot to his friend Frank Howard.

Dear Frank:—At it again old fellow! So I must beware of a pair of Spanish black eyes, must I? or I shall have a Spanish dagger pointed at me! Why, you know I can't come sooner than a week from the date of yours, and by that time the Spanish lady will have been succeeded by - - - how many, Frank?

Dear Julia:—I would not come home for any thing in the world; it is a perfect Paradise here. Last night I had a most delightful serenade, by moonlight. Mr. Howard promised me one yes-

terday; but I did not believe him. I am going out to walk with him directly, and the mean time I devote to you. I wish you knew Mr. Howard; I am sure you would like him; he is so very agreeable, and so—so—I don't know what to call it; but he has so much of that devotion of manner of which I have so often heard you speak, and which is so fascinating, although it means nothing at all. Dear me! I am so thirsty, and I cannot get a drink, my tumbler is filled with flowers; and I might go the lengths of drinking out of my pitcher, but that is filled with flowers too. One must do without many conveniences, at such a place as this; but it is all amply compensated for.

Your affectionate friend,
MARY SPENSER.

Dear Sam:—I am sure I don't know what you mean by Spanish eyes. Dark hazel ones, you mean, and a soft voice, and a light step. Sam! Sam! you are welcome to all the Spanish eyes in the world, only don't dare to approach Miss Mary Spenser. I have been walking with her every day for some time.

FRANK HOWARD.

Dear Julia:—Grandfather is beginning to talk about going home, and I don't know what will become of me. I can't bear to think of going away, and it will be too dreadful. Besides, how can I? This is Wednesday. To-morrow, I am to go to the great rock with Mr. Howard. On Friday he is going to show me a beautiful spring, and on Saturday there are a great many places that we have to walk to. It seems very wrong to be so fond of a strange place, and to prefer it to home; but I cannot help it, indeed I cannot.

Yours, affectionately,
MARY SPENSER.

Dear Sam:—Well, I think you are right, it is just as well for you to stay at home. The weather is not very hot, and I am sure one wastes a great deal of time at these places. I don't think I shall come home for some time. I shall stay at least as long as the Spensers do. Oh, what a girl that Mary Spenser is, and I think she likes me too. There are arrivals by the wholesale every day; but I see none as charming as she; but I hear a noise, and peeping through my blinds I can see a straw bonnet below. Who can it be? I must finish my letter, and run down and see!

Yours, in haste,
FRANK HOWARD.

Dear Frank:—You are a sad fellow! I never saw any one like you, first one and then another; the blue-eyed Virginian succeeded by the black-eyed lady, who was driven out of your heart in turn by Miss Spenser, for whom I tremble very much before this straw bonnet. I look with great impatience for your next letter. Pray, let it come soon.

SAM WILMOT.

Dear Sam:—When I had finished sealing the letter, I ran down stairs to inspect the straw bonnet, and oh! what a pair of dark blue eyes met mine. I leave Miss Mary Spenser to you after this. Miss Elton is really very handsome. I have ordered some flowers for Miss Spenser; I will go after the man and tell him they are to be for Miss Elton instead. I hope it will not be too late.

Yours,
FRANK HOWARD.

Dear Julia:—I am getting tired of Niagara. I shall have no objection now to go home, whenever my grandfather pleases. I wonder how I could have been so delighted here. It gives me no pleasure, now it is so very crowded and so very warm. There are a great many new arrivals, but I do not know any of them. I do not wish to know any of them, Julia. I wish I was at home. I wish I had never come to this place, and yet I was happy, very happy—I am not so now.

No! Mary was no longer happy, and Miss Elton, the new arrival, was the cause of it. Frank Howard had been devoted to her. They had walked together until Mary's heart could no longer resist his fascinations; and now he had left her for another. It was hard to see him paying to Miss Elton the attentions which but the other day had made her so happy. But what could she do? She must suffer in silence. Her tumbler and her pitcher held only water now; but hidden away somewhere were many and many dried flowers—little withered things, faded like the love that had offered them—hidden and secret like the love that now still preserved them. The blow fell hard upon Mary, the spoiled child of prosperity. It was her first disappointment. Her grand-parents had not a great deal of penetration, but they saw something was the matter, and they proposed going home.

At home, Mary was listless. She followed her usual occupations, but took very little pleasure in any of them. She would sit hour after hour at the window, waiting for a footstep that never came;—for while there is life there is hope.

As to Frank Howard, he spent some weeks more at Niagara, flirting first with one, then with another. So it went on all summer.

Poor Mary! Time did not lighten her sorrow. On the contrary, it seemed to increase it; and her grandmother said Mary had had a lazy fit ever since she was at Niagara, and she would never take her there again.

Mary had a little seal, which was very pretty. It was an anchor, with the words "*Hope consoles me.*" She was sitting one cold autumn day, thinking over the merry times she had enjoyed in the summer, and those delightful walks with Frank Howard, and how different it all was now, when her eyes, dimmed as they were with tears, fell on the seal, and she read those words.

Suddenly, the idea struck her of sending this to

Mr. Howard. It might remind him of old times, it might bring back to his mind all those walks in the woods! it might—what might it not do! He had never seen it. So much the better. There could be no harm in sending it then. He could not know whose it was; but Mary fancied that, by a sort of magnetic influence, it might, as belonging to her, awaken a remembrance of her in the heart which she believed had once loved her.

Having set her mind upon this, Mary was not slow to execute it; but we will now resume the story-teller's privilege of opening other people's letters, and see what is going on between Frank Howard and his friend Samuel Wilmot.

My Dear Sam:—You say nobody ever had so many adventures as I have; but here is one I think will puzzle you. Last night I received a paper, containing a very pretty seal, with the words:—“*Hope consoles me.*” It was directed to me in a lady's hand, without any signature, and has the New York post-mark, and I can't imagine who could have sent it to me in this way. Come and see if you can help me to decipher the mystery.

FRANK HOWARD.

Towards evening, Wilmot appeared in his friend's room, and, sitting down, burst into a loud laugh.

“Let us see it. Out with the precious seal! Well, it is very pretty; but, you may depend upon it, it's a hoax.”

“No! it is not. I have had plenty of hoaxes; but this is not one. Do you know I think it is from some young lady who is in love with me.”

“You do?”

“And I mean to search for her, if I have to go all over the Union.”

“You do?”

“Yes, I mean to search for her until I find her, and when I do, I will offer myself to her.”

“You will?”

“Yes.”

“How will you know how to find her?”

“By means of the seal itself. I invite you to the wedding.”

“Thank you.”

Howard was in earnest. He was so amused by this little incident, and his curiosity so strongly excited, that he spared no pains, wherever he went, to try and discover the object of his search. He would mix in society everywhere, and devote himself to the most attractive young ladies, and, when in conversation with them, would introduce somehow or other, the words “*Hope consoles me.*” He would say it as an introduction, speaking of his fear of not pleasing, but would add, I hope to improve, and this *hope consoles me*, or at a parting he would fear never again to meet the lady, and

add, but *hope consoles me*. In vain, nobody ever blushed or took notice of the words in any way—or appeared to attach any particular meaning to them. A year passed away and found him still bent upon this singular purpose—we give an extract from a letter written by him to Sam Wilmot:—

“I begin to be of your opinion now. I begin to believe the seal is a hoax, sent by some fun-loving friend. Indeed, notwithstanding your repeated protestations of innocence, I sometimes strongly suspect you. I have repeated my *watch-word*, as you call it, to dozens and dozens of young ladies, but I am convinced it never yet fell upon a conscious ear. I will go home now, and be quiet; but, on my way, I must pass through New York, and I shall try once more there. Whether I have any success or not, you shall hear from me soon.”

Howard went to New York, and, as he had a great number of acquaintances there, he saw a good deal of society. Being out visiting one morning, there were several ladies in the room. Howard was talking to one of them, who asked him if he knew many ladies in New York.

“No! said Howard, I do not, but I shall pay your city a long visit soon, and *hope consoles me*.”

At these words, a slight figure started up from a corner, and left the room hastily.

This was Mary Spenser. She had cast her bread upon the waters, and it had come back to her after many days. She hastened home, thinking to herself how strange it was that not having met the object of her affections for so long a time, her first impulse, on meeting him, was to run away as fast as she could. Poor Mary!

Howard saw her retreat; but did not see her face. He eagerly inquired who she was, and hearing where she lived, immediately hastened thither.

“Are the ladies at home?”

“Yes, sir! will you walk in, sir?”

Howard did walk in, and in a few moments found himself tête-à-tête with Mary Spenser.

“It is long! long since we have met,” said Howard; “but it has been *hope* that has *consoled me*.”

“It never could console me,” replied Mary.

By this time the grandmother appeared, and every thing was explained to her.

In a few weeks Frank Howard had to write to his friend Sam Wilmot, to remind him of the invitation to his wedding, “which,” said he, “is not to take place for some weeks yet. It seems a long time to wait, but *hope consoles me*.”

THE PRISON VAN; OR, THE BLACK MARIA.*

BY JOSEPH C. NEAL, AUTHOR OF "CHARCOAL SKETCHES," ETC.

"HUSH!—there she comes!"

It was a pleasant summer morning,—brightly shone the sun, and the neighbours gossiped at the door. Nancy polished the handles—Susan had the windows wide open, and, with handkerchief on head, leaned forth to join in the conversation. Mrs. Jenkins had been at market, and paused upon the step, with the provision-laden Polly. There was quite a discussion of the more agreeable points of domestic economy, and a slight seasoning of harmless scandal gave piquancy to the discourse. All were merry. Why, indeed, should they not be merry? Innocent hearts and balmy weather—sunshine within and sunshine without. No wonder their voices rang so cheerfully. Even Mr. Curmudgeon, over the way, that splenetic and supercritical bachelor, with no partner of his bosom but a flannel waistcoat, and with no objects of his tender care but the neuralgics and the rheumatics—even Mr. Curmudgeon chirped, and for once granted that it was a fine day, with no reservation whatever about the east wind, and without attempts to dash the general joy, by casting forth suspicions that a storm was brewing. If he said so—if Mr. Curmudgeon confessed the fact—not a doubt can be entertained—it was a fine day beyond the reach of cavil—a day free from the reproach of a flaw—with no lingering dampness from yesterday, and with no cloud casting its shadow before, prospective of sorrows to-morrow.

In short, everything looked warm, cheerful, and gay—the Nancies, the Pollies, and the Susans were prettier than usual—there are pretty days as well as lucky days—when cheeks are more glowing and eyes are more brilliant than on ordinary occasions—when Mrs. Jenkins is more pleasant than is the wont even of pleasant Mrs. Jenkins, and when the extensive brotherhood of the Curmudgeons pat children on the head, and give them pennies—days when one feels as if he were all heart, and were gifted with the capacity to fall in love with everybody—happy days! The day of which we speak, was one of these days—nature smiled, and the people smiled in return. Nature approached as near to a laugh, as was becoming in a matron at her time of life and with

* In Philadelphia, the prisons are remote from the Courts of Justice, and carriages, which, for obvious reasons, are of a peculiar construction, are used to convey criminals to and fro. The popular voice applies the name of "Black Maria" to each of these melancholy vehicles, and, by general consent, this is their distinguishing title.

so large a family, while the people did laugh with the smallest provocation thereto.

"Hush! there she comes!" said somebody, in tones of commingled fear and curiosity.

"Who comes?"

The finger of the speaker pointed steadfastly down the street.

"Who comes?"

"Black Maria!" was the half whispered reply.

Conversation ceased—a shade of gloom passed over every brow—all gazed in the direction indicated—it was a melancholy pause—a pause of sad attention.

"Black Maria," was the unconscious and involuntary response.

The children looked behind them, as if to ascertain whether the doors were open for retreat into the recesses of home, and then peeped timidly and cautiously around the skirts of their mothers. The mirth of their seniors was also checked in mid career.

"'Black Maria,' sissy," said curly headed Tom, and 'sissy' clasped Tom's hand with the energy of apprehension.

"'Black Maria,' Tom!" repeated his aunt, with an air of warning and admonition, at which Tom seemed to understand a whole history, and was abashed.

"Black Maria!"

Who was this strange creature—this Black Maria—that came like a cloud across the ruddy day—that chills the heart wherever she passes? What manner of thing is it which thus frowns gaiety itself into silence?—Black Maria!—Is she some dark enchantress, on whose swart and sullen brow malignity sits enthroned?—or is pestilence abroad, tangible and apparent?

The "Black Maria" goes lumbering by. It is but a wagon, after all—a wagon, so mysteriously named—a wagon, however, which is itself alone—not one of the great family of carts, with general similitude and vast relationship, but an instrument of progression which has "no brother—is like no brother." It creaks no salutation to wheeled cousins, as it wends its sulky way—it has no family ties to enable it to find kith and kin, more or less humble and more or less proud, in the long line of gradation, from the retiring wheelbarrow up to the haughty and obtrusive chariot. It is unique in form and purpose—it has a task which others are unfitted to encounter, and it asks no help in the discharge of duties. It moves scornfully among hacks and cabs, while even the dray appears to regard it with a compound feeling of

dread and disdain. It is, as we may say, a vehicular outcast, hated but yet feared—grand, gloomy and peculiar—a Byron among less gifted but more moral carriages—tragedy amid the niceties of commonplace. Such is the social isolation of the “Black Maria.” Even in its hour of repose—in its stabular retreats, the gig caresses it not, nor does the carriage embrace it within its shafts. The respectability of the stalls shrinks from contact with the “Black Maria,” and its nights are passed in the open court-yard. Nor is it to be wondered at. The very *physique* of the “Black Maria” is repulsive, apart from the refinements of mere association. What is it—a coffin, rude but gigantic, travelling to and fro, between the undertaker and the sexton? Why is it that the eye fails to penetrate its dark recesses? No “sashes” adorn the person of the “Black Maria.” Unlike all other vehicles, it has no apertures for light and air, save those openings beneath the roof, from which a haggard and uneasy glance flashes forth at intervals, or from which protrudes a hand waving, as it were, a last farewell to all that gives delight to existence. Sternly and rigidly sits the guard, in the rearward chamber, and beyond him is a door heavy with steel. It is no pleasure carriage then—it is not used as a means of recreation nor as a free-will conveyance, travelling at the guidance of those who rest within. No—they who take seats in the “Black Maria,” feel no honour in their elevation—they ride neither for health nor amusement. They neither say “drive on,” nor designate the place of destination. If it were left to them, they would in all likelihood, ask to be taken another way, and they would sooner trot on foot for ever, than to be thus raised above contact with mud and mire. They are not impatient either—they make no objection to the slowness of the gait. In short, they would like to get out and dismiss all cumbrous pomp and ceremonious attendance.

But there are bars between—yes, bolts and bars, and there is nothing of complaisance on the brow of him who has these iron fastenings at control. Polite requests would be unheeded, and he has heard the curses of despair—the sobs of remorse—the bitter wailings of heart-broken wretchedness too often to be much moved by solicitations such as these. Nor is he to be shaken by the fierce regards of hardened recklessness. Even the homicide may threaten—red murder itself may glower upon him with its fevered glare; but there is neither weakness nor terror in the hard business-like deportment with which he silences the exuberance of lacerated feeling. He is but a check-taker at the door, and cares nought about the play within. Tears may fall—convulsive sorrow may rend the frame; but what is that to him whose limited service it is to watch and ward—to keep them in and keep them out? To weep is not his vocation, who sits at the door. He has no part in the drama, and is no more bound to suffer than they who snuff the candles for the stage.

His emotions are for home consumption—his sympathies are elsewhere—left behind with his better coat and hat, and well it is so, or they would soon be worn to tatters—all—heart, cloth, and beaver.

What, then, is this “Black Maria,” so jocularly named, yet so sad in its attributes? The progress of time brings new inventions—necessity leads to many deviations from the beaten track of custom, and the criminal, in earlier days dragged through the crowded streets by the inexorable officers of the law, exposed to the scorn, derision or pity, as the case might be, of every spectator, now finds a preliminary dungeon awaiting him at the very portals of justice—a locomotive cell—a penitentiary upon wheels. He is incarcerated in advance, and he begins his probationary term at the steps of the court-house. Once there was an interval:

“Some space between the theatre and grave;”

some breathing time from judge and jury to the jailer,—a space to be traversed with the chances incident to a journey. Constables on foot are but flesh and blood, after all, and an adroit blow from a brawny thief has often laid them prostrate. A short quick evasion of the body has extricated the collar from many a muscular grasp, and once it was a thing of not unfrequent occurrence that the rogue flew down the street, diving into all sorts of interminable alleys, while panting tipstaves “toiled after him in vain.” There were no cowardly, sneaking advantages taken then—enterprise was not cabined in a perambulating chicken-coop—valour had room to swing its elbow, and some opportunity to trip up the heels of the law. But as things are at present managed, a man is in prison as he traverses the city—in prison, with but a plank between him and the moving concourse of the free—in prison, while the horses start at the crack of the whip—in prison, as he whirls around the corner—in prison, yet moving from place to place—jolted in prison—perhaps upset in prison. He hears the voices of the people—the din of traffic—the clamours of trade—the very dogs run barking after him, and he is jarred by rough collisions; but still he is in prison—more painfully in prison, by the bitterness of intruding contrast, than if he were immured beyond all reach of exterior sound, and when the huge gates of his place of destination creak upon their hinges, to the harsh rattling of the keeper’s key, the captive, it may be, rejoices that the busy world is no longer about him, mocking his misery with its cheerful hum.

If it were in accordance with the spirit of the age to refine upon punishment and to seek aggravation for misery, the “Black Maria” would perhaps furnish a hint that the pang might be rendered sharper by secluding the felon from liberty by the most minute interval—that freedom might be heard yet not seen—as the music of the ball-room fitfully reaches the chamber of disease and suffering—that he might be in the deepest shadow

yet know that light is beaming close around him; in the centre of action, yet deprived of its excitements—isolated in the midst of multitudes—almost jostled by an invisible concourse—dead yet living—a sentient corpse.

It is not then to be marvelled at that the "Black Maria" causes a sensation by her ominous presence—that labour rests from toil when the sound of her wheels is heard—that the youthful shrink and the old look sad, as she passes by. Nor is it strange that even when empty she is encircled by a curious but meditative crowd, scanning the horses with a degree of reverential attention which unofficial horses, even if they were Barbary coursers or Andalusian steeds, might vainly hope to excite. The very harness is regarded with trepidation, and the driver is respectfully scrutinized from head to foot, as if he were something more or less than man; and if the guard does but carelessly move his foot, the throng give back lest they should unwittingly interfere with one who is looked upon as the ultimatum of criminal justice. Should the fatal entrance be left unclosed, see how the observant spectator manoeuvres to obtain a knowledge of its interior, without approaching too closely, as if he laboured under an apprehension that the hungry creature would yawn and swallow him, as it has swallowed so many, body, boots, and reputation. Now, he walks slowly to the left hand, that he may become acquainted with every particular of the internal economy afforded by that point of view. Again, he diverges to the right, on another quest for information. Do not be surprised, if he were even to "squat," and from that graceful posture glance upwards to ascertain the condition of the flooring, or sidle about to note the style of the lynch-pins. A mysterious interest envelopes the "Black Maria;" every feature about her receives its comment—she has not a lineament which is not honoured by a daily perusal from the public. She is the minister of justice—the great avenger—the receptacle into which crime is almost sure to fall, and as she conveys the prisoner to trial or bears him to the fulfilment of sentence, she is still the inspirer of terror. There may be some, no doubt—perhaps there may be many—who have forebodings at her approach, and tremble as she passes, with an anticipation of such a ride for themselves. Could upbraiding conscience come more fearfully than in this "Black Maria's" shape, or could the sleeping sinner have compunctions visitings more terrible than the dream in which he imagines himself handed into this penitential omnibus, as an atonement for past offences? What, let us ask, can be more appalling than the "Black Maria" of a guilty mind?

It is a matter of regret that history must be the work of human hands—that the quill must be driven, to preserve a record of the past, and that inanimate objects—cold, passionless, and impartial witnesses—are not gifted with memory and speech. Much has been done—a long array of

successive centuries have fidgeted and fumed; but, after all, it is little we know of the action of those who have gone before. But if a jacket now were capable of talk, then there would be biography in earnest. We would all have our Boswells, better Boswells than Johnson's Boswell. A dilapidated coat might be the most venerable and impressive of moralists. Much could it recount of frailty and the results of frailty, in those who have worn it; furnishing sermons more potent than the polished compositions of the closet. Could each house narrate what it has known of every occupant, human nature might be more thoroughly understood than it is at present. What beacons might not every apartment set up, to warn us from the folly which made shipwreck of our predecessors! Even the mirror, while flattering vanity, could tell, an it would, how beauty, grown wild with its own excess, fell into premature decay. Ho! ho! how the old goblet would ring, as we drain the sparkling draught, to think of the many such scenes of roaring jollity it has witnessed, and of the multitude of just such jovial fellows as are now carousing, it has sent to rest before their time, under the pretence of making them merry! Wine, ho! let the bottle speak. Your bottle has its experiences—a decanter has seen the world.—Thou tattered robe—once fine, but now decayed—nobility in ruins—how sourly thou smilest to discourse of the fall from drawing-rooms to pawnbrokers' recesses. What a history is thine—feeble art thou—very thin and threadbare; still thou hast seen more of weakness, ay, in men and women too, than is now displayed in thine own ruin. Yea, cobble those boots for sooterkin—they are agape, indeed; yet were once thought fit ornaments for the foot of fashion. Leathern patchwork, thou hast been in strange places in thy time, or we are much mistaken. Come, thy many mouths are open, and thy complexion scarce admits of blushing—tell us about thy furtive wanderings.

Let then this "Black Maria" wag her tongue—for tongue she has, and something of the longest—and she would chatter fast enough, I warrant me. Let us regard her as a magazine of memoirs—a whole library of personal detail, and as her prisoners descend the steps, let us gather a leaf or two.

Here comes one—a woman—traces of comeliness still linger even amid the more enduring marks of sin, poverty, and sorrow. Her story has been told before, in thousands of instances, and it will be told again and again and again. There is not much that is new in the downward career of those who fall. It is an old routine. Giddiness, folly and deception, it may be, at the outset—tears, misery, and early death, at the close. Yes, yes—the old father was humble in his ploddings—the mother had no aspirings above her sphere, but she who now is weeping bitter tears, she longed for silks and satins and gay company. It was but a cracked and crooked looking-

glass that told her she was beautiful, but its pleasing tale was easily believed—for perfumed youths endorsed its truth, and whispered Fanny that she was worthy of a higher lot than that of toiling the humble wife of dingy labour. Those secret meetings—those long walks by moonlight—those stories of soft affection, and those brilliant hopes! Day by day home grew more distasteful—its recurring cares more wearying—the slightest rebuke more harsh, and Fanny fled. That home is desolate now. The old father is dead, the mother dependent upon charity, and the daughter is here, the companion of felons, if not a felon herself.

Another!—that dogged look, man, scarcely hides the wretchedness within. You may, if it seems best before these idle starers, assume the mask of sullen fierceness. "Who cares," is all well enough, indeed, but still the thought travels back to days of innocence and happiness. You set out in the pursuit of pleasure and enjoyment, but it has come to this at last; all your frolickings and drinkings—your feasting, your ridings, and your gamblings. You were trusted once, I hear—your wife and children were happy around you. But you were not content. There were chances to grow rich rapidly—to enjoy a luxurious ease all your life, and to compass these you were false to your trust. Shame and disgrace ensued; dissipation environed your footsteps, and more daring vice soon followed. It is a short step from the doings of the swindler to the desperate acts of the burglar or the counterfeiter. You, at least, have found it so. Well, glare sternly around you—turn upon the spectators with the bitter smile of defiance. It will be different anon, in hopeless solitude—the past strewn with the wreck of reputation—the future all sterility.

Here is one who had a golden infancy. Where was there a child more beautiful than he? No wonder his parents thought no cost too great for his adornment. Who can be surprised that carresses were lavished upon the darling, and that his tender years knew no restraint. But it was a strange return in after time, that he should break his mother's heart—plunder his father, and become an outcast in the lowest haunts of vice. Were the graces of Apollo bestowed for such a purpose?

This fellow, now, was destroyed by too much severity. His childhood was manacled by control. Innocent pleasures were denied—his slightest faults were roundly punished—there was no indulgence. He was to be scourged into a virtuous life, and, therefore, falsehood and deceit became habitual—yes, even before he knew they were falsehood and deceit; but that knowledge did not much startle him, when the alternative was a lie or the lash. Had the cords of authority been slackened a little, this man might have been saved; but while the process of whipping into goodness was going on, he paid a final visit to the treasury and disappeared. Being acquainted with no other

principle of moral government than that of fear and coercion, he continues to practise upon it, and helps himself whenever the opportunity seems to present itself of doing so with no pressing danger of disagreeable consequences. Mistakes, of course, are incident to his mode of life. Blunders will occur, and, in this way, the gentleman has had the pleasure of several rides in the "Black Maria."

Here is an individual, who was a "good fellow,"—the prince of good fellows—a most excellent heart—so much heart, indeed, that it filled not only his bosom, but his head also, leaving scant room for other furniture. He never said "no" in his life, and invariably took advice when it came from the wrong quarter. He was always so much afraid that people would be offended, if he happened not to agree with them, that he forgot all about his own individual responsibility, and seemed to think that he was an appendage and nothing more. Dicky Facile, at one time, had a faint consciousness of the fact, when he had taken wine enough, and would say, "no, I thank you," if requested to mend his draught. But if it were urged, "Pooh! nonsense! a little more won't hurt you," he would reply, "Won't it, indeed?" and recollect nothing from that time till he woke next day in a fever. Dicky lent John his employer's cash, because he loved to accommodate, and finally obliged the same John by imitating his employer's signature, because John promised to make it all right in good time; but John was oblivious.

The "Black Maria" has a voluminous budget,—she could talk all day without pausing to take breath. She could show how one of her passengers reached his seat by means of his vocal accomplishments, and went musically to destruction, like the swan—how another had such curly hair that admiration was the death of him—how another was so fond of being jolly that he never paused until he became sad—how another loved horses until they threw him, or had a taste for elevated associations until he fell by climbing—how easily, in fact, the excess of a virtue leads into a vice, so that generosity declines into wastefulness, spirit roughens into brutality, social tendencies melt into debauchery, and complaisance opens the road to crime. We are poor creatures all, at the best, and perhaps it would not be amiss to look into ourselves a little before we entertain hard thoughts about those who chance to ride in the "Black Maria;" for, as an ex-driver of that respectable caravan used to observe, "there are, I guess, about two sorts of people in this world—them that's found out, and them that ain't found out—them that gets into the 'Black Maria,' and them that don't happen to be catch'd. People that are catch'd, has to ketch it, of course, or else how would the 'fishal folks'—me and the judges and the lawyers—yes, and the chaps that make the laws and sell the law books—make out to get a livin'?" But, on the general principle, this argues nothin'. Being catch'd makes no great difference, only in the looks of things; and it happens

often enough, I guess, that the wirc his looking gentleman who turns up his nose at folks, when the constable's got 'em, is only wirc his because he hasn't been found out. That's my notion."

And not a bad notion either, most philosophic Swizzle, only for the fault of your class—a little too deep of generalization. Your theory, perhaps, is too trenchant—too horizontal in its line of division. But it too often happens that the worst of people are not those who take the air in the "Black Maria."

Still, however, you that dwell in cities, let not this moral rumble by in vain. Wisdom follows on your footsteps, drawn by horses. Experience is wagoned through the streets, and, though your

temptations be many, while danger seems afar off, yet the catastrophe of your aberrations is prophetically before the eye, creaking and groaning on its four ungainly wheels. The very whip cracks a warning, and the whole vehicle displays itself as a travelling caution to all who are prone to sin. It is good for those who stand, to take heed lest they fall. But we have an addition here which should be even more impressive in these times of stirring emulation. Take heed, lest in your haste to pluck the flowers of life without due labour in the field, you chance to encounter, not a fall alone, but such a ride as it has been our endeavour to describe—a ride in the "Black Maria."

FOREST WORSHIP.

BY W. G. SIMMS, AUTHOR OF "ATALANTIS," "SOUTHERN PASSAGES AND PICTURES," ETC.

And whence can the prayer of affection
More purely ascend to the sky,
Than from temples whose glorious erection
Still betrays the Great Architect nigh;
Deep woods, in whose solemn recesses,
Tall pines, 'neath whose pillars of might
The spirit looks upward and blesses,
And the shadows grow sacred to sight!

Can the prayer that is breathed by devotion,
Thus hallowed by silence and thought,
And nursed by the deepest emotion
That ever religion has taught,
Be unworthy God's ear because offer'd
In a temple whose majesty shames
The proudest that art ever proffer'd,
For His sacred acceptance and Fame's!

The soul that has drunk from the chalice
Of sorrow and love, and is bow'd,
Needs none of the pomps of the palace,
Nor the cold measured rites of the crowd;
It rather implores the dim regions
Of shadow and silence, and there,
In the sweet hallow'd twilight, are legions
Of angels, to sanction its prayer.

There gather, in pity down-bending,
The blesseddest hopes of the heart;
Dear children, that, never offending,
Have been bidden, while pure, to depart;

Sweet angels, in shapes that have perished,
The mother, the sister, the wife;
All the bright ones that life ever cherished,
All striving to lift us to life!

Their shrine wafis no earthly oblation,
Their temple, pure, lovely and grand,
Still rises, as when, at creation,
It bloomed forth, the work of His Hand:
And well may the devotee falter,
As he thinks on the races of yore,
The myriads who've bow'd at an altar,
Where myriads yet must adore.

Oh! vain is that worship whose vision
Still craves for the gold on the shrine;
Still looks, with an eye of derision,
On the rude scatter'd emblems of mine;
More blessed by far if the blossom
Of faith may be nourish'd and known,
In the depths of the wood, where his bosom,
Can feel but God's glory alone!

And think not the prayer of that being,
O'er whom fortune forever hath smiled,
Can be grateful to him, the All-seeing,
As the offering of misery's child;
Though the former in palace most splended
The rites of acknowledgment gave,
While the latter's frail offering is blended
With the winds of the desert and wave.

SIMILE.

As painters counterfeit the forms,
The loveliest that meet their eyes:
And as men imitate the coin,
Whose value well rewards the guise:

So painted friendship well attests
The real lovely to the view:
And sembl'd love so often met,
But proves how precious is the true.

EUNICE ROOKLEY.

A SEQUEL TO THE STORY OF LEONILLA LYNMORE.

BY MISS LESLIE.

PART THE THIRD.

DURING their ride, the good Andrew Macrimmon entertained Eunice Rookley with an account of the present state of his domain, and of the land that he had added to it since the farm had come into his hands from his father, who had settled there more than half a century ago: half a century in America being as much as a whole one in Europe. And he promised to show her the plaid and the blue-bonnet that his affectionately-remembered parent had brought with him from Scotland. He also stated, with unequivocal symptoms of exultation, that his maternal grandfather "had been out in the '45," and had suffered accordingly. Therefore, he had taken care to bring up all his children staunch Jacobites, and strong rebels; imbuing them with a proper contempt for the royal race of Hanover. "Each of my daughters"—said he—"has charge of a white rose-bush, raised from one that was planted by my honoured father, as soon as he had a place to plant any thing in. And always on the 10th of June, (Prince Charles's birth-day,) they stick white roses in their hair, and the boys and I wear them in our button-holes, and my wife pins one to her side, and fills the old chimney jars with them. I have taught the children the songs I learnt from my respected father, who was a capital singer of our old country ballads. And you have no notion how we give it to the Hanoverians sometimes of an evening. 'Tis a great satisfaction to know that Deacon Howlet, my wife's uncle, had the good fortune to be in New York at the very time the people pulled down the leaden statue of old king George from its pedestal in the Bowling Green, and put a rope round its neck, and hauled it through the streets, and then melted it for the lead, and cast it into bullets. He used to tell this every Fourth of July."

Towards noon they stopped at a road-side inn, to feed and rest the horse, and take a regular dinner, on which Mr. Macrimmon insisted, for the benefit of his old friend the landlord: notwithstanding the ample supplies afforded by Eunice's well-filled basket.

In the afternoon, as they pursued their ride, the good farmer becoming less warlike, descanted eloquently on the subjects of ploughing, sowing, reaping, and mowing; with digressions as to the varieties and properties of different soils. To all this did Eunice Rookley most seriously incline;

for she was possessed of the enviable and ever-popular quality of being a good hearer; particularly when her mind was chiefly engrossed by any private subject of her own. Still it was cheering to find that her thoughts dwelt less on Mr. Stackhouse in the afternoon than in the morning; a sign that time and distance had begun to lessen the impression.

At length they came in sight of Glenbucket; and Eunice recognized the broad old-fashioned mansion, which, though built of wood, was most substantially constructed, and always kept in excellent repair. It exhibited a pleasing contrast of colours: the main house being painted red, with yellow window-frames; and its two wings yellow, with red window-frames. The out-buildings had become so numerous that Glenbucket looked like a small village. Indeed we have seen towns with high-sounding names, that did not make half so good a show. Beside the spacious barn and stables and dairy-house, there was a poultry-house far superior in size and comfort to many of the log-cabins in the new settlements; and an immense sty, in which the pigs were accommodated "like christians," as the neighbours disapprovingly said. A large space was covered by a long low sheep-house, in which the flock in wintry weather was "lodged below the storm." On the farm of Glenbucket all living things, from the cattle down to the pigeons and bees were well-sheltered, well-fed, and well cared-for; and their owner received a rich return for his outlay, in their exemption from diseases, their thriving condition, and the consequent profit they yielded him. To shade the numerous buildings, trees had been transplanted from the woods; but they were trees that produced late autumnal fruit; for instance, chestnuts, walnuts, shellbarks, and persimmons; all of which were improved by cultivation. In the garden no time or money had been expended on rare or exotic plants; but in the summer it was gay with a profusion of flowers that were not the less beautiful for being common; and it was always abundantly stocked with the best vegetables of the season.

A hedge of barberry bushes grew close to the fence that enclosed the apple-orchard, which lay along one side of the broad and well-shaded lane leading up to the house. On the other side were the out-buildings of the farm. On entering this lane, Macrimmon directed the attention of Eunice to the cider-mill which stood under the shel-

ter of an enormous tree, and was then at work, surrounded by immense heaps of ripe apples, that had been gathered in, and laid ready for the press. At the mill were the two younger sons of farmer Macrimmon, lads whose cheeks were as round and as red as the apples with which they were feeding the cider-press. The elder son had gone to Cuba with a cargo of produce from the farm. Their father stopped the chaise to speak to them, and they came and shook hands with their cousin Eunice. From a bench under the tree, rose up a tall perpendicular man, with a remarkably steadfast countenance. The farmer in a low voice informed Eunice that this was Mr. Longman, master of the district school. Mr. Longman selected from the heap an enormous apple, and, advancing with it stiltily in his hand, presented it to Miss Rookley, on being introduced to her; and then he said something about Adam and Eve. The words of the compliment were rather less intelligible than the act; but Eunice gathered an agreeable meaning from them, took the apple with a gracious smile, put it into her capacious reticule, and told Mr. Longman that he was very polite. This information seemed to give him pleasure. Yet, as he walked beside the chaise, while it drove slowly up the lane, he modestly put in a disclaimer, assuring the lady that he had never made politeness his study. She obligingly replied, that there were persons to whom politeness came so naturally as to require no study. He answered with becoming candour, that he had always been a very plain man. Miss Rookley thought it would be better for the world, if there were a greater number of plain people among its inhabitants. Mr. Longman approved the sentiment, but was rather surprised to hear it from a city lady. He assured her, however, that it was by no means his intention to disparage the graces; and that an acquaintance with them was undoubtedly desirable. Furthermore he informed her that the Greeks were generally considered the most polite people among the ancients, and the French among the moderns.

Just then the conversation was stopped by the stopping of the chaise at the door of the house, where all the female part of the family were assembled. Mr. Longman enacted another piece of politeness by assisting Eunice out of the chaise, and giving her his arm into the front-porch, where she was smilingly received by Mrs. Macrimmon, a little plump good-humoured dame, who cordially re-echoed the "welcome to Glenbucket," that her husband bestowed on their cousin; the two pretty pleasant-faced daughters timidly repeating the same.

Eunice Rookley was ushered into a spacious parlour, or keeping room as they called it, where every thing was for comfort and nothing for show. Much of the furniture had been more than forty years in the family. The chillness of the autumnal evening was taken off by an excellent wood-fire, burning upon tall andirons, placed on the cleanest possible hearth, which had been re-

cently repainted with the brightest red. A pitcher of sweet cider, fresh from the press, was then brought in, with a basket of excellent gingerbread, and all present partook of both. Mr. Longman having spoken of the goddess Pomona, and adverted to the undoubted fact that the ancients knew nothing of gingerbread, rose to depart. With praiseworthy forbearance he declined an invitation to stay to supper, but afterwards volunteered to look in at Glenbucket for an hour in the course of the evening, unless the adverse fates should decree otherwise. He took this occasion to inform the family of the impossibility of our knowing what is before us; and Miss Rookley pronounced it a truth.

Our heroine, having been conducted to the very pleasant and comfortable chamber allotted to her, changed her riding-habit for a new dress of mouseline de laine, and a handsome French-worked collar, and rearranged her hair: adjusting her curls according to the instructions of her friend, Miss Glapwell. She then came down and joined the family at the supper-table, which, in addition to tea and cakes and excellent bread, was amply supplied with chickens stewed in cream, and with honey redolent of the delicious fragrance and flavour of the buckwheat blossom; not to mention a large apple-pie, and an equally large custard. All these things Eunice gratified her entertainers by praising exceedingly, and understandingly. She even requested a receipt for the cream-chickens.

Supper being over, the family assembled round a smaller table, the females with their work, (including Eunice,) and the farmer and his sons with the newspapers brought that day from the city. No accident having happened to Mr. Longman, he came according to his prudently conditional promise, and took a seat near Eunice, kindly expressing his hope that she felt no fatigue from her journey. He then talked of Lewis and Clark's journey to the Pacific. Afterwards, seeing Jessy Macrimmon engaged in winding some yarn with a reel, which went rapidly around, he descanted on the centrifugal force; and when she dropped her ball, he spoke of the power of attraction, which causes all substances to fall towards the earth. Her sister Lizzy, having accidentally snuffed out one of the candles, and blown it in again immediately, Eunice could not forbear complimenting her on her dexterity in having so instantly changed an evil omen into a good one. This incident set Mr. Longman to giving the history of the Ghebbers or fire-worshippers of Persia; and from thence, by an easy transition, he went to the first eruption of Vesuvius, during which the elder Pliny perished. Sandy Macrimmon read aloud from a newspaper, the account of a ballet performed by French dancers, at one of the Boston theatres, and the names of some of the most distinguished men of Boston, who went to see them. This reminded Mr. Longman of the invasion of the Gauls, and the subsequent destruction of the Roman senators.

On all these topics he addressed himself particularly to our heroine, who was highly flattered by the distinction, and pleased with the novelty of being talked to on sage and important subjects. She now recollected, with new-felt indignation, that when with *her*, the one unchanging theme of Mr. Stackhouse had always been housewifery. Though pleased at the time (owing to the blindness of love) by his making memorandums in his pocketbook of various information obtained from her with regard to preserves and pastry, she now perceived with opening eyes, that the motives of Mr. Stackhouse must have been entirely selfish; and she was properly scandalized at the idea that in all probability his new wife would avail herself of these very receipts.

Mr. Longman's visit of an hour lasted from seven till eleven; during which time the family were relieved by the dropping in of the nearest storekeeper, who was also postmaster, and talked to Mrs. Macrimmon of some goods he had just got in, and to Mr. Macrimmon of the latest news. The young men also had a visitor, in a friend who had just returned from a whaling voyage. Therefore, Eunice was the person chiefly edified by the dissertations of Mr. Longman, who spoke geologically upon Mount Ararat, and Mount Tom; hydrostatically upon the Red Sea, and Long Pond; and architecturally upon the temple of Luxor, and Providence Arcade.

When all the guests had departed, Eunice gave her opinion of Mr. Longman, pronouncing him the most sensible man she had ever met with. The Macrimmon family all looked down, for they were afraid to look at each other, till the father, *prit la parole*, and signified that with so much knowledge and learning, Mr. Longman, was, of course, a good instructor of children, and that, beside, he was greatly respected in the district, for his probity, kindness, and unimpeachable conduct. The girls were going to say something about his formality, and his tediousness; but their mother checked them with a look, having conceived an idea which she afterwards discussed with her husband, and which both of them thought a good thing.

Eunice Rookley retired for the night highly pleased with the Macrimmons and their house; very glad that she had accepted their invitation, and quite sure that she should find her whole visit satisfactory.

Notwithstanding that our heroine had gone to sleep thinking of Mr. Longman, she found, in the morning, that she had no clear recollection of any of the subjects he had so lengthily discussed the evening before; and that, consequently, her stock of knowledge was not materially increased; and yet she thought she had listened attentively enough. Strange to say she had no difficulty in calling to mind every thing she had ever heard from Mr. Stackhouse. She even remembered his telling her that Mrs. Melton's jelly was never firm, and that Mrs. Harding's quinces were always tough.

Miss Rookley came down to an excellent breakfast with an unconscious disposition to make herself very agreeable, and therefore she succeeded. The morning was spent in going round the farm with her host, and visiting the garden, dairy-house, and all the other houses, with her hostess. Dinner, which was in every thing excellent, took place at twelve o'clock; and, when it was over, Eunice, understanding that calls were to be expected from the neighbours, put on one of her new silk dresses, with pelerine to match. Then, taking her knitting apparatus, with which she commenced a silk purse, for no particular person, but merely as employment for her fingers, she took her seat in the parlour, with Mrs. Macrimmon, who was occupied in the more substantial process of converting a huge ball of yarn into a stocking for her husband.

Various visitors came; and they were all females, (except the minister, who accompanied his wife and daughter,) the male neighbours having little time to perform calls, except in the evening. The impression made by Eunice Rookley on most of the guests, was, that she seemed very sociable, not at all proud, and a desperate housewife. Some expected to find her looking younger, and some older; and all of them afterwards discussed her dress.

There were only two that on comparing notes, after leaving the house, did not approve of Miss Rookley. One of them was Mrs. Rachel Ruggles, who neglected her six children, to write "tales of thrilling interest," for a weekly gazette; and had also the versatility to furnish for the upper half of the first column an unfailing supply of verses to brooks, moons, roses, &c., written expressly for that very paper, copy-right secured. Moreover, Mrs. Ruggles had published the prospectus of a selection of the most heart-sickening, and soul-harrowing of Indian murderings and settlement burnings, with elegant engravings of scalplings and tomahawkings: the whole to be published by subscription, under the title of the *Potawottamies Own Book*—names of subscribers all inserted—any person obtaining twenty-five subscribers to be entitled to a copy gratis. Now this lady regarded Miss Rookley as a very common-place woman, could find nothing interesting about her, and should regard it loss of time to cultivate her acquaintance.

Miss Nettles remarked that Miss Rookley seemed to be all the while talking down to what she appeared to consider the capacity of her country visitors. Miss Nettles had always heard that nothing was more insolent than to talk down to people; and very unsafe, besides, as they always find it out.

Mrs. Ruggles disagreed with Miss Nettles: asserting that Miss Rookley had not sense enough to talk down to anybody. "Besides"—said Mrs. Ruggles—"she might have seen with half an eye that I, at least, am no common person."

To be brief—several weeks passed on, and

"matters went swimmingly." Mr. Longman took to spending all his evenings at farmer Macrimmon's; devoting himself exclusively to Eunice Rookley, while the rest of the family concluded not to mind him: always, in such cases, a wise determination. Therefore they employed themselves, and amused themselves, and had their own talk, in his presence, just as if he was not there. Their father gave private orders to the young Macrimmons carefully to avoid uttering a word that might lessen Mr. Longman in the opinion of cousin Eunice. They all rather exceeded their orders, and lost no occasion of praising Mr. Longman, till at last their cousin Eunice began to look a little embarrassed whenever he was named, which was generally twenty times a day: and, finally, she could no longer seem quite *au naturel* when evening was approaching.

Meanwhile, Mr. Longman was observed to pay unusual attention to his costume, wearing his best coat every night: and he made an important change in the brushment of his hair, which had hitherto gone straight up from his forehead, and was now stroked to one side. He went so far as to compliment Miss Rookley on the colour of her dress: and (knowing no better) he hinted an admiration of her ringlets, and of the firmness with which they kept in curl—even in damp weather, when those of other ladies were all disordered and hanging in strings. Eunice, who now felt that it would be dishonourable to deceive Mr. Longman, candidly confessed that her curls were separate from her head. The gentleman paused a moment; then assured her how much her magnanimous avowal had increased his respect for her. Things now seemed to be tending towards something more than usual, and the Macrimmons by ones and by twos, slipped out of the room. Mr. Longman being now alone with Miss Rookley, informed her that the Roman ladies wore immense masses of false hair; sometimes arranged like a helmet and crest; sometimes in rows of curls, tier above tier, towering to a great height; and sometimes gilt all over, or powdered with gold. From the Roman ladies he diverged to the women of Nootka Sound, who twist their hair into numerous ropes, and anoint it with whale oil. He spoke of the head as an important part of the human frame, and remarked on the pains sometimes taken to disfigure it; which he imputed to the variety of tastes that, he said, prevailed throughout the world. He described minutely the tattooing of their visages by the New Zealanders, some of the patterns being quite ingenious; and he alluded to other savages, who ornamented their faces by thrusting a long fish-bone through the gristle that partitioned the nostrils. He was rather surprised at a nation of Tartars, whose preference was such for square heads and four-cornered faces, that they kept those of their children squeezed between boards to produce that appearance; and he spoke with some disgust of another race that hammered flat the noses of their offspring.

Having thus supplied Miss Rookley with a fund of new and curious knowledge, the promulgation of which occupied him till ten o'clock, he rose and took his leave, complimenting her on her conversational powers, and declaring he had spent a most entertaining and instructive evening.

Next morning, as Eunice did not seem particularly elated, but rather the contrary, the Macrimmons guessed rightly, that they had all vacated the room to no purpose: and they concluded not to do the same thing next evening. Their father advised that affairs should be allowed quietly to take their course, adding,

"Remember, children, when a man wishes to pop the question, it is *his* business to find an opportunity: and he *will* find one, if he really desires it."

"Indeed, father!"—said Jessy Macrimmon—"I have no doubt Mr. Longman would offer himself to cousin Eunice in a moment, only he has never thought of it."

"I wish somebody would put it into his head!"—said Lizzy—"I am sure it would be doing him a great favour to give him a chance of obtaining so good a wife as cousin Eunice, to say nothing of her money; and I am very sure she esteems Mr. Longman well enough to marry him, and be happy."

"Pho, pho!"—said the farmer—"you girls like all these affairs to go on fast—whether they concern yourselves or other people. Let Mr. Longman 'bide his time,' and all will come out rightly at last."

"Remember, too!"—said Mrs. Macrimmon—"that they have only been four weeks acquainted."

"I have thought of it," said Sandy Macrimmon—"I can guess what keeps him back. You know, cousin Eunice, good as she is, is full of notions about signs, and tokens, and dreams, and omens, and even ghosts. Now, all such things are Mr. Longman's utter contempt."

"Very true!"—said the farmer—"he and I have had many arguments about their being put into the Waverley novels. He says they spoil the books. And I, though I never had the least belief in any of those fancies, (and neither had my respected father, Scotchman as he was,) yet I like to read of them, and hear of them; and so ought every body, now and then, provided they do not believe in them. People that read none but true books, and like nothing but plain matter of fact, are apt to be dull, and heavy, and tiresome, however wise and good: though I suppose it is a shame to say so."

"But I have noticed lately!"—said Jessy Macrimmon—"that cousin Eunice never says any thing about signs and dreams before Mr. Longman; and I don't think she ever did: at least, not much. You may remember that the second evening after her arrival, he talked for hours about old superstitions, and the folly of them, and said they could no longer be found, except among the

lowest and most ignorant people. And, though she coloured up, and sat very fidgety, still she did not answer a word."

"I remember"—said Sandy—"and when I accompanied him to the door to let him out, he remarked to me what an exceedingly sensible lady Miss Eunice was."

"He always says that"—observed Charley Macrimmon—"when she has sat silent all the evening."

"Well, well"—said the farmer—"let things take their course, and we shall see what we shall see. If Eunice and Longman like each other, I shall be very glad of the match, for they are both very good people, and I do not think either of them will get better suited; and they have not much time to lose. Then I think they may improve each other; and I am very sure they will be happy together."

"And now, children"—said Mrs. Macrimmon—"do not get into the habit of making any remarks upon them, in their absence; or you will catch yourselves glancing, and looking, and perhaps whispering about them in their presence. And then they will be very justly displeased, and with good cause."

"Right, wife!"—said the farmer—"we must not forget that Eunice Rookley is our invited guest; and therefore we must in no way give her any cause of complaint, or make her feel badly even for a moment."

"I am sure she is very kind and good"—observed Mrs. Macrimmon—"and she has showed me an excellent way of making puff-paste."

When Mr. Longman came next evening, he announced his intention of going to Boston on the following day, to attend to some important business. The time of his return, he said, would be uncertain. He inquired of Eunice, if he could do any thing for her in the city. She answered that she should like to send by him a letter to her mother, and she withdrew to write it. It gave,

like those she had previously transmitted to Madam Rookley, a statement of her perfect happiness at Glenbucket, and the untiring kindness of the Macrimmon family; and she spoke in general terms of the house being every evening enlivened by agreeable and instructive company. Three sides of the sheet were entirely filled; two being devoted to some directions in the culinary line, that were to be read aloud to Charty. In a post-script, our heroine added that she now thoroughly despised Mr. Stackhouse.

Having sealed her letter, our heroine brought it to Mr. Longman, who promised to deliver it himself to Madam Rookley. He then shook hands with all the family, and thanked Eunice for all the agreeable conversation he had had with her, assuring her he should always bear it in mind, through all the vicissitudes that might yet be destined to chequer the term of his uncertain existence. From a man of less formality this would have sounded very much like taking leave for life; but Eunice had, by this time, become accustomed to Mr. Longman's way, and therefore was enabled to bear the parting tolerably well; particularly, as he said, in conclusion, that he still hoped for a happy and speedy meeting, perhaps in less than a week.

The last of October was now approaching, and the Glenbucket family were all busy in preparing for the celebration of Hallow Eve. This was a festival that the Scottish blood of the Macrimmons would never allow them to pass over without duly honouring it with a selection of the observances by which it was formerly celebrated in the land of their forefathers; with this difference, that our young people regarded only as subjects of mirth the traditionary spells which of yore threw round them a half-fearful interest, and were almost if not quite believed in by most of the performers.

(To be concluded.)

TO A YOUNG LADY

WHO REQUESTED OF T. TREVOR A COPY OF VERSES TO HERSELF.

Fanny! in vain I search my brain,
To find a decent rhyme:
The jilting words like new fledged birds,
Keep flutt'ring all the time.
When for thy cheek a match I seek,
The word that comes is rose:
If neck I choose, the jades refuse
All other rhyme but snows.
If form I write, and hunt till night,
No word I take but fine;
And lips themselves flit off like elves,
And leave but blood-red wine.

When mouse and foot in rhyme shall suit,
And hair with soft profusion;
When eye with dove, and heart with love,
Shall breed no rude confusion;
When brow with soul in verse shall roll,
And lily match with hand,
Your charms I'll praise, in fitting lays,
Shall ring through all the land!
Till then, dear girl, the scroll I furl,
And drop th' unwilling pen;
I cannot say the half to-day,
Of what I'll tell thee then.

THERE WAS A TIME!

ADAPTED TO

A BEAUTIFUL AIR FROM THE OPERA OF NORMA,

AND DEDICATED TO

MISS CASSANDRA NISBET.

Presented to the Lady's Book, by J. G. Osbourn, No. 112, South Third Street.

MODERATO.

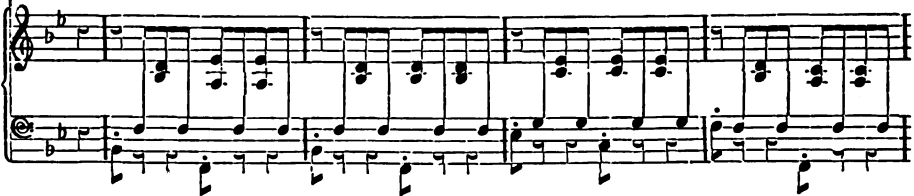


NORMA.

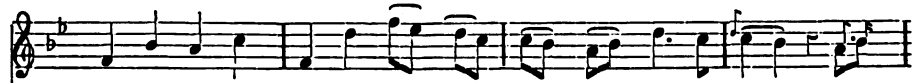
Deh! con - te con - - te li pren - - di, li so - stie - ni, li di - - fen - - di, non ti



There was a time when in a trance My ve - ry soul seem'd bound, When



chie do onori e fa - - sci; a tuoi fi - - gli ei fian ser - - ba - ti prego



Love, caught from thy star - light glance, Turn'd earth to fai - - ry ground. When



sol chel miei non la-----sci schiavi, abbet-ti, abban--do--na-----ti; Bastin

hours flew by-----on ro--sy wings, We did not woo their stay-----Nor

te che di--sprez--za ta che tra----di--ta io fui per--te--

weep their loss, for brighter things Came ev---'ry new born day---

II.

There was a time, the timid blush,
The low sweet faltering tone,
The gentle eyes, the tears' soft gush
That flowed for me alone;
The smile of welcome when I came,
The sigh to see me part,
All outward tokens told my name
Was written on thy heart.

III.

There was a time, thou wert to me
As dew is to the flower;
As moonlight to the summer sea,
As fragrance to the bower;
Those dreamy times are over now,
So cold, so changed thou art!
And clouds have gathered on my brow,
And shadows on my heart!

EDITORS' TABLE.

"THE obsolete fashions, in your Editors' Table, last month, were capital," said Mr. Montague, addressing Mrs. Worthington. "I am as fond of reasoning by comparisons as Fluellen—always bring them to bear whenever possible."

"You allude to the facts and figures we exhibited to prove that the fashions of dress sixty years ago were more absurd and extravagant than at the present day, I presume," said Mrs. Worthington.

"Exactly so, madam," he replied; "and if any course of teaching can insure the reign of good taste in dress, it will be the plan you have adopted, of showing off the follies of bygone modes."

"Oh! look here," said Mrs. Gazelle, laughing, while she held towards him two female heads. "These were

the effect of these extravaganzas very wittily. I can't recall the first lines, but the conclusion runs thus:—

'The face—that erst near head was placed—
Imagine now about the *trist*;
For tour on tour, and tire on tire,
Like steeple bow, or Grantham spire,
Or Septigonian arch at Rome,
(But does not half so well become
Fair lady's head), you here behold
Beauty by tyrant mode controlled.'

"And yet, as Mrs. Gazelle has remarked, when these absurd modes were in vogue, they were doubtless esteemed becoming," observed Mrs. Worthington, "though I do hope we never shall again have these aspiring head-dresses, or such monstrous circumference of skirt as these ladies of 1787 exhibited."



the fashionable head-dresses in 1786, and I dare say the beautiful ladies of those days were often complimented on their good taste! It matters little what the fashions are, while they prevail we usually think them graceful."

"And, certainly, better than the towers and pagodas with which the ladies a hundred years earlier crowned their fair heads," observed Mrs. Montague. "The fine portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds show how the hair was elevated on wires in his day, so that the ladies must have been, in any rural stroll, constantly exposed to the fate of Absalom. The fair daughter of Sir John Evelyn describes



"At any rate, the dress of the belles was not more ridiculous than that of the beaux," said Mrs. Gazelle. "How like a dancing Jack that nice gentleman deports himself! How I should like to see Captain S. in such costume, figuring by the side of Mrs. Z.!"

"And here is another model head-dress of the same period—feathers were then much worn, especially in full-dress dinner parties," said Mrs. Worthington. "I hope they will never become obsolete, as I think them graceful and becoming ornaments, and not very expensive; and ornaments of some kind we shall always find worn."



"But we do not always cut such droll figures as these old fashions show, do we, Mr. Montague?" asked Mrs. Gazelle.

"If we do not all cut figures, we use them," he replied: "and that reminds me of a curious collection of these common phrases and their application, which a friend of mine handed me the other day. Oh, here it is," and he drew from his pocket the following paper, which we hope will amuse our readers as much as it did the ladies to whom he read it:—

We are not aware of the figurative language we constantly use. Our *dress* furnishes an inexhaustible *wardrobe* in which to dress our ideas. We speak of our *habits* generally, whether good or bad; then of certain *habits* individually.

Each garment has been hung up in a proverb—thus, "if the *cap* fits, wear it." "Set your *cap*," is rather a reproachful saying; but, "put a *feather* in your *cap*," and sunshine glances on it—lights and shadows.

What a misfortune "to be put to your—*nether garment*," to be without it altogether, is poverty indeed, much worse than to be "out at elbows."

The skirt is taken for hangers on.

To "throw down the *glove*," is a defiance; to be *collared* is defeat. A man is disgraced who shows "a *white feather*."

To be *ruffled* with cambrics, is ornamental; but to be *ruffled* with temper, is a reproach.

What wife, if she has any regard for her dignity, would have it said that she wore the *breeches*: if she were wise she would rather *cloak* them.

To be *barefaced*, is to be impudent; to be *veiled* is to be modest.

To be *tight-laced* in one's ideas, is as bad as to be tight-laced in one's person. Who does not know, in this season of mercantile embarrassment, what it is to be *pinched*? Extravagance and the times have emptied the *pockets* of the rich. Many who thought their *pockets* deep, have, on sounding them, found them shallow indeed.

The mention of a *straight-waistcoat* fills the imagination with melancholy.

How much sycophancy is indicated by standing *cap-in-hand*.

Hypocrisy often *cloaks* her vices under the appearance of *white-robed* innocence.

There are garments that at once proclaim—if not the man, his station. "The *gown*" denotes the lawyer. A "*silk gown*," a crown lawyer. The Lord Chancellor has *his robes*. The king, "*his ermine*," which is as marked as his crown. The "*tiara*," is the pope—a catechresis, (a part for the whole.) How ardently the Roman youth aspired to the dignity of the *manile*, we all know.

Desdemona lost her life for a pocket-handkerchief; and a favourite of queen Elizabeth's trembled for his bishoprick, when she threatened to *unfrock* him.

Aprons are the aspirations of the British clergy—to their *strings* are attached bishopricks.

The pope has seventy *red hats* in his gift. How ardently they are sought for, and intrigued for, the Roman Catholic history reveals.

"To take the *veil*"—two pictures start up, both of youth and beauty—(every nun, as every bride, is a beauty)—the one renouncing the pomps and vanities of this wicked world for prayer, praise and penance; the other torn from a world she loved by the will of a relentless and ambitious parent, whose sole object for sacrificing the happiness of his daughter, was to leave a larger fortune to his son. Catholicity, you have many such sins to answer for, they cannot be always *veiled*.

None can hear the two words—"the *turbaned*," without knowing that the word "*Turk*" must follow; as certainly as the shadow does sunshine.

We Americans—*European Americans* I mean—are not exactly without *costume*, for no people, taking them as a mass, have so many clothes to put on, but we are a people without a *national costume*.

Ribbons—blue, red, and white, have lured many a hero to his death.

Spurs and garters are noblemen's toys.

Hats, ribbons, spurs, and garters, are *regal* rewards; we republicans are not caught with such trifles.

So ends my *inventory*.

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

"*The Gift for 1844*," is the most superb annual ever published in this country. It is a large octavo of 300 pages on beautiful smooth paper, luxuriously large type, and bound in the most sumptuous style. The literary matter must of necessity be first rate, as it is produced chiefly by some of the most popular contributors to the *Lady's Book*. Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Leslie, Miss H. F. Gould, Mrs. Seba Smith, and Mrs. Ellet have furnished first rate articles, as usual, and Messrs. N. P. Willis, W. Gilmore Simms, Seba Smith, Epes Sargent, Park Benjamin, and H. T. Tuckerman have enriched the volume with some of their best and happiest efforts. We are particularly pleased with Willis's Story "*Beware of Dogs and Waltzing*," and that of Seba Smith, "*The Young Traders*." The engravings are all executed by three engravers, who also favour us with their plates, Messrs. Cheney, Pease, and Humphreys; and they have the merit of being all engraved from designs of American artists. Huntington's celebrated "*Beatrice*," engraved by J. Cheney, is the frontispiece. It is one of those pictures that *speaks*, even

in the engraving. The sweeping plume is not more indicative of pride than every lineament of the face. The title-page vignette is one of Sully's exquisite youthful faces, also engraved by Cheney.

The next picture, "*Mumble the Peg*," is one of Inman's loveliest creations—a landscape and group so full of meaning and expression, that every one exclaims, at the first sight of it, "How lovely!" The sky, the trees, the distance, the figures are all rural quietness and repose. There is character, too, in those figures, one so full of easy confidence of success, and the other scratching his head, and evidently saying to himself, "I'm done for, now!" It reminds one of Burnet's *Chess Players*; but it is poetry, while the *Chess Players* is very hard prose. Pease has engraved this painting in his usual silvery style. The heads alone would make the fortune of any new engraver—but we are accustomed to look for excellence in Pease's plates.—The next plate, "*The Fair Student*," is one of those lovely heads which S. W. Cheney is so fond of drawing, and which J. Cheney has en-

graved in his usual highly finished style. The attitude and eye express the most rapt attention, pleased attention too, as though the fair student was enjoying one of the lovely descriptions in Spenser's Fairy Queen. Inman is the painter of the beautiful picture, entitled "*Early Days of Washington*." The air of the peace-maker has all that authority in it which so distinctly pronounced the Father of his Country, one who was born to command. The next illustration, "*The Disagreeable Surprise*," is the work of Mount, the Momus of American painters. Every feature of it is charged with fun. It tells its own story too plainly to admit of comment; but "*won't those young rogues catch it!*" will be every one's exclamation on seeing this plate. The next, "*The Young Traders*," is a sportive effort from the epic pencil of W. Page. It is nature in her most careless attitude—truth in every line—a triumph of nature and truth over all artistical notions and fancies. "*Viola*," the last embellishment, comes from S. W. Cheney's easel. Those large, expressive, passionate eyes would make a characteristic feature in Bulwer's *Viola*, or the infant Malibran. So here ends the catalogue. Why have we not thousands of such pictures? It is because patrons of art like him who paid for these original paintings, are mighty scarce in these parts.

"*Fairholme's Geology of Scripture*," just published in a neat and cheap edition, by H. Hooker, Phila., is a work of great interest to the believer in the inspiration of the Bible, as well as to the scholar and general reader; for while it gives a correct general view of the interesting science of geology, it neither disturbs the mind with doubt, nor poisons it with unbelief. The author's object is to account for the geological structure of the upper surface of our earth, which he thinks is satisfactorily explained in the three great events recorded in the inspired volume, viz: the creation, by the Almighty's fiat—the gathering together of the waters into one place, and the action of the laws of nature within their bed, for more than sixteen centuries; and lastly, the universal deluge.

Geological writers generally teach that our globe must have existed originally in a fluid, amorphous mass, from which, in the course of millions of years, it was formed, by the laws of nature, into a fit habitation for the higher orders of animated existence; and that, therefore, the commonly received interpretation of the "days" in the first of Genesis must be erroneous, and of course surrendered for an interpretation, which will accord with the geological theory, which assigns to this earth a date millions of years beyond that given to it by the inspired record. This is sheer hypothesis, which cannot be maintained; and in opposition to it Mr. F. says: "the idea of assigning unlimited periods to the days of creation, as recorded by Moses, has arisen from the necessity of a longer period than twenty-four hours for the completion of so great a *chemical process* as the *supposed* production of the earth from chaos. But, if first formations were not the consequence of chemical process, which Newton considered most unphilosophical, and which our reason and common sense most decidedly condemn, then the extension of the period demanded for their production becomes unnecessary." Mr. F. of course contends for the literal meaning of the Mosaic text, and ably argues that the facts of geology, as far as they are well understood, are in perfect harmony with the scripture; and this is manifestly true, if both the volume of creation and the volume of inspiration have the same infallible and immutable source.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have published "*Memoirs of the Court of England, from the Revolution in 1688 to the Death of George the Second*," by John Henneage Jeane, author of "*Memoirs of the Court of England, during the Reign of the Stuarts*." This series of Jeane's admirable "*Memoirs*," is in three handsome volumes, bound in muslin. It gives lively and graphic sketches of all the most distinguished characters of this most interesting period of English history. The lives of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough alone are worth the price of the volumes. Not less interesting are the memoirs of the brilliant and eccentric Duke of Wharton, and the notorious Duchess of

Kingston. Lord Chesterfield, Mrs. Masham, and Lady Mary Wortley Montague, with a host of other personages of equal celebrity, also figure in these delightful annals. The same firm have also published the second volume of their beautiful cheap edition of the "*Lives of the Queens of England*," so admirably suited to gratify the curiosity of the ladies, with respect to the characters of royal personages of their sex. Mr. Cooper's new novel, "*Wyandotté, or the Hutted Knoll*," is also just published. It is in that famous novelist's best vein—full of thrilling and hair-breadth 'scapes, with many of those delightful delineations of American scenery and character, such as have long since won for this graphic writer an imperishable fame.

Messrs. Appleton & Co. of New York, and Mr. Geo. S. Appleton, of Philadelphia, have recently published a number of works in a very beautiful style. Among them are Sutton's "*Diace Virere* (Learn to Live)," one of those old standard books of practical devotion which resemble the solid massive plate in use at the time they were written, and destined never to wear out while silver and gold are preferred to tinsel. The paper, print, binding, and embellishments are quite equal to those of the London editions of Pickering or the University press. The same remarks apply to "*Spinckes's Churchman's Companion in the Closet*," which is printed from the sixteenth London edition, and gives us every one of the beautiful embellishments which so appropriately decorate a book which a serious reader will naturally prize and wish to keep. The same house have just published the "*Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott*," in a single crown octavo volume, richly embellished with steel plates, and all the luxury of paper, print, and binding. The poems are also published by the same house, each separately, so that you may have your elegant pocket edition of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, the *Lady of the Lake*, &c., each by itself, without buying the others. The book, of all others recently published by the Appletons, which we regard with the greatest interest, is "*The Wife of Leon, and other Poems*," by Two Sisters of the West." We feel proud of this volume, as the work of American ladies. It will be cordially recognized as one among the many vouchers for the claim which we are accustomed so steadily to maintain for our countrywomen to the highest literary honours. We recollect no first publication of any American poet which will bear comparison with this. There is force, vivacity, feeling—a perception of natural beauty—a sense of the harmony of nature and of poetry, and a felicity and grace of diction, which will place the writers in the most elevated rank of native poets. Much curiosity will be felt and expressed as to the *who* and the *where* of these ladies. We can add little to what the volume shows, viz., that they are highly educated persons, who have had extensive opportunities of travel and observation, and that their natural gifts of imagination and poetical eloquence are of the highest order. We trust that this will not be their last publication.

Mr. E. H. Butler has published "*Elements of Geometry, with Practical Applications, for the Use of Schools*," by T. Walker; with an *Elementary Treatise on Descriptive Geometry*, by Professor Kendall, of the Philadelphia High School." This work has long been a classic in the schools and colleges of this country, and hardly requires to be commended to the notice of teachers. The new edition is embellished in a very novel and beautiful style, which is destined to become fashionable in mathematical works.

Messrs. Wiley and Putnam, of New York and London, have just issued "*The Despatches of Hernando Cortes, the Conqueror of Mexico, addressed to the Emperor Charles V., written during the Conquest, and containing a Narrative of its Events; now first translated into English from the original Spanish, with an Introduction and Notes*," by George Folsom." No work of equal interest with this has been published for a long period. As a narrative of military operations, it will be ranked with the celebrated Commentaries of Cæsar, whom Cortes resembled in many respects. The simple and graphic style in which he narrates actions which

have commanded the admiration of the whole world, and events in which the whole world was interested, will forcibly strike every reader. To the authenticity of history it superadds all the charms of the most glowing romance. Mr. Folsom has executed his task in a manner which reflects the highest honour on his ability, judgment, and taste.

Mr. John Pennington, of this city, has published "*Foot-prints, or Fugitive Poems*," by an anonymous author. It consists of a collection of fugitive poetry, which has been published in the Banner of the Cross, and elsewhere, and received with great favour. It is very beautifully printed, and will make an acceptable present to the lovers of good poetry.

Messrs. Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co., have published a new and very beautiful edition of Johnston's "*Manual of Chemistry*," on the basis of Turner. Our first chemists in this city have spoken in the highest terms of this work as a practical manual and text-book for classes.

The Messrs. Appleton have published "*The Rose for 1844*," a beautiful annual, with ten steel plates, and rich literary contributions from eminent writers. The style of binding of this book is very gorgeous. It will make a golden gift in more respects than one.

OUR NOVEMBER NUMBER

is rich in illustrations. First we have an Engraving of a beautiful female, from an original picture by that gifted artist, Connarroe, engraved in W. H. Ellis's best style. Next "The Runaway Match," by Geo. B. Ellis, printed in three colours,—something entirely new. Then the Plate of Fashions,

IN ADVANCE OF ALL OTHER MAGAZINES, and the only publication that contains Cloaks for the present and coming season, coloured, as can only be done by the Lady's Book. In this, as well as other branches of the fine arts, we certainly by far exceed all contemporaries. Two Engravings on wood, "Going to Market," and "Market Gossip;" and five Engravings of Ancient Fashions: in all

TEN EMBELLISHMENTS.

The DECEMBER NUMBER will contain the greatest novelty yet offered in a Magazine,

THIRTY-ONE COLOURED EMBOSSED MEDALLION SEALS, with every variety of design, and with beautiful and appropriate Mottoes,

ready for immediate use. These cannot be had separately for less than seventy-five cents. They are offered by the publisher as a holiday present to his fair patrons. This has never before been attempted in a Magazine, and is only another instance of what may be effected by good taste and an expensive outlay of capital. The French, who embrace almost every novelty in their various works of fancy, have not yet hit upon this idea of offering to the fair sex in remote places the luxuries and elegances of the larger cities; besides this we shall give our usual plates, and two beautiful steel engravings by Dick, illustrated by Epes Sargent, and H. W. Herbert. There will also be several other engravings of different kinds.

We copy the following remark from Miss Howitt's preface to the English edition of Miss Bremer's new novel of the President's Daughter. It precisely suits this meridian:

"Why do not numbers of that large class who live upon other people's ideas ever think of including in their prayers a petition for an idea of their own, especially as so many palpable and profitable fields still lie unoccupied?"

CHIT CHAT OF FASHIONS.

Pardessus.—At the present moment this most useful appendage to a lady's out-door costume, is more than ever in request; our uncertain climate requiring something of this description to guard against the sudden chills and cold winds that come on so unexpectedly, particularly at

this time of the year, (October.) They are generally worn composed of a silk material, trimmed with broad folds, or an open-worked trimming. The most elegant, however, are in muslin, lined with a straw or lilac tulle, and encircled with rich descriptions of laces. The sleeves descend midway over the arm, and are very broad; they are also attached round the waist with a ribbon, and are particularly adapted for being worn over dresses with plain corsages. This style of pelisse, although not so generally adopted as Mantelets, are nevertheless considered more elegant.

Mantillas of all materials, handsomely lined, still retain their favour.

Bonnets.—Creme bonnets with shaded ribbons are now much worn; that is to say that the ribbon trimmings, of the same colour as the bonnet, commence with the darkest tint, and finish with the lightest shade. Some very elegant hats in paille de riz have also lately appeared; the ribbons being dark shaded verdant green, or in pink, in imitation of a shaded rose, commencing with the lightest tint, and ending in the China rose colour. Others are composed of fulled white tulle, simply decorated with a branch of a light foliage. Several of pailles de riz have lately been seen, the form of them being a demi capote, rather open at the ears, allowing of the under tufts of shaded gauze ribbons being seen, these ribbons having a lighter and more novel effect than flowers; this style is also well adapted for feathers.

Descriptions of the dresses worn by the Queen of England and the ladies of her Court at the late Drawing Room reception.

Her Majesty wore a pale pink satin train, brocaded with silver, trimmed with bouquets of blush roses and lined with white satin; the body and sleeves ornamented with diamonds and silver blonde; the petticoat of rich white satin, trimmed with roses and silver blonde to correspond with the train. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds. The Duchess of Kent wore a court dress, composed of a rich straw-coloured and silver moire, of British manufacture, lined with white satin, and trimmed with Brussels lace and ribbon; body and sleeves ornamented with bouquets of diamonds. Dress of the same manufacture, with a white satin tablier, covered with Brussels lace, fastened with bouquets of violet, auriculas, and diamonds. Head-dress, plume of feathers, Brussels lappets, and diamonds. The Duchess of Gloucester wore a costume de cour composed of a rich white satin train, elegantly trimmed with gold blonde and passementerie to match, with gold ribbon a la viette; body and sleeves of the same, ornamented with a rich berthe of passementerie and precious stones; skirt of rich white satin, trimmed with flounces of gold blonde, and intermixed with precious stones and gold blonde on each side, and round the skirt. Coiffure of ostrich feathers and a profusion of diamonds, &c.; lappets of gold blonde.

Cloaks.—The prevailing material for cloaks is velvet, the colour to suit the fancy; they are made according to the taste of the wearer. Our plate shows three different styles. The first is a mantle cloak, richly embossed and trimmed, with a broad lace—this is a very convenient garment, as it can be thrown off or resumed without the least trouble. The second is confined at the waist, and two bands on the back—a cord and rich tassels are in front; this cloak sits neatly into the form, and has all the gracefulness of a well made dress. The third cloak (or figure) has a plain back, fitting tight to the waist, the skirt very full, and richly embroidered in silk; hanging sleeves; the collar is round, and trimmed to match the skirt.

The third figure has on a very rich fur cardinal cape, and muff to match. Furs will be very much worn this winter.

For Bonnets there is no especial colour. Every variety of shade commencing at the lightest and ending with the darkest may be found in the same store. Feathers and ribbons the same.

Mr. Mahan has sent us a sheet of Fall Fashions for gentlemen; they are very beautiful, and we are told that they may be relied upon as the ton.

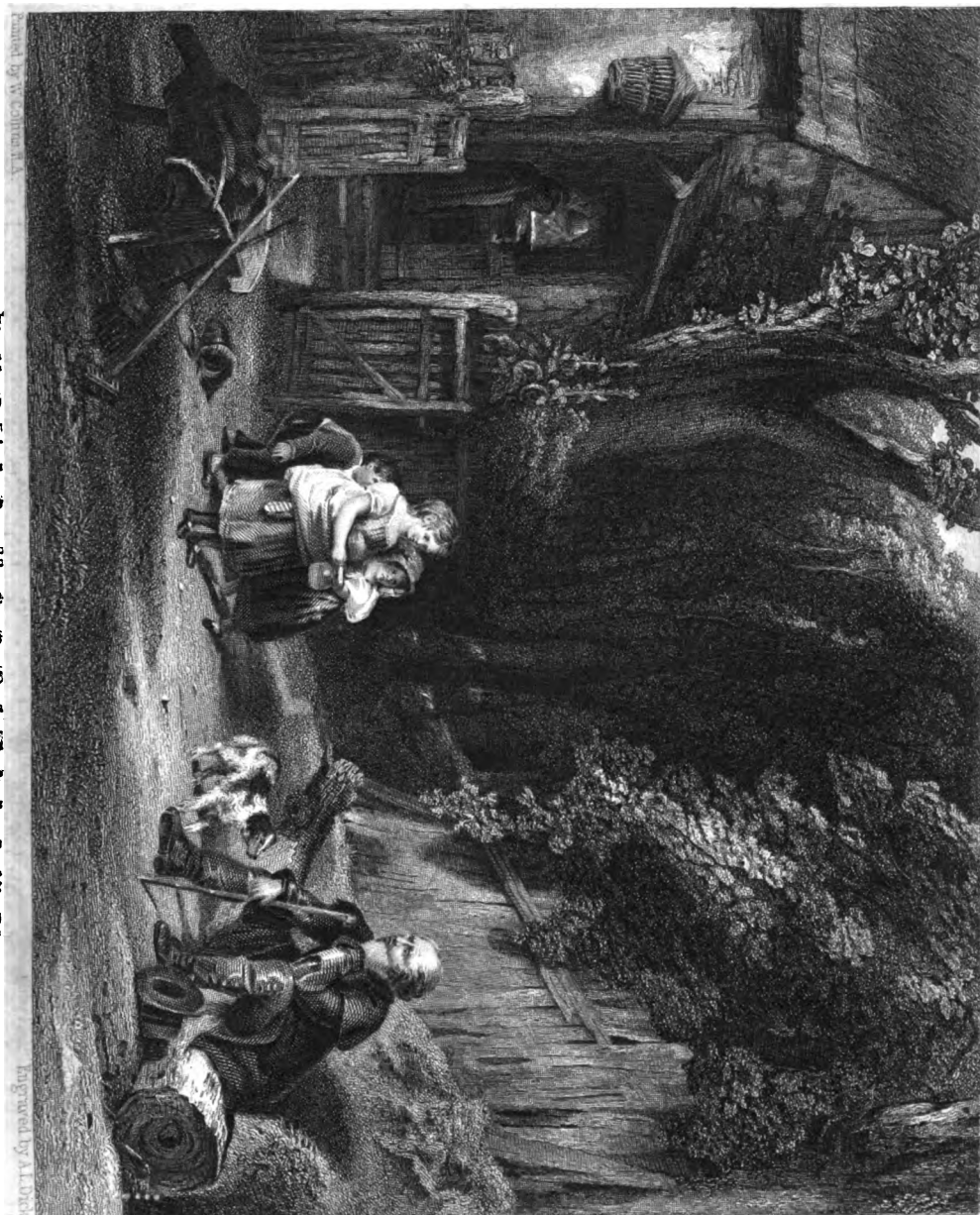
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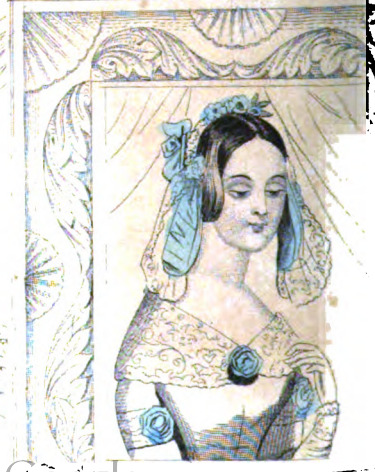
WENETHA'S REQUIEM.

Composed for Ladies' Lodges, Perth
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RUSTIC HOSPITALITY.









GASKILL & COFFER.

24

G O D E Y ' S

L A D Y ' S B O O K .

DECEMBER, 1843.

R U S T I C H O S P I T A L I T Y .

BY EPES SARGENT.

(See Plate.)

"AND will you promise, Ruth, not to yield to your father's importunities—promise, that neither threats of punishment nor offers of reward shall induce you to listen to Mr. Sewall's proposals?"

The question, as the reader will readily suppose, came from a young man. His garb was plain and somewhat the worse for wear; and it would have been difficult to infer from it what his profession might be. One person might have taken him for a farmer, another for an apothecary's clerk, and another for an usher in some not very prosperous academy. But Alfred Stanwood was in fact the son of a poor curate in one of the county towns of England. His father wished to educate him for the church; but Alfred, although by no means averse from intellectual pursuits, was not at all ambitious of following the paternal example. He delighted to be out of doors—in the free, free air—beneath the unobstructed arch of the heavens, and with the unpaved turf under his feet. He had a passion for all manly sports—was an excellent shot, and an adroit angler; and the end and aim of his hopes was to become an independent farmer—an intelligent, practical agriculturist. Better would it be for the world, if such tastes were more prevalent in civilized communities.

And what said Ruth—Ruth Bradshaw—to the interrogatory we have quoted? She lifted her small, finely formed head; and, with a look, which was a confirmation more convincing than bond and seal could have rendered, she replied:

"Come what may, Alfred, do not fear, that I will ever consent to be another's. Circumstances *may* compel me to refuse to unite my fortunes with yours; but never, never will I call any man but you my husband."

It was the old story—the obstructions in the way of the "course of true love." Farmer Bradshaw was of the higher order of English tenantry; and held a beautiful farm belonging to the estate of Lord Broadmeadow. But times grew hard—misfortunes entered the farmer's family—and he was in arrears for a large amount of rent. He began to fear that he should have to abandon the old homestead. One day Lord Broadmeadow, fatigued with hunting, called for refreshments at his house; and Ruth was summoned to serve him with ale and bread. His lordship seemed so much charmed with his fair attendant, that he detained her in conversation for upwards of an hour; and on his way home could think of nothing but her beautiful face and her graceful ways.

His lordship was a widower, with two or three daughters, and as many sons. He was in politics a tory, and in religion a staunch churchman. He revered the opinion of the world, and would not have done an indiscreet or immoral thing for a dukedom—that is, if there was any probability of its being found out. In his steward, Sewall, he had a most congenial and convenient ally; one who agreed with him fully in the sentiment that vice was not vice so it was kept veiled from ob-

servation, or wore the vizard of decorum. Sewall had a son named Wellington, who, with a handsome exterior, possessed hardly brains enough to keep his body from decomposing. In vain had the father laboured to teach him the multiplication table. Wellington could not master anything so complicate. For no nameable employment did he seem to have an aptitude. Nay, I do him injustice. Brummell himself could not have tied a cravat more unexceptionably,—Wellington was great at tying cravats.

A day or two after Lord Broadmeadow's accidental visit, Mr. Sewall junior managed to become acquainted with farmer Bradshaw and his pretty daughter; and a week had not passed before he made the latter an offer of marriage. Ruth rejected him and his offer with the most unhesitating frankness; but, when the proposition, in all its bearings, was laid before her father, he did not so unceremoniously dismiss the young man's pretensions. By the proffered marriage it was made apparent that not only would the farmer's arrears of debt be cancelled; but that his house would be repaired, his grounds improved, and the rent of the whole farm reduced one half. Furthermore, Ruth would have a suite of handsome apartments appropriated to her use at the castle; and be in a position to render many services to her father and his family.

Bradshaw was not, perhaps, a more selfish man than his neighbours; but he could not be blind to the advantages of this arrangement. He did not for a moment suspect the origin of the scheme; for, though willing to marry his daughter to a man whom she did not love, he would have shrunk from lending his countenance to any plan by which she would have been dishonoured in the eye of the law or of society. There are some people who will strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

But an unexpected obstacle now presented itself to the accomplishment of the father's wishes. Ruth, who had always been so tractable and compliant,—who had been swayed by the lightest wishes of her parents—opposed an iron will to the proposition that she should marry the steward's son. To his amazement, the farmer discovered that he could neither terrify nor coax her into compliance.

"Ruth! will you not save me from ruin?" he exclaimed, falling upon his knees before her, and clasping his hands in a paroxysm of excitement.

"No human power, my father," she replied, "can make me take this step. Ah! what do you call *ruin*? Loss of property—debt—imprisonment—disease—death? Do you mean any of these disasters? For your sake I will cheerfully submit to any one or all of them. Surely they are easier to bear than the loss of one's self-respect and peace of mind—the serene smile of one's own conscience. No man can be ruined while he has that; and without that—life has nothing worth the taking."

Bradshaw started to his feet, and angrily asked,

"Where the deuce did you pick up all this sentimental nonsense, girl? I wish you to be honourably and comfortably married; and, to judge from your tone, one would suppose I demanded of you something discreditable and degrading."

"Ay, that it is—degrading!" sighed Ruth.

"How?" returned Bradshaw. "Degrading! Is not Wellington Sewall as respectably born and bred as your father's daughter? Does he not offer you a comfortable maintenance, wealth, and influential friends, while the only dowry you bring him is your face and person?"

"True, most true!" said Ruth. "Could I bring him a free soul and a devoted heart, it would be all well."

"What childish flummery!" interrupted the father. "You would tell me, I suppose, that you fancy some one else—that young vagabond, Stanwood, most probably—with his fishing rods and artificial flies, and without a copper in his pocket to jingle on a tombstone. A pretty match for you that would be, truly! Come, Ruth, my dear daughter, act like a girl of sense, and let me tell young Sewall that you are ready to be his wife."

"Never! Do not urge it. Never, never will I consent! Not to save the universe and all its inhabitants from devouring flames would I consent!" exclaimed Ruth.

For a moment, Bradshaw was startled and silenced by the energy with which she spoke. At length, with constrained calmness, he said: "A parent's curse is not the most encouraging legacy with which to be sent forth into the world. Beware Ruth, beware how you tempt me to curse you!"

"A parent's curse," she replied, "is a terrible thing; but, if unmerited, terrible only for him who utters it. My dear father, do not be cast down, because fortune frowns a little. We may be driven from our comfortable home, but He who feeds the sparrows will provide us shelter and food and raiment."

"Pshaw! It is all very well to quote scripture," said the farmer, "but I never could get my wagon out of the mud by calling upon Jupiter."

"But, if we obey his laws—if we are active and vigilant—if we put our own shoulders to the wheel—we shall easily get out of our troubles. Did not the preacher tell us last Sunday, that God helps those who help themselves?"

"I never knew you so obstinate, Ruth," said farmer Bradshaw; and, as if he half relented in his importunities, he put on his hat and quitted the room. But he was not allowed to remain long unmolested by those who held him in their toils. That very day, the elder Sewall threatened him with an ejection; and the young man renewed his proposals, with promises of additional advantages. Bradshaw resolved to make one final appeal to his daughter. It was unsuccessful; and, in a storm of rage and despair, he turned her out of doors, commanding her, if she wished to escape his curse, not to see him again,

unless she was ready to comply with his reasonable request.

Trembling and in tears, she hurriedly seized her shawl and bonnet, and rushed from the house. It was a clear, autumnal night; and the new moon, a slim, glittering crescent, hung over the western horizon. As she crossed the arched bridge, which marked the boundary of her father's fields, she saw a well-known figure leaning over the side, apparently watching the ripples of the brook as they flashed and hurried away beneath the starlight. It was Alfred Stanwood.

"Blessings upon you, Ruth! If I started at your step, it was not that I did not know it was yours. But, you are weeping. What has happened? Nay, compose yourself. What has happened, my own Ruth?"

With much difficulty, for her speech was interrupted by bitter sobs, Ruth communicated the intelligence of Sewall's renewed persecutions, and her father's recent conduct. As she finished her recital, Stanwood clasped her enthusiastically to his breast, as if there he would shield her from all trouble and alarm.

"Let us consider what we had best do, under these circumstances," said he, linking his arm about her waist, and sauntering on with her towards the main road. "Had it not been for love of you, Ruth, I would long since have left this crowded land, where all the avenues to occupation seem to be filled, and pitched my tent in some new uncultivated tract of country in the United States. I have thoroughly acquainted myself with the privations and liabilities, to which an adventurer subjects himself by such a step, but I believe that I have the energy and perseverance to overcome all ordinary difficulties. Tell me, Ruth, would you cross the Atlantic with me?"

"Am I not homeless?" she replied. "And even were it not so—were all the luxuries mine, which wealth could collect, would I not forsake them to live with you in a wilderness?"

"I believe you, Ruth! And now, let me consider. I have a sister living about nine miles from this place, who, though poor, is devotedly attached to me. Have you strength, think you, to walk that distance to-night?"

"Yes, Alfred, I was faint, for the first time in my life, a short time since, but I am strong now. But, what would you do? Would you leave your father's house? Ah! he has not treated you as mine has me."

"Nevertheless, he will strenuously oppose the step I am about to take."

"And what is that?"

"In the first place I will conduct you to my sister's, where you shall pass the night under her own roof, and in her own bed, for she is a widow. In the morning we will send for a clergyman, and be married. Nay, do not tremble. Is marriage such a terrible thing? The moment I can call you my own, we will procure from my sister the few

clothes that will be necessary for our purpose, and start for London."

"And in London, Alfred,—what will you do there?"

"The few shillings I have with me will be by that time nearly exhausted. I will straightway find out the captain of some ship that is to sail for New York, engage with him to do sailor's duty the whole voyage, on condition that he gives us our passage free; and when we reach the United States——"

"Ay, and then, Alfred,—what will you do then?"

"We will do the best we can, and trust to Providence. Will you venture, Ruth?"

"Yes, my dear Alfred!" she exclaimed heartily, placing her hand in his, and stepping on with alacrity.

Alfred had not been extravagant in his expectations, and they did not prove illusory. His plans were all successfully carried into effect. With Ruth for his wife he quitted England, and, after a few months of hardship and disappointment in the great commercial metropolis of America, succeeded in making an arrangement with a private land company, by which, with very limited pecuniary means, he was enabled to remove to Iowa. Here, in the course of two years, he found himself the proprietor of a noble and extensive domain, upon which he had erected a small but comfortable cottage, after an English model. Prosperity attended all his labours. Applying his practical and scientific intelligence upon agricultural subjects to the cultivation and improvement of his grounds, he soon made the wilderness around him to blossom like the rose. Game was so abundant, that it required but little skill to supply himself with enough for his wants. With health and contentment for his guests, life sped on undarkened by the ills which beset the paths of the majority of mankind.

Nor was Ruth's lot a less happy one, although her temper was naturally less buoyant and bright. Two daughters and a son had appeared to bless the emigrant couple; and how welcome to their parents had they been! Little anxiety had Alfred experienced how he should provide for them. As many more, and as many more again might come, and still they would be hailed as heaven's choicest gifts.

Five years had passed since Ruth stood an outcast from her home on the little stone bridge. How had it fared with farmer Bradshaw during that time? Some six months after Ruth's departure, Mr. Wellington Sewall had, in a state of inebriety, communicated to the farmer certain facts in regard to the motives which led him to seek an alliance with his daughter, which were neither very honourable to himself nor to his employer, Lord Broadmeadow. On receiving the intelligence, Bradshaw naturally felt deep at his treatment of Ruth, and experienced a thrill of satisfaction that she had resisted his attempts to unite her

to a man who proved to be so utterly unworthy and contemptible. From that moment, it became the paramount object of his existence to relieve himself of his liabilities in England, and seek out his daughter in America, that he might receive her forgiveness ere he died. He had written many letters, which had never reached their destination. He had no clue to the discovery of Stanwood, who had not been long settled in his forest home when he sent for his father and sisters, and had them comfortably settled in his neighbourhood.

At length the moment arrived when Bradshaw found himself free to quit the land of his fathers. He converted his whole property into gold and silver, and embarked for New York. Here he advertised in several of the daily papers, but was unable to procure any positive information in regard to his son-in-law's family. He finally resolved to travel on foot through some of the newly settled states and territories, and make the most exact inquiries.

On a beautiful day in June, he came in sight of a cottage in one of the most fertile and picturesque parts of Iowa. He had been walking several hours, and was faint with fatigue and thirst. The continued failure of his search had affected his spirits, and he had begun to despond, and to fear that he should never again see his only child. He seated himself on a log in front of the cottage, and leaning his weather-beaten cheek upon his hand, gave up his thoughts to the bitterest retrospections.

He had not been many moments in this position when he felt something cold touch the hand which was resting on his knee. He started, and found

it was the nose of a little spaniel, who with a half distrustful look, was cautiously reconnoitering him. At the same instant, Bradshaw looked up, and saw three children, the eldest with a pitcher of milk in her hand, approaching him as if half afraid to disturb his reverie. He beckoned them with a smile to come near, and having quaffed the milk, smoothed back the hair of the bearer, and asked what might be her name.

"Ruth Stanwood, sir!" replied the girl, curtseying respectfully.

Bradshaw's heart seemed to jump into his mouth. He fetched a long, deep breath, and, turning to the youngest child, who was a boy, said,

"And *your* name, my merry man—what may that be?"

"My name, sir, is Tom Bradshaw Stanwood. I was named after my grandfather."

The old man became so deeply agitated as to alarm the children; but he controlled his emotions, and asked:

"Your father and mother—are they both alive?"

"Dear, yes, sir!" exclaimed the elder girl.

"Mother is in the kitchen, stewing some cherries, and father has gone to catch some trout for supper."

Bradshaw was soon amply repaid for his past sufferings—the penalties of a hasty temper and a want of fortitude to resist the harsher evils of life. It need only be added that Ruth and her husband were overjoyed at receiving him into their family, and that he became so well pleased with his new home, that he was never heard to sigh for his old one in merry England.

THE SPARROW.

BY MARIANNE BROWNE, OF ENGLAND.

He builds amidst the hedgerow green,
Or 'neath the cottage eaves,
His sober plumes are scarcely seen,
Amidst the Autumn leaves.
His twittering voice, though ever heard,
No gentle song can raise,
To win the undistinguished bird
A meed of loving praise.

And yet, to me that sombre coat
Is a pleasant sight to view,
And yet I love that tuneless note,
And the little twitterer too.
I love to see him hop and flit,
And chatter in his glee—
For there are words of holy writ
That make him dear to me.

He "found a house," (so saith that word,)
A place of happy rest,
Beside the altars of the Lord
He built his humble nest,

And imaged to the desolate
A fate too like his own,
When on the dwellings top he sat
In silence and alone.

The holiest lips that ever breathed
A prophecy or prayer,
Have named his name, and so have wreathed
Glory forever there.
How can the sinner find a screen
From God forever nigh,
When not a sparrow falls unseen
By his most watchful eye!

And so beside the altar place
The Christian loves to rest;
So oft amidst his heavenward race,
The lonely stands distressed.
So may the holy courage take
Beneath the chastening rod,
Even for the little sparrow's sake,
The seen and marked of God.

VENETIA'S REQUIEM.

A TALE OF FLORENCE.

BY H. W. HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," "MARMADUKE WYVIL," ETC.

(See Plate.)

It was a strange and fearful sight to witness—what then must it have been to enact—to endure? There was a low arched room, vaulted and paved with stone, a huge squat column in each corner, and one large window of stained glass admitting the full beams of the western sun, and looking over the multitudinous roofs, steeples, and towers and temples of the great city, or the delicious verdure and clear waters of the lazy Arno. The furniture of that small chamber was antiquated and unusual, a low and massive pallet bed of some dark Indian wood, with two or three old-fashioned stools to match it—a marble slab, scattered with books and papers, musical instruments, and articles of clothing—a velvet mask, a high-plumed hat, a cloak of scarlet cloth, a splendid rapier, and other such incongruous articles, in picturesque confusion. Besides these things, there was a tall black press, half library, half wardrobe, and half beaufet, the doors of which, partly open, displayed a small assortment of valuable books, a quantity of wearing apparel faded for the most part and tarnished, and lastly a few articles for the service of the table, lamps, platters, cups, and Venice glass, and one or two long-necked flasks, with a solitary silver tankard, richly embossed and carved with the armorial bearings of some old patrician house. On the floor there lay, here and there, a large French-horn, a flute, a guitar with several strings broken, an inkstand, and a quantity of manuscript music, blotted and scrawled with a bold free hand, the every touch of which spoke of the fury, the erratic æstrum of the inspired composer. It was, no one could doubt it, the studio of an artist—one of those deathless geniuses whose almost divine inspiration have rendered modern Italy scarcely less glorious—scarcely less renowned for the triumphs of the lyre, than was old Rome for the exploits of the sword.

It spoke, and alas! but too plainly, of high birth, exalted aspirations, youth, ardour, genius—disappointment! Penury chilling the soul of immortal fire—fate chaining the free pinion of the eagle—son of song!—of the cold world's neglect,—perchance of its scorn!—Alas! It told yet more of true love blighted by the dread spoiler!—of young hearts severed, as it would seem, for ever! of youth and beauty stricken in the first flush of womanhood!—of love and faith living beyond the tomb—unchilled by the cold aspect of the grave,

undaunted by the presence, the manifest presence of death's devastating fingers.

For there, on that low pallet, in her accustomed garb, with the white cambric corset, scarcely contrasted against the marble coldness of her pure bosom, with the rich purple boddice displaying the exquisite contour of her voluptuous bust, and the loose draperies of her flowing robes clinging to the fair rounded limbs, which lay outstretched, all motionless and rigid, reclined all that was mortal of as sweet and beautiful a girl, as ever gladdened by her presence the eyes of mortal lover. Very sweet was she still and beautiful, although that nameless shadow lay heavy on her high white forehead, and that fixed sad expression, half melancholy and half calmness, brooded over lips once never smileless, which tells the heart too certainly, that brow shall never lighten, those lips never smile again. Her ivory lids were dropped, and the long dark lashes fell in a pencilled fringe upon the cold pure cheeks in which there yet slept a faint hue, like the reflection of sunset upon the western clouds, after the day-god has himself departed. Her hands were clasped in attitude of prayer over her bosom; and her superb black tresses fell down in straight loose masses far below her waist, as she lay on the pallet, lifeless and dank and waveless. Over her feet, which stood up in that angular position which is so peculiar to the dead, and which at times gives so corpse-like an appearance to the living, was thrown a drapery of linen, which fell in folds upon the cold gray pavement; and round about and over her whole form, and over the white raiment of the dead, and the low couch, were scattered roses—not the rich crimson, or still richer damask, but the faint blush or pallid white emblems alike of her virgin bloom and of her early parting from this scene of sorrow and temptation. But, if it was sad and painful to look down upon the fair features and cold limbs of the unconscious dead, senseless to any sound or sight or feeling, how much more mournful was it to gaze on the survivor. He was a young man in the prime of youth, well formed, robust and vigorous, with a fine classic countenance and an eye full of the flashing light of genius. He wore his coal-black hair in flowing ringlets, hanging down his neck to the linen corset which covered his breast to the collar-bone, above the placard of his black

velvet pourpoint. His face was close shaved with the exception of a slight moustache on the upper lip, and a small tuft on the centre of the chin, and now wore an expression so ghastly and yet withal so wild, and a hue so pallid and unearthly, that it was frightful indeed to behold him. The wonted colouring of his fine manly features was of that rich and sunny olive peculiar to the natives of Tuscany, through which the lusty blood shines out as clear and luminous as through the whitest and most transparent skin of Saxon beauty; but now that the blood was banished from his cheeks, the complexion showed of a strange unnatural greenish tint, resembling rather the porphyry from which is wrought some old Egyptian statue, than the flesh of a living man.

There sat he, on one of the low stools, beside the pallet; there had he sat since the previous sunset, without altering his position, absorbed entirely by the dead, and forgetful of himself and all around him. His harp was between his knees, and at times his hands would range the chords, calling forth wild melodies, fantastical, irregular, and although full of genius, yet fuller of eccentricity, nay, almost of madness. At times he would wake them to life with the deep solemn, thrilling sounds of the requiem, pouring his grand voice out in all its richness, in all its power, and might, and breathing a sort of unutterable feeling into the souls of all who heard him—for in that land of music, where every peasant, every mechanic and rude artisan has an ear, a voice, a mind for the immortal song, a crowd had long gathered under his casement, and stood there listening in rapt admiration to those wild flowing cadences. It was not altogether pathos, nor solemnity alone, nor dread, yet all these three were component parts of the feelings that took possession of all those who heard—a conviction that the singer's heart was breaking as he sung. Once, shortly after the sounds had commenced, just as the crowd began to assemble, they uttered a loud shout of admiration, bravos, and plaudits, in testimony of their sense of the rare qualities of voice and fingering that had elicited their spontaneous and involuntary wonder. But, as they did so, a low door was thrown open under the large stained window, and an old woman stole forth noiselessly on tiptoe, pressing her finger to her lip, exclaiming in deep guarded tones—

"Silence! if ye must listen, silence! Those strains are not sung for any living ears! That chamber is the chamber of the dead!"

Italy is the land not of song only, nor of poetry—but of poetic feeling—of romance, not written, but existing within the soul of every living man, child, woman! Things are done there daily, aye! hourly, which to us colder and less impulsive beings would appear forced, theatrical, absurd, unnatural—and things so done are viewed, not as we should here view them, as the results of affectation or of madness, but as events of everyday occurrence, and in nowise unusual or extraordi-

nary. And, therefore, at this strange announcement, which probably in England or America would have been answered by a pressing recommendation, and perhaps a violent attempt to remove the singer to a madhouse, produced no comment except a few exclamations of sympathy and pity; and the multitude, growing still in numbers, continued to hang breathlessly suspended upon the strains of the unseen musician.

Strange was the scene, indeed—yet stranger was the story which gave rise to it—a story of events which could have occurred in no other European land, under no other skies than those of passionate Italy.

Venetia Baroncelli was an Italian girl, purely and all Italian, in every trait and character of mind, as in every feature of her face and beauty of her form, unmixed Italian. Her wild and passionate nature, boundless in its devotion, fathomless in its love, careless of sacrifice, and reckless of the world's opinion, ready to dare all, to do all, suffer all, for one or with one whom she loved—but at the same time unbridled in her resentments as in her attachments; untaught to curb her wishes until those wishes had become furious ungovernable passions, which it would have been no less impossible to control than to turn back the flood-tide of the stormy ocean. She would have died to win the love of one whom she adored if he were cold and pitiless—she would have died rather than survive that love once won, and probably ere dying would have revenged! Such was Venetia Baroncelli—the fair unhappy being who lay outstretched in death on that low pallet in her lover's studio—such was Venetia Baroncelli, and from the very nature of her constitution was it, that she lay so outstretched, who else might have been the light and pride of every eye of Florence, as hitherto she had been—might have been hanging on the sweet sounds which her lover so fruitlessly waked from his matchless harp to witch her senseless ears—might have been blessing him with her presence, by her love, by her life, whom by her death she had deprived of every joy, of every hope, of every consolation.

Venetia Baroncelli, the sweet affianced bride of Florence's most exquisite musician, Luigi Ronano—from his first childhood upward pre-eminently gifted—and now, how narrowly escaped from being as pre-eminently rewarded.

He was the son of a noble family, decayed, it is true, and impoverished, but still full of fame and memories; but he, alas! was utterly an orphan—alone and without kindred in the world, save an old foster mother, if that may be called kindred, who had provided for his helpless infancy, rejoiced as she beheld him grow brave and good and noble, and adhered to him through all his toils, trials, and troubles, until she now beheld him, still poor indeed in worldly wealth, but rich in the esteem of hosts of friends—rich in the honours he had won already by his unrivalled genius—rich in the promise of great future eminence. She was

the daughter of one of those minor houses of nobility, common to the Italian republics, who, lacking the great virtues, the great wealth, and the princely fame of such names as the Medici of Florence, Rome's powerful Colonna, or Venice's Falieri, Foscari, and Morosini, made up for the want of these by a tenfold proportion of pride and haughtiness and crime. At ordinary times, or under ordinary circumstances, the Baroncelli would have looked down with contempt and scorn upon the poor Ronano, but now, high as he stood in the friendship and love of the proud Medici, and hearing it bruited on all sides, that ere long the young musician and composer would win a name that should extend to the limits of the universe, wealth and dominion, and renown, the poor but haughty Tuscan gave his assent not unreluctantly to the union of his fair Venetia with young Luigi.

I said that Luigi was in the world alone; no mother from his earliest years had soothed his infancy, no father's jealous and wakeful anxiety had shaped his paths and guided his steps to honour—but in the tablets of his mind there was one memory, bright, beatific, and alone—the one star amid a wild and wintry waste of storm-clouds—the one perfumed flower amidst an arid waste—the memory of a loved lost sister—loved in the early days when no selfish, interested feelings, no bitter jealousies, no cutting envies interpose to mar the sweets of young affection—lost in the earliest days of budding womanhood, when Luigi was but a sportive boy, and she just on the verge of that light, delicate line which separates the delicate and tender girl from the fresh, perfect woman. No trace was left whereby to point so much as conjecture—all search was vain—every hope frustrate. Years rolled away, and Luigi was a man, and soon, should no unkind frost blight his springtime, promised to be a great and glorious one—and not a whisper of the whereabouts or the existence of that fair being had reached the ears of the few who had ever known her. The world at large of Florence had, it is true, been disturbed somewhat at the time of its occurrence by the disappearance of one who was already well known to the beauty-loving Italians for her rare loveliness—but it had been at best but a nine days' wonder—people made up their minds that she had been drowned probably in the Arno, and this having been once rumoured grew on the multitude till it was taken to be unquestionable truth—and after awhile the whole thing was forgotten; so that at the period of my tale no persons alive in Florence remembered that such a girl as Beatrice Ronano had ever been among them, save Luigi, and the old foster-mother, who ever lived beside him—and save the former only, no one so much as imagined that she might be in life even now.

But that belief, that exquisite fond fancy, for that which has no grounds of reason whereon to repose itself, can scarcely be dignified by the title of belief—that exquisite fond fancy still lingered in the heart of Luigi, cheering his saddest hours,

and lending to his brightest a gleam of brighter expectation—a hope that he should one day or other clasp that beloved one to his heart never entirely forsook him, and it was this sensation among others that urged him to that perseverance in his professional path by which he had attained already so much glory.

Years passed, and yet no tidings, yet never did the brother's heart wax faint or forgetful of the beloved companion of his childish days, nor did the lover's passion for the bright Venetia efface even momentarily from his soul the recollection of the dear sister.

And now at length, after months of intense anxiety and expectations, the lover's hopes had been crowned by the father's promise. Luigi and Venetia were betrothed, and in a few short days their hearts would be made one by the union of their hands; that union man cannot put asunder, which must endure through earth, and unto heaven. Oh! happy days!—oh! sweet untrammelled intercourse of those blithe hearts! oh! speechless transports of permitted love! The daylong conversations embracing in the brief space of a few hours the hopes, the promise of a life! The evening rambles by the cool Arno's side!—the quiet commune of the familiar table!—the seats under the clustered vines in the summer moonlight!—these are the things that make Italian life, even the humblest appear to the observer from foreign lands, a drama, a romance, a fiction—the mixing up of song and dance, of fruits, and flowers, and music with all, the most everyday affairs of life! the very violence and intensities of those Italian passions which oftentimes makes the excess of happiness but one step distant from the abyss of despair, the excellence of the most exalted virtue but one step from the blackest infamy of crime.

Oh! happy days! the last of them had come—upon the morrow they two were to be made one—on that last day of his unwedded though not unblest life, Luigi Ronano sat alone in the calm light of the early morning, putting the last finish to his noblest composition—a requiem, a splendid requiem—to be sung over the ashes of one of those truly princelike merchants who flourished never elsewhere—and then but for a brief, and dazzling space before they sunk into the slough of avarice and luxury and degradation—but in the Italian republics. Suddenly, as he sat there musing, now striking a few notes on his harp, now scratching them down hastily upon a sheet of blotted paper, the door was thrown open, and his old foster-mother brought in a billet which she said had been left that instant by a masked messenger. He tore it open, cast his eyes over it in haste, turned pale, and red, and pale again as the Carrara marble, then snatched his hat and mantle, and tearing the letter he had just received into a thousand pieces flung them through the open window into the street—rushed madly down the staircase and was out of sight in a moment. One of the strips of paper which he had cast forth into

the breezy air whirled to and fro a few times, and then fluttering inwards, fell on the floor of the room unperceived. Oh! how much evil, how much of what is vulgarly called fate may rest upon the slightest scrap of paper that may contain six words of man's handwriting. Luigi returned no more to his home that day, nor on the morrow; and, terrified by his wild gestures, prompt to superstitious fears, and trembling ever for the safety of her beloved child, when in the evening Venetia came to release him from his pleasureable labours, and summon him to their accustomed ramble, the poor old foster-mother related and exaggerated all that passed; till the young girl herself began to wonder, to suspect, to fear, to tremble. Concealing all her thoughts, however, she answered only that she doubted not he would be back anon, and, in mean time, would go up and await him in his studio. Hastily, she tripped up the marble staircase, opened the door, and the instant that she entered her eye caught the small scrap of the torn note upon the pavement. She snatched it up, ran over it in breathless haste, and then exclaiming, "Lost! lost! oh God—faithless! and lost to me for ever!"—she too turned from the house with madness in her heart and despair, and hurried through the street, nor returned any more till it was evening twilight. And when she did return it was with faltering steps, with cheeks and lips white as the monumental marble, and a strange wildness in her eye. And the first words she spoke, as she went in, were "Make my bed, mother, make my bed in his studio,—I have come home to die!" Those were dread days of murder and of suicide, when men could bargain openly, in street and market, for men's blood, as for the lives of goats or bullocks!—when poisons were vended readily to every purchaser, for every purpose. Venetia had been tempted—tempted, it is true, sorely, and with Italian vehemence resisting not nor suffering herself to be consoled, had drunk the fatal draught, and had come home to die.

She wrote a few brief lines to Luigi, telling him of her despair, enclosing to him its cause, that fatal billet, whereon were written these few words—these only—"Come to me, then, my soul's adored—at length come fearlessly to thine own BEATRICE!" She told him of her resolution—of her determination to die, and so avenge herself on her betrayer—and with a strange touch of that romantic straining for effect which seems to be a part of the Italian character, adjured him on his return to play over her cold corpse that requiem, and then, if he dared, to survive her. She composed herself on that bed of death, arranged the funeral draperies around her, scattered the flowers about her, folded her arms upon her bosom, and

closing her eyes, lay there breathing for an hour fainter and fainter at each respiration, till at length without one convulsion, one gasp, one throb of agony, she seemed to pass away calmly and painlessly—"as flowers that close their leaves at set of sun"—from life into eternity.

The sun was high in heaven when Luigi returned—not all the bright dreams of the future, not all the blithe and blissful aspirations of this his wedding-day, could chase the gloom from his brow—the anguish from his bosom. The lost was found—the long lost, long looked for sister, found—but how—guilty, dishonoured, and despairing—dying upon a bed of shame in a base lazar house. And there throughout the livelong night had he sat by his dying sister's side, nor once even thought of his bride like her dying—like her—and oh heaven! how far alike;—this sad, and penitent, and humble, knowing her error and confessing it—hopeful of heaven and adoring with her last breath the God who chastened her!—that fierce and angry and impatient! resolute in her sin! herself a suicide, tempting another to the same fearful guilt;—this in humility and hope—that in rebellion and despair.

Luigi returned home, calm it is true, when all was over, but graver than he had ever been before, and very sad and gloomy—yet through his gravity and gloom he looked forward in his humble home to find peace, if not joy, and consolation. He came and found despair.

Shaking off his last aged relative, he locked himself in with the dead, and hour after hour that wild thrilling requiem was heard, pealing out into the streets, and making every heart of the congregated multitude quiver with solemn and most sad emotions. All through the livelong day it rung incessant—all through the summer evening—but when the moon rose, the broad full Italian moon above the tufted tree tops, and the ninth hour rang loudly—it was the hour on which he was to have been wedded!—it ceased suddenly—and it appeared to those without, that they heard the sound of a quick sudden blow; and certainly there rose one long loud wailing cry, and all was silent!

After a pause, the crowd burst in, and there, beside his broken harp, beside his bridal bed, alas! how sadly tenanted, half kneeling, and half fallen forward with his face buried in the draperies of the couch, and his arms wound about the dead, lay Luigi; too true a blow of his stiletto had gone home to his heart! He was dead!—dead for the sins, and by the fault of others, though by his own rash hand! His fate we may not know—it resteth with Him only who knoweth all things. Enough for us to "judge not, that we be not judged!"

THE COUNTRY-SEAT.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

(Concluded from Page 212.)

THE Mendenhall mansion was really a fine one, with a real granite portico, and some real marble statues sunning themselves among the lilac and althea trees, and the Misses Disneys could not help feeling themselves still very far from the climax of fashionable living. In addition to the gentleman remarked by Mrs. O'Conner, the two young ladies of the family were also on the portico. They were somewhat older than the Disneys, and both nonentities, though the elder, Miss Julia, affected dignity, and the younger, called Kate, tried hard to be a romp. Mr. Augustus, or according to common usage, Gust Mendenhall, on the contrary, was presumed to possess a "great deal of character." He was a nephew of Mr. Mendenhall, and dependent on him, having spent his small patrimony in passing through a part of Europe. He looked to be thirty, frequently observing of himself that he had grown old before his time, and having neither the person nor fortune to set up for a man of fashion, he wore gold spectacles, eschewed whiskers and all colours, except black, and assumed the critic and connoisseur in general, and the brilliant conversationist, confining, however, his acumen to bills of fare, and his wit to punning upon people's names. The fair pedestrians knew of his reputation, Mrs. O'Conner, indeed, having been introduced to him; and the girls timidly hoped, that he might consider them genteel, while the widow determined to be as fascinating as possible.

"Who can they be?" said Miss Julia, watching their approach; "Oh yes—it must be those Disneys, who have rented the little Applegarth establishment—you remember, Kate, we used to see them at concerts—but who is the tall one—that silly widow, Mrs. O'Conner, upon my word!"

"Auspicious stars!" ejaculated Mr. Augustus; "*ma belle cousine*, I pray you no *hauteur*; Kate, *ma chere*, no *brusquerie* nor *etouderie*; receive them with your brightest smiles."

"Why, what's the matter that you are so condescending, cousin Gust?" asked Miss Kate.

"Don't you know that the widow is rich? and also that your *vaurien* cousin is poor? I had set my mark upon her this spring, and afterwards lost sight of her."

"If that's the case, we will be as civil as you please," answered Miss Mendenhall, and accordingly, the visitors had no reason to complain of their reception.

"And now, young ladies, since I have made

you acquainted," said Mrs. O'Conner, "you must reward me by helping me out with a discovery I have just commenced. Which of you four, is the object of attraction to the interesting young foreigner concealed yonder in the woods?"

"Young foreigner!" repeated Miss Julia, while the Disneys did not think it necessary again to express their ignorance.

"Yes, a distinguished looking young German, with a lovely imperial and a hunting suit, no doubt, a stranger of rank. I see by your countenance that you are innocent, Miss Julia, and also Miss Kate, so it rests with these two. Only think of their want of confidence in me, never to let me know how attractive an admirer has haunted their neighbourhood, and even to feign surprise at my seeing him! Now do tell us—is he a Count or a Baron, which? I have made up my mind that he is one or the other."

"Appearances must be very strong in his favour to deceive the penetration of Mrs. O'Conner," said cousin Gust; "but even she may be mistaken. I flatter myself that few strangers of rank visit the city without letters to me, and to my certain knowledge, there is neither a Count nor Baron in it at present."

"Oh! you short-sighted creature!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Conner; "do you think that a romantic youth, with blue eyes and flaxen locks, seeking love adventures, would appear in all the *eclat* of avowed rank! the young gentleman is incog.—wandering among the haunts of ladye love, with a rifle on his shoulder, and a flute in his pocket. I saw the end of it sticking out."

The gentleman was too polite to dissent farther, and the widow continued. "If you will all favour us with your company to-morrow, I shall endeavour to give you a sight of him, if I can conquer the prejudices of Mr. and Mrs. Disney, which, of course, has prevented open intercourse. Come, my dears, you must not try to silence me—I know exactly, from experience, how the matter stands—so bid him to come, and I'll insure him a welcome. You must lay aside etiquette, and make us a sociable visit for the day—we'll look for you at dinner."

"I'll go anywhere to see a German nobleman," returned Miss Kate.

Miss Julia, however, was somewhat started at so summary a familiarity, and drew up her head, but at a significant look from cousin Gust, she replied, "that she would see whether mamma had

any engagements for them." She then left the room for a consultation, the gentleman following, and on his representations that it would further his projects, which the whole family had reason to hope might succeed, the invitation was accepted—the Misses Disney, of course, having been obliged to second it.

"Ma will be much surprised at our inviting the Mendenhalls for to-morrow," Ellenetta ventured to remark to Mrs. O'Conner, after that lady had done bowing Mr. Augustus out of sight, he having escorted them home.

"Why so?" asked the widow.

"We make it a rule, never to invite company, without first consulting her, as it is not at all times convenient for her to prepare for them."

"Oh, leave your ma to me!—mas must make up their minds to submit to a little inconvenience sometimes, and as it was your place to give the first invitation, the sooner it was done the better. I did it for your own benefit, knowing that the more sociable your intercourse became, the more likely it would be to continue. And besides, you ought to love me too much to be dissatisfied with any thing I do."

Though trembling for the effects of their communication, the girls lost no time in informing their mother of the prospect before them. "The Mendenhalls coming here to dine on half a day's notice!" she exclaimed, sinking overpowered into a seat; "is it possible, that after all my training, all the lessons I have given to teach you your duty, you should do such a thing!"

"Indeed, ma," said Ellenetta, "we could not help it. Mrs. O'Conner proposed it, and we could not countermand the invitation. We regret it as much as you do."

"The forward, giddy-headed flirt!—she disgusts me more and more every day; she does not care how much trouble she gives people, provided, she accomplishes her own ends. The Mendenhalls!—people that keep ten servants—a French cook and an English butler, that have three carriages, and import their own wines, and olives, and anchovies!—to be coming here on half a day's notice, to a family dinner, as one may say!"

"But it's only three of them, ma—the young people," said Charlotte Ann.

"It's the young people I dread. Older persons are more accustomed to the varieties of life, and are less apt to be finical. The very thoughts of that sniggering, goggle-eyed cousin coming here, is enough to give one the hysterics. He was at Cape May when your father and I were there, and he completely sickened us with his airs—fixing his spectacles to stare at people that he suspected were not genteel, jabbering French, whether people understood it or not, despising American cookery, and talking about Peregrine pies—"

"Perigord, ma," interrupted Charlotte Ann.

"Well, well—I always have to think of the old book Peregrine Pickle, to remember the name at

all—and now what is such a fellow to do at our table?—It is too late to go to market to-day, and there will be no time to-morrow. What with that ridiculous widow's constant run of spongers, and having no ice, we can keep nothing on hand, and that abominable Matty, she can't cook a dinner worth eating, nor prepare a dessert, to save her."

"We'll have to provide some dessert that will be easily prepared," said Ellenetta; "we can have some lemon custards, or floating island, or something of that sort, and Richard can bring some strawberries from market, and we will intercept the milk carts and get some cream."

"I wish we had never left the city—it was just jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire."

"Oh, ma, if only you wouldn't say that!" said Charlotte Ann, "it sounds so ungenteel."

"I am too much aggravated!—if we were in town, I could have a dinner that any body might sit down to. I could have got something extra from the cook shops, and *blanc mange* and jellies, and *Charlotte au Russe* from the confectioners;—but here—oh, girls, girls, what shall I do!"

"Dear ma! if only you would not trouble yourself so much when we have company!" said Ellenetta.

"I can't even have ice cream and water ices, for though we might get ice from town, Richard will be too busy to attend the freezers, and if I were to ask the women to do any thing out of their particular line, they would all clear themselves. Then we did not bring out our French china, nor the silver, and of course I can't go in to pack them to have them brought safe!"

"Certainly not, and so we'll have to do without," returned Ellenetta, "excepting that we ought to have the silver pitchers and a few other things, which pa can give to Richard, particularly the forks. Cheer up, ma, we'll get through very well—if you could only learn to call the dishes by French names, they would go off so much better! Even mutton chops appear imposing when pronounced *coquetelettes de mouton*."

Against the next morning Mrs. Disney was better reconciled. The milk carts were intercepted, Thomas had been sent to market, and the girls held themselves in readiness to assist their mother. But to the vexation of all, when the provisions arrived from town, the plate was not with them. Mr. Disney had been absent from the store, and the man had been afraid of waiting lest there should not be time to prepare some of the things for dinner.

"It is impossible to do without the silver forks," said Charlotte Ann, "the Mendenhalls would think us perfect barbarians;" and as there was still several hours till dinner time, Richard was sent back, with orders not to return without the indispensables.

During operations in the kitchen, Mrs. O'Conner had been engaged with equal activity up stairs at her toilette, and as the girls passed her room on their way to dress, they found her in white

robes, even more flowing than usual, and with an extra allotment of flowers in her hair. "Quite classical enough for fastidious Augustus, am I not?" she asked, "if you don't take care and be more candid, I shall engage in a new conquest. What would you think if I should go to the woods and bring up your incognito by force? I am going to reform and oppose clandestine flirtations with all my influence."

"Just as you please," answered one of the girls, "it is not very likely that the young man has been staying in the woods all night."

"We'll see, I intend to surprise you, and besides, I must fulfil my promise to Miss Kate;" and taking pains to arrange her bonnet carelessly over her curls, the widow made them a curtsy, and skipped off towards the woods, complimenting herself on her ingenuity in contriving an excuse to waylay the Mendenhalls, and to be found by them in a romantic situation. To her surprise, on entering the woods she saw the stranger of yesterday lying under a tree, idly chipping its bark with his pocket knife. She glided towards him softly, and to heighten the effect of her approach, repeated, as she did so, a quotation she had committed to memory for a similar scene with Mr. Augustus,—

"Move among these shades,
With gentleness of heart, with gentle hand
Touch, for there is a spirit in the woods;"

"Don't be amazed," she continued, as the young man regarded her with a stare and a smile, which the contour of his face naturally made a grin, "I am not a wood nymph, but the most intimate of the two fair maidens with whom you saw me yesterday. They have not, however, told me all, so pray do gratify me by naming the one on whom you have set your heart."

"D'are all two boorly," answered the stranger.

"Oh, you are as tantalizing as they are; but pray why don't you make an effort and see them more openly? I see you carry your flute in your pocket—a much more suitable instrument for a concealed lover, than that frightful gun; even it might be the means of accustoming their parents to your advances. Why don't you serenade them?"

"Nopody axed me," was the concise reply.

"Oh, the girls are too much of novices in such affairs to think of it, but I assure you it will be the very thing to soften their mother, as the poet says,—

"Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast."

"I don't know was dat ie—I don't know mooch English," said the puzzled hero.

"Make the effort—begin to night, or as soon as you please; go and discourse your most eloquent music under their windows—those two right-hand windows, and I guaranty that the very next day you may call in safety. I will prepare the way, and you will be well repaid."

"I moost be vell baid ven I does blay."

"So you shall—the softest glances, the sweetest smiles will reward—but I shall be detected—yonder comes my own cavalier, and it won't do to make him jealous;" and having seen the Mendenhalls enter the woods, she turned aside to surprise them, and to devise excuses for the non-fulfilment of her promise.

The guests duly arrived, and Mrs. Disney assisted in doing the honours of the reception, having been persuaded by the girls that she could at any time lay aside her state cap and collar, and return to her culinary duties. The Mendenhalls were seated, Miss Julia as dignified as behoved her, Miss Kate on the *qui vive* for the German Baron, and Mr. Augustus enchanting the widow with his compliments, and mystifying her with his French, when the rumble of a carriage was heard, prognosticating an addition to the company. As it stopped, a lady was seen inside, assisting a flock of children, who were scrambling over each other in apparently endless succession. "Five—six—seven!" counted cousin Gust, and Mrs. Disney and her daughters, with unanimous acclamation, pronounced them to be Mrs. Perkin Spriggs and her family.

The heart of the hostess sank. She had projected a neat dinner for the original party, consisting of seven, which needed nothing but a vocabulary of French names, to remove all her doubts and scruples, and she could not have been more dismayed if the apparitions of her innocent lamb and chickens had stared at her through the eyes of the seven hungry children—all of whom came pushing and struggling into the room, with the prelude of "Strawberries! strawberries!—where are you got your strawberries?"

"Hush, darlings!—don't be so impatient," said Mrs. Spriggs, taking off some of the hats and bonnets and wiping some of the perspiring faces. "I have been so long promising them this little excursion, that I anticipated a difficulty in restraining their spirits when we should have arrived. They have not forgotten the jubilee they had here last year, the memorable strawberry feast—"

"Strawberries! strawberries!—we want some strawberries!" reiterated the little mob.

"The poor little dears!" smiled their mother, "it is so difficult to teach children any tact, whatever is uppermost in their minds must come out: It is natural to them, and I think it is injudicious to restrain them, as it destroys their simplicity of character. But you must have patience, and Mrs. Disney will give you some when it is convenient."

"We're hungry now," grumbled one of the eldest, "you would only give us three sugar crackers a piece in the hack, and now you a'n't a going to cheat us out of our strawberries."

"Hush, Jackson, love, go out with your brothers, and perhaps Mrs. Disney will let you gather some for yourselves."

"You shall have some at dinner, dears," said Mrs. Disney, trying to clear her countenance.

"No, we'll go and gather them now, ourselves," said another boy, "we never get enough at dinner!"

"The poor children will be disappointed," said Mrs. Disney, "the vines have failed entirely this year, I don't know that a single berry was seen on them."

"Indeed! that is very unfortunate," returned Mrs. Spriggs, "but, no doubt, you can always purchase an abundance. Families who have lived in the city understand what a luxury they are, and generally keep themselves provided with them, particularly as their friends in coming out to visit them, always look for strawberries and cream, as peculiarly a country treat."

Mrs. Disney admitted that she frequently had them brought out from market, and having now, for the first time, an opportunity, she introduced the Misses Mendenhall.

"I am very happy to make the acquaintance of the young ladies," said Mrs. Spriggs; "though we see each other at church every Sunday, we have not before had an opportunity to be introduced."

The young ladies exchanged glances, for though she might, of course, have seen them at church, it was by no means a matter of course, her husband being only a retail merchant, that they had seen her.

"You must excuse me, my dear Mrs. Disney," pursued Mrs. Spriggs, loosening her sleeves from two or three sets of fingers, "but I take the liberty of an old friend, to beg you to give my troublesome little pets a cake or something to eat; their ride has improved their appetites surprisingly, and at home, I allow them something every hour. They grow so fast that they require it, and, indeed, it is one of my doctrines, that children should be almost always eating."

Mrs. Disney was in another strait. She had no cakes on hand, a recent invoice of Mrs. O'Conner's beaux having consumed the last supply, and she concluded to substitute a feed of bread and preserves. As she rose to do so, one of the children ran against her, wiping his hands across her handsome silk dress, and exclaiming, "Ma! ma! come out to Gates and Green! Wash and I found the strawberries, and they've smeared our faces with them, because we wanted to leave some for sis, and Toady, and the baby!"

"Hush! hush! darling," said the imperturbable mother, while Mrs. Disney hurried out and discovered a realization of her wildest fears. The boys had smelt their way into the pantry, where the strawberries, nicely sugared, were placed on a shelf, and finding a pitcher of cream standing by, had emptied it over them, and were now almost at the bottom of the dish, still ladling up its contents with their hands. "You little wretches!" exclaimed the terror-stricken Mrs. Disney, to which they responded by a loud laugh as they scampered past her in all directions.

"The little rogues! how playful they are!" said

the mother, catching the sound in the parlour; "Miss Ellenetta, will you oblige me by ordering the servants to keep an eye on them lest they should get hurt!"

Ellenetta left the room to obey her request, and in season to share her mother's consternation. Time, however, was now too precious for protracted lamentation, and some means to repair the loss must be devised. A dozen little niceties were suggested, but on consultation, it was decided, that either there were not materials at hand, or that it was too late to prepare them. "All I can do, then," said Mrs. Disney, "will be to make some paste, and send the women into the garden to get the gooseberries from those three bushes, for tarts, and to cut the rhubarb to make a few pies."

"But, ma, have you forgotten, or did't we tell you about Mrs. Applegarth?"

"You said she was here the last day I went to town; what of that?"

"Why she sent her boy to get the gooseberries and rhubarb to take home with her."

"Eita, you will set me crazy! how did she happen to do that?"

"She said that she always considered a share of those little things her perquisites, for she had planted the four stalks of rhubarb, and always trimmed the gooseberry bushes with her own hand. That she intended the next day to have a family dinner party of her sisters and their children, and as all esteemed anything off her father's old place, the Wimbleton property, better than any thing else, she had taken the liberty of coming out to claim her little privileges. You know, ma, it would not have done to disappoint the poor old lady, and hurt her feelings by opposing it."

"It was all pretence—her notorious stinginess—she would rather drive ten miles to beg a quart of fruit, than go to market in the next square to buy it. I was never so worried in all my life, and all the India preserves are gone too—all eaten by that abominable widow and her train. What shall we do?"

"Have preserved peaches—any thing we can get, with the custards, and some raisins, and almonds, only don't distress yourself. But as there are not custards enough for those brats, we must keep them away from the table. You'll have to apprise Mrs. Spriggs of it—she is so strange about her children."

The dinner hour drew near, and Mrs. Disney watched anxiously for Richard with the plate. The eatables were done and then overdone, and still he did not appear. The children grew more and more clamorous, and at last, with a faint hope that the expected articles might arrive before the soup was sent out, the table was prepared. "I have ordered the servants to set a table for the children, in another room, said Mrs. Disney to Mrs. Spriggs, "and I shall see that they are well waited on."

"If you please, my dear Mrs. Disney, I should

much prefer having the four eldest eat with us," replied Mrs. Spriggs; "one of my objects in taking them from home, is to teach them to behave gracefully in company, by allowing them to observe the manners of my friends;" and Mrs. Disney having neither courage nor tact to resist the interference, felt herself forced to submit.

"We must wait for the silver forks, ma," said the girls, "the Mendenhalls would think us perfect savages to eat without them, and would never enter our house again;" but soon even they were obliged to assent to having the dinner brought in, and with the promise of a dollar a piece, the chambermaid and dairy woman were bribed to take Richard's place in waiting. The soup passed off, Mr. Mendenhall eating two spoonfuls, and calling it *soup inconnu*, and Mrs. Spriggs instructing her ravenous children, that though it was polite for grown persons only to have one plateful, she would allow them two, but not more, as that would spoil their appetite for the other courses. Still Richard did not appear, and Mrs. Disney, with much effort and constraint, assured her guests that nothing but some accidental detention of her messenger prevented her from giving them silver forks; that she had been obliged to send to town for them, as she had thought it would be unsafe to bring her plate out with her.

"Mrs. Disney was so unfortunate as to be compelled to change her servants," said Mrs. O'Conner, by way of helping her out, "and she was afraid that the new ones might not prove trustworthy—we all know how such things are." Apprehending mischief, Mrs. Disney glanced round at the two attendants, and saw them both flouncing out of the room. She waited a few minutes for their return, and then, while Miss Kate was taking up two or three peas on her fork at a time very significantly, and Mr. Augustus was mumbling a sort of French, which only he and his cousins, who had practised with him, could understand, she slipped out to the kitchen. She found the absentees, with the cook, waiting for her in ominous silence. "Come in, girls, we will soon be ready for the dessert," said she.

"We don't darken that door again," replied the chambermaid.

"You may as well be your own servants, as you are so fond of the name; I don't take that off of nobody," added her coadjutor.

"It's easy to see that some people a'n't much used to silver, as they are so afraid of having it stole," said the cook; "they ought to live alone, and then, may be, they would feel safe."

In vain Mrs. Disney expostulated, they left her talking, and swept out to pack up their things, while she returned to her place, expressing in terms more heartfelt than elegant, her new trouble and vexation.

Meanwhile, the younger detachment of the Spriggses, having been let loose by the cook, had invaded the dining-room, and were clamouring about their brothers at the table, who, like a

swarm of locusts, were clearing all before them. Mrs. Disney grew more and more nervous as the numerous dishes were emptied, one after another, and right glad she was when Mrs. Spriggs gave up for a new course. Then came the young ladies' share of the trial. They were obliged to assist in removing and replacing the dishes, and never having learned that it was possible to perform even domestic labours gracefully, their tight dresses and their embarrassment made them appear almost as awkward as they felt. Presuming that every movement had sunk them lower in the estimation of the Mendenhalls, they became hopeless of retrieving their characters for refinement, and made no effort at keeping up a conversation. Thus the dessert passed without sociality, for even the flirtation of Mr. Augustus and Mrs. O'Conner became inaudible, through the clatter and wrangling of the children, who had surrounded the side table, and were screaming with their mouths full, clashing the plates, overturning gravies, dropping meat upon the matting, and while, ever and anon, running to their mother to complain, leaving the marks of their greasy hands on the dresses of all whom they passed.

Even Mrs. O'Conner was less fluent than usual, for the idea of remaining in a house deserted by servants, was far from agreeable to her love of comfort. She generally visited at places where she was allowed the best attendance, as well as the greatest liberties, and her thoughts were somewhat occupied with planning what she should do next. An invitation from the Mendenhalls was now desirable as an accommodation as much as any thing else, and she summoned her ingenuity to exact it. Being unsuccessful with the young ladies, she directed herself to the cousin, at the same time showing her graces by caressing her canary birds on the perch, and feeding them from her lips—which latter operation she generally found effective in drawing compliments. At length Miss Julia showed signs of moving, and making a bold effort, she called to her, "What do you think of my suggestion, Miss Julia?—your cousin expresses so much regret at leaving me that I have told him he had better take me along."

"No doubt he thought it a very agreeable proposition," replied Miss Mendenhall.

"I must insist on taking you at your word," said the gentleman.

"Whether I will or no?—well, it is woman's province to yield, so I'll have to surrender. But see that you treat me well, now that I have submitted so magnanimously;" and without waiting for more, she ran to Mrs. Disney and her daughters, telling them that Mr. Mendenhall, determined to support his reputation of invincibility, was leading her away from them, a captive. Accordingly, she had her bonnet brought down with the others, and leaving a score of charges about her birds, she curtsied herself away, forgetting in the success of her manœuvre, the embracings which generally marked her appearances and exits.

As the party strolled off, the carriage returned from the city for Mrs. Spriggs and her children, and in it was Richard, whose detention with his precious cargo was owing, in the first place, to the continued absence of Mr. Disney, and in the second, to a break down of his wagon.

It is needless to repeat the discussion of the events of the day which followed among the three wearied entertainers, after the guests had departed, it being, as may be conjectured, sufficiently unpleasant and unsatisfactory. They united to wash the dishes, an occupation seldom in good credit among ladies, and Richard was deputed to the part of dairyman.

This state of affairs continued the next day and the next. Mrs. Disney had written to her husband to find her a new corps of domestics, but as that is generally a work of time, she concluded to go to the city on the third day, and assist in it herself. The night previous, while the girls, under the novel sensation of being tired with work, were lying in bed, arranging labour-saving plans for the morrow, they were surprised by a strain of music, really delightful, which seemed to ascend from the yard. "Some of Mrs. O'Conner's admirers, I suppose," said Ellenetta, and they both rose to peep out. There was a bright moonlight, and they recognized beneath the windows, the figure of the young stranger of the woods.

"What would Mrs. O'Conner say if she knew this?" whispered Charlotte Ann.

"It is very strange," returned Ellenetta, "what if he should really be a Count or Baron?"

"Mrs. O'Conner knows so much of the world that she ought to be right," said Charlotte Ann, "but I don't think he is as handsome as Mr. Butford."

"Nor as Mr. Dillworthy; but if he is a nobleman, who would mind that! I rather think he looked most at you when we met him."

"No, it strikes me he looked longest at you, Etta; but what if it was Mrs. O'Conner he was taken with; you know she said she saw him the day the Mendenhalls were here."

"If he has been in the habit of watching the house as she supposed, he could easily have discovered her absence," said Ellenetta, whose admiration for their late guest had considerably abated, "for she was always flourishing her white dress about the yard and porches, so that she could be seen at any distance. He means the compliment for us, that's clear; I wonder what will be the consequence?"

Full of this new subject of excitement, the girls could scarcely listen to the music, and long after the serenader had departed, they lay awake indulging visions of titles and of tossing their heads at the Mendenhalls.

The next morning Mrs. Disney was driven by Richard to town on her important mission, leaving her daughters, whom she had noticed unaccountably mysterious, and elated about the serenade, to guard the premises. The idea that they were,

perhaps, observed by the gallant foreigner, made the duty rather agreeable than otherwise, and after putting on white dresses, they flitted around the house and fed Mrs. O'Conner's canary birds with much assiduity. But the arrival of dinner time, recalled them to the sober realities of life, and they entered the dining-room to set out the cold ham and cheese, which were to preserve them from the vulgar operation of cooking. They were about to take their seats at the table, when a step on the porch startled them. They looked out, and beheld their new admirer before them, twitching off his cap, and bowing like a schoolboy in the olden time, with his foot thrown far up in the air behind him. Blushing and trying to look grave, the young ladies handed him a seat, and attempted to enter into conversation with him, but his accent was so imperfect, they could understand little he said, and though he bowed and simpered constantly, it was evident that they were equally unintelligible to him.

At length, Charlotte Ann signed her sister to the door, whispering, "We ought to invite him to dine with us, shouldn't we?"

"No doubt he will expect it," replied Ellenetta, "and we will have to put silver forks on the table—these foreigners are not accustomed to any thing else."

"And we had better get out the silver pitchers; it will look more aristocratic," said Charlotte Ann; "I suppose, also, that we had better bring up a bottle of pa's Madeira—Germans never think of taking dinner without wine."

"Very well," replied Ellenetta, "I'll get the things out of the sideboard. Then do you go to the spring and have some water ready, and I'll try to unlock the cellar to get the wine."

Agreeably to this arrangement, Ellenetta placed the forks on the table, while Charlotte Ann went to the spring, which was at some distance behind the house; and then excusing herself, she hurried into the cellar. It was an office she had not been accustomed to, and she had some difficulty in unlocking the wine closet, and not less in finding the article required. She was at length surprised by a loud call from her sister, and hastening up, she found her alone in the dining-room. "The pitchers! the castor! the forks and spoons!" exclaimed Charlotte Ann; "Oh, Etta, he has robbed the sideboard!" It was too true. They had left the sideboard open, and all its treasure was rifled, while on looking out, they saw the stranger running towards the woods, with a large bundle in his hand, as fast as his limbs would carry him.

"Oh, what will ma and pa say!" responded Ellenetta; "but it was all Mrs. O'Conner's fault; we never would have thought him a gentleman if it had not been for her!" and after they had given utterance to their horror, they locked the doors, lest he should come back again, and then sat down and cried.

Before evening their mother returned, and much to their dismay, she was accompanied by their

father. They nerved themselves to go to the door to receive them, but their agitation was increased when, instead of kissing them as usual, Mr. Disney said sternly, "Come into the parlour, girls—I wish to speak to you." They followed him and he continued in the same tone, "Who is that young Dutchman you have sneaking about the neighbourhood after you?"

They both trembled and turned pale.

"Answer me plainly. I have heard a pretty story which is in circulation about you."

"What—what did you hear, pa?" faltered Ellenetta.

"That one or the other of you has been carrying on a courtship in the woods yonder, with a fellow—a scamp, no doubt, who passes for a nobleman, and that you have taken such pains to conceal it from me, that I did not know of his existence. I overheard it from two young men who had been out at Mendenhalls, and who had received a full account from Mrs. O'Conner. Your mother has confirmed it by telling me of a serenade last night, and by recollecting some speeches about a Count or Baron, which she did not understand, and paid little attention to, when she heard them."

"Oh, pa!" sobbed Charlotte Ann, "he is no gentleman at all, but a thief, and has stolen all the silver!"

"The silver!" shrieked Mrs. Disney, running to the sideboard, whose interior corroborated the assertion, and the girls sobbed harder and harder. Mr. Disney desired his wife to control herself, and ordering the girls to dry their eyes, demanded a full explanation of the whole matter. They gave it simply and without reserve, and when they had done, though his countenance somewhat cleared, he bade them "pack up bag and baggage, and be ready to remove to town as soon as possible."

"You have proved yourselves," he continued, "as I predicted you would, unfit to live from

under my eye, and as long as I retain you in my guardianship, I shall take care that you never again get yourselves into such mischief. So have yourselves ready, and I'll send out furniture carriages to-morrow."

Agreeably to this decree, the family immediately re-established themselves in the city; and but for the mortification of returning in disgrace, the young ladies would have been perfectly satisfied. Mr. Disney lost no time in searching after the robber, and through the activity of a firm celebrated in that line of business, was successful both in apprehending him and recovering his effects. He proved to be a musician attached to the orchestra of one of the theatres, who having boarded at a low German tavern in the vicinity of the cottage, had sometimes made the woods a resting place in walking to and from the city. The serenade was explained by his supposing himself under a professional engagement to Mrs. O'Conner, and the visit was made in quest of his pay, terminating much to his satisfaction, in an opportunity to remunerate himself on an unusually liberal scale.

On the family leaving the cottage, Mrs. O'Conner's baggage was sent after her to Mr. Mendenhalls, but she soon found it expedient to return with it to the city. Shortly after she made a runaway match with Mr. Augustus; for the romance of the thing, it was presumed, as there was nobody to run from. Her fortune, instead of being thirty or forty thousand dollars cash, proved to be only ten, but it was sufficient to carry the bridegroom to Paris, while his wife took cheap lodgings and lived on the rent of her house.

Before winter the Misses Disney were restored to the favour of their former admirers, Mr. Dillworthy and Mr. Butford, and the next spring were married to them. They make very good wives to worthy husbands, and though in excellent circumstances, they never hint an ambition to extend their importance by keeping a country-seat.

TO THE NEW MOON.

Thou art so like a little boat,
Of silvery brightness gliding high,
That I have long'd in thee to float
A passenger to yonder sky.

To move along the radiant way,
'Circl'd with many a starry wreath:
To gaze upon the face of day
While darkness veils the earth beneath.

When midnight's mantle closes 'round
The slumbering race of mortals here,

To rise beyond the horizon's bound,
And view the sun resplendent there.

And could I dare to guide thy way,
Thou silver'd bark of evening's sky,
I would our aerial voyage 'tend
To the bright land of bliss on high,

And moor thee in the happy port,
Then joyful rest my weary oar,
Humbly approach the dazzling throne,
And at my Saviour's feet adore.—M. A. F.

SKETCHES OF PARIS.

BY A PARISIAN.—TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.



WOULD-BE LITERARY CHARACTERS.

Who is that gentleman seated so lazily in a café, turning round every now and then to look in the looking-glass behind him? Before him is a glass of *eau sucrée*, of which he swallows a mouthful occasionally. There are magazines on his table, one of which he is reading, interrupting himself occasionally to exclaim,

"Oh, what nonsense! Bad! bad—miserable—absurd—the idea of praising such a piece—a fine piece, indeed—an infamous rhapsody!—if I had written it, I would go down myself!"

By his self-importance, you might imagine this gentleman to be some distinguished personage—one of our literary artistical celebrities—that is, if you are not skilled in men.

Undeceive yourself. Great people do not behave thus. Men of talent are much more indulgent. You never hear them tear their fellow writers to pieces, depreciate their rivals, and turn young beginners to ridicule.

This gentleman, who makes so much noise, is the author of part of a vaudeville, badly acted at

one of our smallest theatres. Since then, he has taken the title of dramatic author; and by a great many tricks, he has succeeded in getting his name on the prospectus of a little daily paper. He is now a man of letters; but among the true literati these people are very little thought of.

Does any body remember the man who used to go and eat his piece of dry bread in the garden of the Palais Royal, and who walked about in the evening with a tooth-pick in his mouth, and said with a satisfied air to the friends he met,

"I am taking a walk to improve my digestion, for I have been dining at the Palais Royal?"

But the multitude are so easily deceived by appearances! There are always simple minds, who are the dupes of these literary jugglers, just as people will buy quack medicine, and pomatum to make the hair grow.

A young man of talent, but who is yet unknown, has written a piece. He seeks a man who has some influence. He wants to ask such a one to read over his piece, and touch it up. He has been told that the gentleman in our picture is a man of letters; he addresses himself to him, and humbly

presents his work, which the latter condescends to take, with a protecting air.

"Very well, I will read it. Come back in a week or two; by that time I think I shall have been able to examine it."

The young man has come as many as ten times to his friend; but has never found him at home. At last he meets him at a café, and hastily joins him.

"Ah, sir, I am glad to find you."

"Good morning, my dear!"

"I have been to your house several times, without ever being able to find you at home."

"How can I be at home!—so much business!—so many adventures! I seldom sleep at home. I pay 1200 francs for my apartment; but it is very foolish, for I am never there."

"Have you been so kind as to read my piece?"

Here the gentleman of the sugar and water bites his lips, shakes his head and winks his eyes, and says:

"Yes, my dear, I have read it."

"What do you think of it?"

The man of letters strokes his chin, and lets a few hums escape him. This is very tormenting to the young man, who again asks,

"What is your opinion of it, sir?"

"Well, in the first place, there is not enough love in it, you must try and put a little more in."

"Not enough love!—why, sir, there is nothing else."

"Well, then you must take some out; because—do you understand—always the same thing is very monotonous; but we will settle all that. I have done harder things."

The young man begins to understand what sort of person he has to deal with, and asks in a dry tone,

"Have you my manuscript about you, sir?"

"Yes, here it is. I was amusing myself with reading some fragments of it. There are two pages lost, but that is a small evil; you can easily replace them with any thing that comes into your head."

The young man takes his poor manuscript, puts it in his pocket, and making a bow, says,

"I beg your pardon for having troubled you, sir; but I do not think I am fit to labour with you!"

"Well, I believe it is so!" cries the man of letters. "Try to do something—I will mention you some day in my newspaper, perhaps."

There are some of these little men of letters who think they do a great deal. When, by accident, they get hold of a new writer, who, in the hopes of finding a friend and assistant, confides his manuscript to them, they shut themselves up, and reading it over and over, rack their brains for alterations, or, as they call them, advantageous changes.

Unfortunately, or rather fortunately, to be a real author, one must have received the gift, the secret influence from heaven, and when you are

not endowed with this, you may rub your forehead in vain; nothing will come out of it. Boileau says

"Be rather a mason, if that be your talent."

But not many of these persons have read Boileau. People do not like to see themselves shown up.

After keeping the manuscript a month or more, the pretended literary man writes to the author—

"My dear master," (master is the word now adopted at Paris by literary men speaking to each other.) Formerly only lawyers used this expression. But it succeeds very well in literature. It flatters him who receives it, and costs nothing to the other party, as he is sure to be styled so in his turn. It means nothing. It is one of these compliments which are handed about everywhere—losing their value in proportion as they multiply.

The self-styled man of letters, therefore, writes to the dramatic aspirant—

"My dear master, I have finished our piece. I have had to alter a great deal, and do a great deal over again, cut out all that was unnecessary, and at last I think it will do. Come and see me tomorrow morning. We will read it over together, and then we will go in search of a director, and all will go well, I hope."

When he receives this note, the author of the manuscript is agreeably flattered at seeing himself styled *my dear master*, because, as he has never yet published any thing, he has no right to the title of master. So he dresses himself in black, the favourite colour of those who aspire to literary celebrity, whilst those whose fame is achieved, never think of the colour of their dress. When he is ready, he hastens to the house of his illustrious colleague.

After the customary compliments, they arrive at the important subject, the reading of the piece. The young man is very impatient to see the advantageous alterations.

The other takes the manuscript, seats himself, and is going to begin to read. After coughing, to see if his voice has all its accustomed strength, he stops himself just as he begins, saying,

"I must first tell you, my friend, that I have changed the name of our drama."

"Oh! you did not like it, then?"

"Well, it was not bad exactly; but if I can find a better, I would prefer substituting it. Do you know, my friend, that a good title is half—three-quarters of the whole thing?"

"I have no doubt but that it is advantageous, especially if the piece is in accordance with it."

"Why, as to accordance, the principle is to promise a great deal; but an original title is a great thing. I am acquainted with literary men—men of great talent—whose sole occupation is to invent names for pieces. Whenever one of these inventors of titles gets one, he takes it to an author who is in the habit of writing—who writes by the wholesale. A third has the scene part, and invents fortunate situations, and a fourth throws a

little wit into it. If gaiety is wanted besides, recourse is had to a fifth man; but generally it is not required that a piece shall be amusing. So there, now, it is finished, and the person who gave the name has one-fourth of the profit."

"Four are a great many to write one piece!"

"It sometimes takes five or six. I should not be surprised, if a society were to be constituted for the production of written plays."

"But let us come to my manuscript. My piece was called '*The Shepherdess of the Forest.*' I thought that was a pretty title."

"It might do, but the title I have given it is much more original—more striking. I call it '*The Forest of the Shepherdess.*' What do you think of that?"

"The same title backwards."

"Yes, but that is of no consequence. What a great change in the signification. '*The forest of the Shepherdess.*' that title promises so much. Every one will be curious."

"It promises so much—but go on—I am listening."

The young author is not at all pleased at the change in the title of his piece. The other goes on reading—

"Personages. *Count Artold de Montourнал.* You had merely put the *Count of Montourнал.* I have added *Artold*, it is much better,—nobler. *Baron d'Apremont*—you had it *Baron d'Aperville.* I think a name ending in *vill* was too soft for a traitor; but *mont!* how well that sounds! so full! I am very glad I thought of *Apremont*,—it came into my head one evening when I was playing whist;—then *Adele Dorgeville*—you had *Adele Dorgemont*—I thought here that *mont* was too harsh for a woman—especially if she is in love;—women in love are never harsh—*Dorgeville* is much more flowing;—*Bernard, Steward of the Castle*—you had *Dubois*: *Dubois* is much more common; you find *Dubois* in all the old comedies; it is used up, whilst *Bernard* has been very little used. *Allain, the gardener*, I have not changed that—*Allain* will do very well—we will leave it. *Fanchonnette, the shepherdess*,—remark here the great change; it was *Fanchette*, as you had it; now it is *Fanchonnette*, a syllable more is of great consequence in the principal character. You had *two servants belonging to the castle*—I have put four, because, I said to myself, the effect of four servants will be much finer than that of only two."

The young author made a slight face upon hearing the changes in the names of his characters. The other wipes his forehead, and goes on.

"I have made an alteration here. You have put, '*The Baron goes out at the right.*'—I have changed it to, '*The Baron goes out at the left.*' It will be much better, because at the right we have a tree, and if the Baron happened to go out very quickly, he might strike against it. You have made *Fanchonnette* say in the end of her speech, '*Oh! how dreadful it is to love without hope of a return of our affection.*' See what I have substituted. '*Oh!*

to love without hope of a return of our affection is a dreadful thing.' The idea is the same, but better expressed. Further on, you make *Allain*, the comic character, say—'*Women are like nuts, to find a good one, one must take several.*' My dear colleague, this will not do at all; compare women to nuts! it is risking too much, it is dangerous. I have put in its place, '*There are good women, there are also good nuts.*' I defy censure to fall upon that!"

"But it seems to me, that is not the idea I wished to express."

"You had one idea, it now expresses two; it is much better; I will go on."

The young author submits. Towards the end he perceives that a whole scene is left out.

"What has become of the scene where my shepherdess receives a declaration of love? you have skipped it!"

"No, my dear friend, I cut it out."

"Cut it out! for what? it is the most important part of the whole piece, the knot of it all."

"Precisely. In cutting the knot, the action is easily perceived. Besides, declarations of love are very common; you find them in every play!"

"What have you put in its place?"

"When the shepherdess goes into the forest, I make the Count follow her. He says in an aside, loud enough to be heard by every one, '*Fanchonnette is going into the forest. I will follow her, and say two words to her.*' This aside says every thing, and at the same time nothing; it has the great advantage of leaving you in suspense."

The poor young author is silent; this is certainly more than he expected. The other goes on reading. The changes in the end are very much the same as those in the beginning. In one place he has substituted, *I hate you unto death, for I detest you. Let us both perish, for let us die together—Oh's for Ah's, and great God for just heaven.*

This is the work that has occupied a month, and of which he is so proud. When he has finished reading it, he expects thanks and praises from the young author, who nevertheless preserves a melancholy silence. He is stupefied, but at last consoles himself with the thought

"He will have it acted, that is the principal thing."

Three months pass, during which time the young author goes every week to the house of his colleague.

"When are we to have our reading before the directors?"

"Some day soon—next week—without fail.—They say, 'we are overcome with business and readings, but we will attend to you before many others!' Have patience, I will write you word when they are ready."

At last the day of the reading comes. The young man goes to his colleague, for whom his former confidence revives, and who repeats,

"It is all settled—all will go well. I will read it myself."

The young man, who was not satisfied by any means with the manner in which it was formerly read, says, timidly,

"But, if you wish it, I could read it myself. I could do it—I have sufficient warmth."

"You! you could not! you are not in the habit of reading in the presence of the directors; it is not warmth that is wanting, it is calmness, coolness. 'Trust to me.'"

They go to the directors' house. The young author is presented by his colleague as a young aspirant whom he is anxious to encourage—he makes an awkward bow, but his heart beats so violently that he cannot speak.

The literary man begins to read the piece—he reads it as badly as possible, but the young man hopes that this is only his own private opinion—others may think better of it.

The reading is over; the result is a unanimous refusal of the piece.

The young author is alarmed—he enters into melancholy reflections upon his dramatic association. As to the reader, he is furious; he bursts out into invectives against the director and his theatre.

"Refuse such a piece as that!—when I had sown wit by handfuls. They are asses—that theatre can never go on—it will be a failure—I know perfectly well that it will be received and played elsewhere—but it is very disagreeable to have had the trouble of reading it for nothing."

"You think it will be received elsewhere?" asks the young author with a sigh.

"No doubt of it!"

And in the space of two years, this man obtains six readings. The piece has been every where refused, and the young man giving up all hopes, has left his manuscript in his partner's possession, who after several months changes the name of it, and has it performed as his own at one of the humblest theatres in Paris.

There are some of these men who really work, work a great deal, and although they never write any thing good themselves, have a singular habit of blaming all that their colleagues write, and always alter everything in the pieces that are brought to them.

When you have business with such men, if the name of your piece is *Hero and Leander*, they will alter it to *The Adventures of Telemachus*. If you have written a work on the *Battle of Fontenoy*, it will become in their hands, the *Foundation of Rome*. You may read your piece from beginning to end; you will not see one idea of your own, nor a phrase of your own; and, unfortunately, what is substituted is very inferior to your own production.

In the fourth class of these men, you find the man goes about all day long, from one theatre to another, assisting at all the rehearsals, representations, and discussions; you will find him in the directors' closet, behind the scenes, in the boxes, in the green-room, everywhere.

He complains of injustice; he asks for readings; he goes from one to another; he is always in agitation; if a director passes by, he runs up to him, takes his arm, draws him into a corner, where he endeavours to keep him, affecting to speak in a low tone, and to assume a mysterious air, so as to make every body think he is engaged in some important dramatic business. We advise literary beginners to go to one of this class of men, they will be less likely to be cheated.

We have been very diffuse upon this subject, because Paris is the great manufactory of all plays, which are afterwards performed in the other towns of France, and because now every body writes in Paris, and wishes to be thought an author.

THE LADY THAT WAS TOO FASHIONABLE.

Why should we speak of the fashion, in a city where it is so inconstant. Yesterday's fashion is gone to-day, and that of to-day will be gone to-morrow.

In Paris, those who dress according to the fashion are always busy; they must not lose a moment in the day; there is the morning undress, and the morning dress; day dress, evening dress, and concert or ball-dress; and this is not all; one must have fashionable rooms, fashionable furniture, fashionable carriage and horses, fashionable liveries, and fashionable harness; and fashion is always fleeting.

These people to whom fashion is everything, are extremely unhappy when they are found wanting in the smallest particular. This way of tying the cravat is no longer in fashion; coats are not buttoned up so high as this now; this hat is not of the new shape; this colour is in bad taste; and this cane is completely gone by.

If you have been so unfortunate as to go out without knowing all this, you are lost. Run, hide yourself, quick, before any one sees you, or your reputation is gone.

Fortunately for the Parisians, they are not all slaves to fashion. Men of talent think very little of it; they have other things to think about. Some austere philosophers and cynics, affect to despise it: they sometimes carry this too far. *Est modus in rebus*.

The following circumstance befel a lady in Paris, to whom fashion was everything. This lady was forty years old; she was not handsome; but she often wore things that made her less so.

"It is the fashion," was her favourite saying. "One cannot go wrong when one is in the fashion."

"But, if the fashion is a ridiculous one?" said her friends.

"Fashion can never be ridiculous."

"If it is unbecoming?"

"It is of no consequence."

"If fashion directed you to expose your throat?"



"I would show it."

"To wear your dresses to your knees?"

"I would wear them so. I would always be in the fashion."

The husband of this lady, who was by no means of her way of thinking, took it into his head one day to compose a little piece, and put it in the "*Journal des Modes*," with a picture, represent a lady whose hair was dressed with a carrot. Underneath was written,

"New style of dressing hair: drawn back a la Chinoise; natural carrot."

The lady examined it long and seriously.

"Oh! what a singular head-dress—how new: ah! they will wear vegetables in the hair after this."

The husband shrugged his shoulders, exclaiming,

"How ridiculous—it is not common sense,—I hope you will not make yourself ridiculous in that manner."

"Why not, my dear? it is not ugly,—not at all ugly. Besides, it is the fashion, and that is enough. I must have a carrot—I must have one immediately—a fine large carrot. We are going to the opera—I must have my hair dressed so."

The husband affected to oppose her—the lady persisted. She put the carrot in her hair, and went to the opera.

The effect was extraordinary; but not what she expected. Everybody laughed, and so very openly, that it was impossible for her to misunderstand it.

The poor lady came home very melancholy, and quite disconcerted.

"It is very singular. I was dressed in the last fashion, and yet people laughed at me."

"My dear," replied the husband, "all fashions are not becoming to you—I have told you so a thousand times. You should adapt your dress to your looks; a carrot is not becoming to a blonde."

Since then, this lady has not followed the fashions so implicitly.

THE IRISH AT HOME.*

AN eminent English writer asserts, that the most fortunate lot of an intellectual woman is to be the wife of a literary man, who understands and appreciates her talents, and in whose studies and pursuits she can be associated. William and Mary Howitt, and Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall are living and happy illustrations of the truth of this theory. The latter couple have lately completed a joint work, which is not only an honour to themselves, but also to the literature, arts, and taste of their country.

The large size of the work in question, "Ireland, its Scenery, Character, &c.," and its numerous and expensive engravings will, probably, prevent its being republished in America, at least for some time to come. Indeed, though exceedingly useful, as well as entertaining to the British reader, yet to us most of the local descriptions, as well as the statistical records and antiquarian researches are comparatively of small importance. It is not so much what Ireland has been that will interest the Americans, as what she now is, and what she promises to be in the future. To show, therefore, the Irish at home, as depicted by Mr. and Mrs. Hall, during their tours, which were continued through three successive years, is our purpose. We prefer this course rather than giving an elaborate review, because we believe it will best show the spirit of the work, and it enables us also to introduce some of those exquisite stories, illustrative of Irish character, which bear the impress of Mrs. Hall's pen. Her name is very popular in America, where her writings are, without doubt, more generally read than in England or even Ireland; and, moreover, we consider her entitled to be united with her distinguished countrywomen, Miss Edgeworth and Lady Morgan, as the noble vindicators of their country. To quote from the work before us—

"It is to their high honour that women were the first to use their pens in the service of Ireland—we do not mean politically, but morally. When a buffoon, a knave, and an Irishman were considered synonymous in the novel and on the stage; when the oppressed peasant at home and abroad was held as a 'base thrall'—and the insulting jibe and jeer were still directed against the 'mere Irish,'—when this prejudice was at its height, two women, with opposite views and opposite feelings on many subjects, but actuated by the same ennobling patriotism, arose to the rescue of their country—Miss Owenison by the vivid *romance*, and Miss Edgeworth by the stern reality of portraiture, forcing justice from an unwilling jury, spreading abroad the knowledge of the Irish character, and por-

traying, as they never had been portrayed before, the beauty, generosity, and devotion of Irish nature. It was a glorious effort, worthy of them and of the cause—both planted the standard of Irish excellence on high grounds, and defended it boldly and bravely, with all loyalty, in accordance with their separate views."

We subscribe cordially to this tribute of admiration, only begging leave to include Mrs. Hall also in the picture. Though a younger, she is by no means a less gifted or true daughter of Erin, and the offerings she has brought to her country's shrine are rich as woman's love and holy as humanity's cause. We must not forget, however, that *she* would not accept of honour, if her husband were robbed of his portion. Whoever reads these volumes will feel that this couple are indeed one in spirit—harmonizing like the primary colours, in their minds, tastes, pursuits, till all becomes light: what happier, higher lot can successful authors desire?

But to return to their great work, "Ireland, &c."—we will leave the questions, "who built the round-towers?" and "what were their use?" as they now stand an enigma; pass by the fallen wrecks of man's pride and power, the "cairns" and "castles," "the tumuli," and "temples," and all the "ould ruins" which spread over this bright beautiful "gem of the ocean" the aspect of desolation and death; and even turn away from what is to us far more interesting, the descriptions of natural scenery. We could not, without the accompanying engravings, give our readers an idea of the pleasure we have enjoyed in the pen and pencil picturings of the sublime, beautiful, and picturesque, which, in a greater degree perhaps than is to be found in any other European country, if we except Spain, is the natural inheritance of Ireland. We do not wonder at the enthusiasm which this lovely scenery kindles in their bards, nor that the Irish esteem their country as the

"First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

But the people! what should we say of the people? Alas! for them Ireland seems rather the region of the shadow of death than an Eden of pleasant places; unless, indeed, we can imagine an Eden where all the good fruits have been forbidden by a malignant demon. We hardly know where the deepest want and sorrow, among this multitudinous population, this stagnant ocean of life, is to be encountered; it appears to us as though the greatest possible amount of misery which the human being is capable of enduring in a civilized, christian community, is felt everywhere. The Halls think, however, that in the southern counties, and in and about Dublin, the distress is most appalling. We shall, by and by, give some

* IRELAND; ITS SCENERY, CHARACTER, &c. By Mr. & Mrs. S. C. Hall. Three volumes, royal octavo, with about 1500 engravings. London, 1813.

† "Sketches of Irish Character"—"Marian; or, a Young Maid's Fortunes," "Uncle Horace," "The Buccaneers," &c.

sketches of individual suffering; yet we feel how inadequate these will be to convey an idea of the "pinching poverty" which, like a dark cloud, shadows the lot of millions. One glance at the Poor-law system will suffice to show we do not exaggerate the picture. In their "workhouses," ("so called because no *work* is done in them," says Carlyle,) the daily allowance of food is two scant meals of potatoes, oatmeal, and buttermilk—*meat* is never allowed, "because," add the Halls, "it is unnecessary to say that *meat* is a 'luxury,' rarely tasted by the Irish peasant out of the workhouse, nor does he usually eat more than two meals in a day!"

In our land of luxurious plenty, where, even to individuals, temporary want is rarely known, and where gaunt hunger has never set his foot, where the paupers have "bread enough," and milk and meat, and even the comforts of tea and coffee, how can we conceive of a population, nearly half as large as that of the United States, suffering every day of their lives from the want of sufficient and suitable food? It is one of the saddest pictures human nature ever exhibited. But, let us turn to a pleasant theme, the kind, cheery temperament, the warm, loving nature which these poor, oppressed people retain; their sorrows, like those of childhood, pass over without crushing the bright flower of hope, which the fresh heart ever nourishes. Erin is, as her own son has described her, "still young." May his prophecy be as true as his poetry is beautiful.

"Erin! oh Erin! though long in the shade,
Thy star shall shine out, when the proudest shall fade!"

The superstitions of the Irish peasantry are fast disappearing. Stories of the "Banshie," the "Phora," the "Clauricane," are now very difficult to gather; those who reverence these old traditions appear sensible that they are not in unison with the present habits of life. Even the fairies are fast losing their repute—"education and Father Mathew having worked sad havoc among them." The next generation will probably be "disenchanted entirely," and we shall have no more eye-witnesses of the gambols of the "good people," as the fairies are called, with more politeness than truth, if their character may be judged by their doings. We may regret this utilitarian process as we do the passing away of the utopian dreams of our childhood, when

"All Time's sands were made of gold;"

but we think the period has come when "ould Ireland" should begin to grow wise. And, as the Halls find consolation in believing that "as superstitions are wearing out, prejudices will soon follow," we ought to rejoice; but, before the fairy race is completely driven out by the steam-fury, or the rational has quite displaced the imaginative, we will give one of the few stories Mrs. Hall was able to gather, which is entirely new to us, and moreover exceedingly graphic in its illustration of this, we may say, captivating superstition.

"There's not so many of them now as there used to be in ancient times," said an old man, who had been introduced to us, because of his knowledge of the "good people." He was a tall, thin, white-headed person, and would have been the beau-ideal of a patriarch, but for a merry twinkle in his clear blue eye. "My father used to see them now and agin," he continued, "just about midsummer, or it might be in harvest; but my grandfather, bless you! he was hand and glove with them all his life, and his own mother was away with them for five or six years, more or less,—I can't be particular as to a month,—and her sister had her eldest boy changed by them, though her own fault intirely; for it's a foolish thing to go against the likes of them, or to make game of them, or to dare them."

"Well, she, poor thing! wouldn't put up a horse-shoe on the door-post, or cross a plate of salt, or put a prayer-book under her pillow, or pull the seven rods of hazel, or cut a notch in a black cat's tail, or pour a sup of sweet milk out of the pail when she was milking, or break a new potato on the hearthstone, or bite her baby's nails for the first nine weeks instead of cutting them, or toss the first lock of hay in haymaking in a cross, that is first north, then south, you see—cross-cross, as we call it—nor offer a cock to St. Martin—not she! But I tell you what she'd do—she'd go wandering of St. John's Eve, in the moonlight, and think no more of crossing a fairy ring between twelve and three, than of kissing her hand; she'd cross a stream without crossing herself, and carry a cat over it, without the least taste of dread coming over her. If she saw the very print of the 'good people's' feet on the silver sands on the sea-shore, instead of saying 'Wave, wave, wash out!' she'd kick the marks into nothing with her ten toes. She was a fearless, careless girl, and sure enough, instead of a purty, soft faced, rosy child, that was the moral of its own people, she had a poor, puny, wish-wash brat put in its place, that was neither fit to live nor die; every one said it wasn't a right child at all, at all. Some wanted her to put it out on a hot shovel; others to make egg-broth before it, that is, to boil the egg shells, and offer it the water they were boiled in for its dinner, which would make it speak out at once; others to keep its head under water for twenty-five minutes, when, if it was a right child, it would be drowned; if it was not, why it would be alive in the face of the country. But the sorra a thing she'd do that had any sense in it, only would declare that the child was a right child enough when it would get strength and good advice; and, in spite of all they could say, she rolled the poor scrag of a craythur into her flannel petticoat, and strapping it on her back, put her cloak over all, and set off with it to Dublin to consult some fine doctor she heard tell of, that had a great name. When her mother-in-law got her out of the house, may be she didn't make an alteration in the place! She nailed horse-shoes to all the doors, and a fine one of great virtue intirely to head of the bed-post, and she sent for a fairy-man, and whatever he bade her do she did; and the upshot of it was, that every one said, if the poor unbelieving craythur ever brought her fairy boy back with her, she'd never be able to cross the threshold."

"Well, as sure as fate, after the woman was away as good as six months, home she comes, and the husband runs out to meet her. 'Stop!' she cries, 'don't set eyes on the baby until we're on our own floor, and let me show you what, through the grace of God, I've saved.' They all looked at each other, when she said this, and in two or three minutes she sets him down—as fine a *poulter* of a boy as ever came into the world—round and rosy, with eyes the moral of his grandmother, and a fist the image of his father's, that would grip a shillalah with any man in the Barony. As to the granny, she had like to have lost

It is not three years since, (in 1840,) a case was tried before the Criminal Court, in the county of Tipperary, wherein it appeared that a boy of seven years old, a delicate child, but uncommonly precocious, had been so threatened with the ordeal to make him confess himself a fairy, that he died in a few hours after, no doubt from the fright.

her life with the joy, for she knew it was their own was in it.

"And do you mean to tell me," she says to its mother, "that *that's* the child you took from this?"

"God bless it!" answered the poor blinded parent, "sure that it is, and no other. My own *bouchaleen darlin'*,—the grace of God be about it!—my own, own darlin', that I carried when the cry of pain and the whimper was never from it night or day—my own! that after dying down like the flowers in winter, come out fresh; and that the great Dublin doctor wasn't above curing. A fairy boy they called you, did they, a *cushlamachree*!"

"Whisht! whisht!" says the granny, very sensibly, "that's enough about it." She knew her own know, that the child was returned, crossing the threshold, and didn't care to say any thing to vex the mother, who knew no better, only thought she was doing her best. God help her foolishness!"

Mrs. Hall inquired if he had ever seen the "good people" himself. He said "No, he never had; they had grown shy and mistiusful, and the schools and man's wisdom, and things of that kind displeased them; *they liked to be with nature.*" For which life they seem much the best calculated.

Could the *real miseries* of Ireland become obsolete with their imaginative superstitions, the heart of humanity might well rejoice; but their poverty is more hopeless than their ignorance. As we before remarked, an American, who has never been in Europe, can have no realizing sense of the utter destitution of the poor in Ireland, of the want of all we consider "necessaries," which are enjoyed by the poorest in our land. The most effectual manner of making this understood is by the pictures of actual life which are so vividly set forth in this work. Take this inventory of the plenishing of one of the best cottages, in which Mrs. Hall exults as being "provided with comforts" which "snug farmers" rarely enjoy. The cottage described had no "upper story," but there was a room branching to the right of the "kitchen, parlour, and hall," and another to the left, the sleeping rooms of the family, decently furnished; they had one chair, made of "rough elm," the pieces being nailed together; a decent table, a wooden drinking-cup, a gridiron to broil red herrings, made of a piece of twisted iron; a candlestick formed out of an iron tube inserted into a "slab of oak." The dressers were well-garnished with plates; there were three or four three-legged stools and "bosses," and at either side of the chimney was a stone seat; a pair of oddly shaped tongs to place the turf on the fire, a churn, a rafter to hang clothes upon, a salt-box, a trough for the pig, who, though domiciled in his own house, was an occasional visitor after dinner; the iron pot, of course, and two wheels, one for wool, the other for flax. The inhabitants of this cottage, which the writer esteems "so comfortable," were the father, mother, grandmother, and seven children, with a serving "wench;" a dog, cat, and a "dozen laying hens," which were accommodated with nests in a "cupboard in the wall." Comfortable, truly!

In order, however, that our readers may rightly understand the degrees of privation and misery

which those who are *there* esteemed poor actually endure—not for a few days or years, but their whole life long—take the following picture of the common cabins of the country.

"An Irish cabin is a shed about eighteen feet by fourteen, perhaps less, built of sod or rough stone, thatched with sods, with a hole for a window, and a basket for a chimney. The majority consist of but one apartment, in which the whole family of grown up sons and daughters eat and sleep; a cabin will seldom be found in which there is not a grandfather or grandmother, who usually is provided with a bed—a miserable one to be sure; the other members of the household sleep on the bare floor, or on a little straw or heather. The pig, the cow, if they have one, and the hens occupy the cabin with the family. The furniture consists of an iron pot to boil potatoes; a rude dresser; a couple of three-legged stools; a table, but not always, and a 'kish,' a basket of wicker-work, into which the potatoes are thrown when taken from the pot."

In such places and with such means, which Mrs. Hall allows "is degrading to human nature, and shocking to humanity," live and die the majority of the people of Ireland; while from the statistical and geographical reports and tables furnished by the work before us, we learn that, if the resources of the country were rightly developed, trade and manufactures justly encouraged, that is, so that the *labourer* might have a "fair day's wages for a fair day's work"—the island is capable of furnishing abundant means of support and improvement to a population of more than twice the present number. But now, from Cork to Donegal, from Dublin to Galway, throughout the length and breadth of this beautiful "Isle of the ocean," the most cruel lot of poverty is felt—to drain the bitter cup extracted from the wormwood sown by the proud oppressor, who, himself rioting in luxury, derides and scorns the people whose country he has ravaged and holds in vassalage. We can hardly blame the fierce passion of the miserable outlaw who brought his dying daughter to a physician and laid before him gold, all the savings of his life, when told that his child could not live,—*"There's no justice for the poor!"* he shouted—"no justice, no law, no cure but for the great; no cure for the *poor man's child*! If I had you on my mountain I'd make you cure her." And yet, in general, how patiently, cheerfully, ay, nobly these suffering people deport themselves. How deep and warm must be those springs of generous affections, of the best and holiest feelings of our nature, which this frozen zone of want cannot chill! And often the most beautiful delicacy of sentiment, such as we would only expect to find in the gently nurtured daughter of comfort or opulence, lives and speaks in the actions of these humble, uneducated children of sorrow and care. Seldom have we read a more touching incident than the following; Sterne's "*Maria*" does not come near it in true pathos.

"Our attention was one day called to a young girl in the town of Galway, who had 'come in' for the purpose of selling two lambs. Her sweetheart had gone to sea, bequeathing his mother, a very infirm old woman, to her care. Soon after his departure, Mary left her father's more comfortable dwelling to reside in the woman's

cabin; so that, as she said herself, 'she might watch the craythur day and night, seeing she had no one to look after her.' Her parents were strongly impressed with the idea that she had thrown her affections away on a wild sailor, who would forget her; but her faith in him was unbounded. A sheep was part of her fortune, and this she took with her; it grazed among the crags, and in good time brought her twin lambs. These she hoped to have been able to keep towards the formation of a mountain flock; but the season was so 'pinching,' that to support her old friend she brought the lambs into town for sale. The two creatures were coupled together like hounds; and, as she stood with her eyes cast down, yet looking *from* them, it was impossible not to note the sorrow stamped upon her gentle features. Several asked the price, and, after beating her down, turned away without purchasing. This continued for some time, until at last she sat down, and passing her arm round her fleecy charge, began to cry.

"I'm loath to part them," she said, weeping, 'yet I must part them for what they'll bring. Every one is the same; it's bitter poverty that would make me part any thing which has life in it.'

"Then, why don't you go to your own home, Mary, and take your lammies with you?"

"I am in my own home," she answered. "Sure, it isn't because the woman is poor and friendless that you would have me leave her, is it?"

"At last a rough-coated farmer, touched by her distress, offered her the fair value of her lambs. At first she eagerly accepted his proposal; but when she placed the tether in his hand, she raised her eyes imploringly to his face—

"'Sure it isn't going to kill them ye are!'

"No, my dear, no, it is not; I'd be sorry to hurt a curl of their wool; they'll go to my own flock.'

"God bless you!" she said, and departed with a smiling countenance."

Another story of the heart we find related of these poor females of Galway, which is more humanly touching than the trials of poor Mary. No novelist ever described the devotion, the constancy of woman's love more vividly, than these were exhibited by a poor Irish girl.

"Two cousins, James and Nancy, had been engaged for many years, almost from childhood; just as means of paying the wedding fee had been obtained, and they had received the priest's permission to marry, James changed his mind, or rather transferred his love to another cousin, and left poor Nancy to her lonely lot. She said, and truly too, that it was better the 'change should come over him before than *after* he married me—let him go!—but still she seemed, as the neighbours said, 'sad in herself.'

"About a year after her cousin had so cruelly deserted her, she was bringing home a very heavy load of turf strapped by a band across her forehead, so as to rest upon her shoulders; her mother was feeble, and she left the bog to get home early, but fatigued with the exertions of the past day, she rested her burden on some stones, and stooped to bathe her forehead in the running brook.

"Nancy!" exclaimed an almost breathless voice,— "Nancy, for the love of God, come with me; I've been to three houses and can't see a living soul, men nor women; they're all on the bog, I suppose, clamping turf, and poor Mary seems in the pangs of death."

"Nancy felt as if stricken with death herself—it was her cousin who addressed her.

"This is no time to think what a vagabond I behaved to you, she is of your own blood as well as me; but if you choose to turn it into black blood," said the impetuous young man, 'you may.'

"Nancy wiped her face, and turning to him answered, 'I have no black blood towards either of you, and if it is with her as I suppose, I'll go now, only you had better run for wiser help than mine.'

"God bless you, Nancy! God in heaven bless you! it's little I deserve a good turn at your hands, anyhow; you know the house, and have near a mile to get to it.'

"The young man ran off rapidly and almost as rapidly Nancy pursued the mountain path that led to the cabin; but when she arrived all was over; there was a very old woman weeping by the bedside of the dead mother of a living child.

"Nancy took the infant in her arms, and while her tears fell upon its little face, she despoiled herself of a portion of her own clothing to preserve its existence. In about an hour the widowed husband returned, accompanied by others, but Nancy was gone. The agony of the young man was intense, and a few days found him in a raging fever, which terminated his existence. No matter how wretchedly poor a district may be, there is always some one found in Ireland to take care of an infant orphan; the little creature had homes enough; there was not a woman within ten miles of that mountain-cottage, who would not have taken that miserable baby to her own bosom, and shared the food of her half-fed children with the 'orphan.' But Nancy claimed the child she had been the first to feed and clothe: 'God, who knows my heart,' she said in the undertone of deep feeling,—'God, who knows my heart, knows that above all things on earth, far, far before my own life, I loved its father; it's no harm for me to own it now when both him and his young wife are in their graves; and when my mother and many of my people said how angry I ought to be, I only felt heart-sore that I did not deserve him, for sure if I had, I'd have had him! I'll never have a *born* child of my own, I know, but may-be when I am ould, and those who are young with me now will be ould with me, then maybe she'll keep the youth in my heart;—but there's enough said about it. I'll take it for better for worse, and share what I have with her while I live.'

"And so she did, and does; we saw her bringing up a load of turf to the inn-door, one hand resting carelessly on the neck of the donkey who bore the creels upon his back, while the little black-eyed, wild-haired creature of her adoption stepped out freely by her side. Nothing can exceed her affection for the child whom she brings daily to school, and who seems equally attached to 'mammy Nancy.'"—(Vol. 3, page 476–7.)

Dr. Aikin held that all moral virtue was to be resolved into the preference of the social principle over the selfish—*disinterestedness* appeared to him the first of human qualities. Tried by this standard, how amiable, how noble is the character of the poor Irish peasantry! When contrasting their actual suffering condition with the capabilities which it would seem their nature possesses for happiness and improvement, who can forbear exclaiming, Will the Highest never see their oppressions? Will he not raise up this down-trodden land? We do indeed believe that the time for the renovation of Ireland is at hand, that the great change is now rapidly working. We gather from these volumes not merely signs of hope but actual proofs of progress more wonderful than the most enthusiastic dreamer, five years ago, would have imagined possible.

First and foremost, in this work of amelioration, stands that remarkable man Father Mathew. We have heard much of the surprising change he has wrought; in less than three years converting a universal whisky-drinking people into one vast Temperance Society, and thus at a stroke severing the hydra head from the monster crime of that country. But all, and more than all, we have heard is proven by the records of the Halls, who have been eye-witnesses of this change, while travelling throughout Ireland.

When they began their researches, Father Ma-

thew had just commenced his reform, and when they were near the close of their journeyings they tell us that—

"In the earliest part of our work, when the temperance movement was viewed with suspicion and alarm, it was our fortunate lot to aid in removing much of the prejudice against it. We anticipated its beneficial working upon the country; we felt it was a blessed change, out of which only good could arise. Now that we are about to close our book, we make the same report. It *has been* a blessed change, and good only *has* arisen from it. The Irish people may now in fact be described as universally sober. In the northern counties (inhabited by the descendants of the Scotch and English) the old habits yet partially linger; but in those more exclusively Irish, drunkenness is unknown."

The whole illicit trade in whisky, the systematic smuggling, which tended nearly as much as drunkenness itself to demoralize the people, is wholly broken up, thanks to Father Mathew! The Halls say, "a few years since, in the length and breadth of the Island, there were at a moderate computation 150,000 private stills at work; we may now safely assert that there are not a dozen in all Ireland, or were not a year ago."

The effect of these reforms on the Irish character is shown already in a most surprising manner; from the heedless, thriftless, credulous, imaginative buffoon, whose only vocation seemed to be to fast himself while making fun for others—the Punch of the civilized world—from this degradation the Irishman has already risen and taken his station by the side of sober, honest, industrious men. And the Halls, though strong supporters of government, warn the English to remember that the Rebellion of '98, "was suppressed more by whisky than the bayonet." No such deleterious influence will again palsy the arm of the true-hearted Irishman, should he be driven to desperation by the wrongs of his country and his own sufferings. He has shaken himself free from the incubus of strong drink, and thus shown the moral strength which encourages us to believe he will yet obtain political freedom and national independence. It is true that much remains to be done, before such consummation of the Irish patriot's hopes can be realized; but certainly great ameliorations are now in progress. The last few years have been full of significant events, that, like the kindling up of the clouds in the eastern sky, show the near approach of a bright day.

The temperance reform alone marks an era, and seems almost as strange as the wildest fables of romance; even the resuscitation of the inhabitants of the "Black Islands," hardly outdoes, in magical changes, the real ones that Father Mathew has effected. But, if the human energies, thus awakened and redeemed from evil, could not be employed for good, the consciousness of his dark lot would be only more painfully felt by the poor peasant, when the "drop of comfort," which made him forget his miseries, is denied him.

Thanks to divine Providence! a better state of things is at hand, is now. In many parts of Ireland the landholders are attending in earnest to

their duties. Absenteeism is becoming as unpopular with the English as it has always been with the Irish people. New plans of agricultural improvement are put in practice. On several estates new leases to tenants are made with a righteous view to the "live and let live" system; schools, also, for the children are established, and every means of improvement which at present promises the greatest amount of good, are in progress. In particular we were gratified with the account of the schools and the farm management on the estate of Sir Charles Style, in the district of Glenfin, county of Donegal, and hope the next American who travels in Ireland will visit that establishment.

It has ever been the selfish policy of the English to discourage all manufactures, except that of linen, in Ireland. There is one consolation—the people have escaped the evils, the corrupt morals of the English factory system. We trust that, when factories are established in the "green isle"—where the abounding *water-power* seems to mark their natural place, the regulations will be more in accordance with humanity and sound policy. Already one linen manufactory, "Sion Mills," is organized on this righteous system, and is in the full tide of successful experiment. It employs seven hundred people, about five hundred being women and children, who receive that wonder in Ireland, "full remuneration for their time and labour." The proprietors have built "neat cottages" for the operatives, a *day* and *sabbath school* are established for the children, and the Halls say, "we never saw a more healthy, cheerful population; the care of the proprietors has effectually prevented the growth of immorality, supposed to be inseparable from the factory system." "Sion Mills" are in the county of Tyrone.

One other encouraging example, which we will mention, is the rise and prosperity of Clifden, a seaport town in the west of Ireland. In 1815, Clifden contained but *one house*; there are now about *four hundred houses*, a comfortable hotel, a court-house, post-office, churches, schools,—in short, its rise and growth seem like an "American enterprise." And all this has been accomplished, in consequence of the liberal, or more properly, *just* spirit of the proprietor, who offered to grant leases on advantageous terms, to actual settlers, which liberality in the end will be of equal advantage to himself. These things show, that when the promise which encourages exertion is kept, the Irish exhibit that steadiness of purpose which will assuredly conduct to improvement.

The change in the character of the priesthood, and consequently in that of their religious influence, is also very notable, and goes vastly to swell the tide of circumstances which seems bearing on, irresistible as the waters of our mighty Mississippi, to open new channels for the long pent up human energies of a noble people. Are they not noble, where, notwithstanding every degrading influence which poverty and an oppressive government

could generate, the men have ever been proverbially brave and patriotic, and the women true and virtuous? It may well be urged that where the people deserve such high praise, their spiritual teachers could never have greatly misused their power. Still, since the appearance of Father Mathew, the whole body of catholic clergy have been aroused to far greater activity and faithfulness in their duties. And the Halls bear warm testimony to the excellence of the "CLERGYMEN OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH." They say, "wherever we have been—in every part of Ireland, among its highways and byways—we have almost invariably found the *rector* or the *curate*, a model for the higher and an example for the humbler classes, continually inculcating by persuasion and example the divine precepts of their Master, "peace and good will." But they add, "the Irish clergy, some twenty or thirty years ago, must have been characterized in opposite terms."

We have purposely avoided any reference to the present "repeal agitation" in Ireland; because, whatever course these portentous movements may take, whether, as the conservatives fear, they do, for the present, break up with the devastating fury

of the deluge the foundations of society, or like fertilizing waters of old Nile, subside in peace and quietness, leaving a rich field for the patriots' labours and the people's harvest;—whatever may for the moment occur, still it cannot change ultimately the onward and upward progress of that country.

We believe, and we think we have shown good reasons for believing that the utmost limit of British oppression over the Irish people has been reached, that the daydawn of justice and humanity is now come. It matters little whether the destinies of Ireland be guided by O'Connell or Sir Robert Peel; whether her sovereign be crowned on Tara Hill, or in Westminster Abbey; if her children can be secured in the possession of their inalienable rights as human beings, and have opened before them a theatre for the employment of their honest energies to improve their own condition and character. Then they may well join in the chorus—

"Erin! oh Erin! *thy* winter is past,
And the hope that lived through it, hath blossom'd at last."

J. K.

TO A BEAUTIFUL INFANT.

BY REV. N. P. TILLINGHAST.

LAURA! sweet Laura! like the fairy note
Of music heard in dreams, that liquid name
Steals on my ear, as if Hesperian winds
Wafted its echoes from the magic lute
Touched by Arezzo's minstrel,* and the aisles
Of summer woods, that flung their wealth of shade,
And fragrance, o'er Avignon's courtly haunts,
Rung with the gentle and inspiring theme.

Sweet flower! thy ripening beauties shall expand
Amidst this Paradise!† Serenest skies,
And woods dark-waving, and the bright expanse
Of vernal meads, kissed by the laughing flood,
That, bounding onward in its arrowy course,
Like sportive childhood fears no cloud or change.
A few brief summers, and thy maiden step
Shall press the greensward of these breezy hills,
And thy young voice ring forth among these groves,
With joyous music, and thy kindling eye
Drink in the inspiration of the scene!
Oh may thy young heart, from the mighty maze
Of woods and waters, flashing far and free,
Soar to that wondrous Architect who reared

* Petrarch.

† Those who have witnessed the scenery of the western shore of the Potomac, beyond Alexandria, (which is the region adverted to) will not think these expressions exaggerated.

This matchless amphitheatre, and hung
The moon's pale crescent in its silver cope,
With yonder stars, whose monitory beam,
Far-streaming from the battlements of heaven,
Beckons the spirit upward from these shades
To its high birthplace, and eternal home!

Sweet babe! the eye that fondly gazes now
On thy young dawn of loveliness, may ne'er
Survey the beauties of thy riper day;
For—severed by the flow of foaming floods,
And hills, whose heads are mantled in the skies,
I may not catch the echoes of that voice,
Which then shall thrill thy mother's heart with joy.
Yet linked with gentlest memories of the past—
Hearts of tried worth, and forms of softest mould,
And lips whose tones are music, and the light
Of eyes, where reigns the summer of the soul,
Shall thy remembered and familiar name
Come to my ear like star-born melodies
At dewy twilight's rapture-breathing hour;—
Not unattended by the fervent prayer
That Israel's shepherd to his gracious breast
May fold thee, gentle lamb, and lead thy steps
Far from the thorny paths of human strife
To the cool fountain, and the dewy vale,
And guide thee upwards to those star-crowned heights,
Whose ether pure is sullied by no cloud,
Nor ruffled by one sad discordant sigh!

EXAMPLES OF FEMALE HEROISM.

BY SEBA SMITH.

TALK as you will of the heroic days of Greece and Rome, you may look in vain for brighter examples of human sympathy and sublime self-devotion, than are to be found in the annals of the rude aborigines of our own country. And as in all countries, perhaps the brightest of all examples of sympathy and self-sacrifice are met with in the softer sex, so the Indian woman of this country has fully established her claim to this high distinction. Where has the world ever seen a more beautiful and touching instance, than that exhibited in the story of Pocahontas and Capt. John Smith? And where is there a more competent witness to this general character of the sex, than the same gallant Captain himself, travelling as he did through almost the whole civilized world, besides many portions that were barbarous and uncivilized?

The complacent simplicity with which he relates his own experience on this point is delightful.

"My comfort is," said he, "that heretofore honourable and virtuous *Ladies*, and comparable but amongst themselves, have offered me rescue and protection in my greatest dangers. Even in foraine parts I have felt relieve from that sex. The beauteous lady Tragabigzanda, when I was a slave to the Turkes, did all she could to secure me. When I overcame the Bashaw of Nalbrits in Tartaria, the charitable lady Callamata supplied my necessities. In the utmost of many extremities, that blessed Pocahontas, the great king's daughter of Virginia, oft saved my life. When I escaped the cruelty of pirates and most furious stormes, a long time alone in a small boat at sea, and driven ashore in France, the good Lady Madam Chanoyes bountifully assisted me."

In all his wanderings, however, and in all the scenes of his remarkable life, that "blessed Pocahontas," the young Indian girl of Virginia, was undoubtedly the "bright particular star," that attracted his highest admiration and deserved his warmest gratitude. She periled her life more than once in the most devoted and heroic manner to shield Capt. Smith from danger; but the story is too familiar to most readers to need to be dwelt upon.

Another instance somewhat similar to that of Pocahontas and Capt. Smith, though not rising to so powerful an interest, on account perhaps of the more humble condition of the parties, is recorded of a young Seminole girl, at a much more recent date. It may not be inappropriate to give some of the particulars of this affair, inasmuch as it has not been so widely published and is not so familiar as the case alluded to above.

In the year 1817, the Indians of the Seminole tribe, inhabiting some parts of the territory of Florida, commenced a border warfare upon the inhabitants of Georgia. Duncan McKrimmon, a militia soldier, who had been stationed at one of the forts, while out one day upon a fishing excursion lost his way in the woods. After wandering about for several days, he was fallen in with and captured by a party of Indians under the prophet Francis. Having taken him to camp and extracted from him what information they could respecting the positions and intentions of the military forces of the whites, they prepared to sacrifice him with the tortures common in savage warfare.

He was bound to a stake, and dry faggots were heaped around him. The savages then formed in circle around his funeral pyre, and danced, and sung, and screamed for several hours together. With one solitary exception, all were rejoicing over their victim and eager to witness the consummation of their tortures. Milly Francis, a young daughter of the prophet, said to be but about fifteen years of age, was in the company. She alone partook not of the general joy, she alone joined not in the revelry; but watched the cruel preparations with a saddened countenance and evident pain. When the faggots were about to be fired, and the tomhawk was raised to mutilate the victim, she suddenly rushed before the fatal instrument, and bade the executioner let the blow fall on her, declaring that she would not live if the captive's life were taken.

The executioner, paralyzed with astonishment, delayed to strike; and Milly kneeling to her father, besought him to save the captive's life, in such moving terms, that he at last yielded to her request, and ordered the prisoner to be unbound. While McKrimmon remained with them, Milly continued to show him all the acts of kindness in her power. It was but a few days, however, before the prophet sold him to the Spaniards at St. Marks for seven gallons and a half of rum.

The sequel to this affair is, if possible, still more beautiful. In the fortune of war, sometime afterwards, a party of the Seminoles, being placed in a situation where they must either starve or surrender themselves prisoners to the whites, at last, preferring the latter alternative, came in and gave themselves up. Milly Francis was one of the number. When McKrimmon learned that she was a prisoner, he hastened immediately to find her out, and to do what he could to discharge the obligation he was under to a woman who had placed her own life in imminent jeopardy to pre-

serve his. By making her case known, he had every thing done that could be, to add to her comfort and happiness. And that he might show her the strongest possible evidence of his high sense of the obligation he was under, he offered her his hand in marriage. As if conscious of the feeling which induced the offer, with true dignity of soul, she declined it, telling him that she had done but what she considered a simple act of duty, and that she did no more for him than she should have done for any other one in like circumstances.

Another striking incident in some respects parallel to the foregoing, and yet differing in others, occurred in western New York some fifty or sixty years ago. James Dean was one of the earliest settlers of Westmoreland, Oneida county. He was a native of New England, the son of religious parents, who designed him for a missionary among the Indians. For this purpose he was sent awhile, when but eleven years old, to reside among the Indians on the Susquehannah to learn something of their language, manners, and customs. During his sojourn among these sons of the forest, the wife of one of the head chiefs of the Oneidas, agreeably to the usages of the tribes adopted him as her son. He afterwards returned to New England and pursued his studies to carry out the intention of his parents.

The breaking out of the revolutionary war, however, changed the whole plan of his future life. Instead of going as a missionary among the Indians, he received the appointment of Indian agent with the rank of Major in the army. He performed the duties of this office during the war, residing most of the time in the neighbourhood of the Oneidas. After the war was over, the tribe presented him a tract of land in what was afterwards called Westmoreland, upon which he commenced a settlement in 1786. It was a few years after this, that the incident occurred of which we are to speak.

An Indian had been murdered by some white man who escaped detection. Indian usages require, when a murder has been committed and the murderer cannot be detected and punished, that some other individual of the tribe or nation, to whom the murderer belongs, should be selected and taken wherever he could be found, and sacrificed as an atonement for the offence. This is regarded as an imperative religious duty, that must under no circumstances be omitted. Accordingly in this case, when all attempts to discover the murderer proved unsuccessful, the chiefs and head men of the nation met in solemn council to discuss the matter and see what must be done.

That some white man must be made a sacrifice, was readily agreed upon; but who it should be, was a more difficult question to settle. The minds of most of the chiefs seemed to be turned towards Major Dean, as a man of the highest standing and importance anywhere in that vicinity, and therefore the most suitable to be offered as an

atonement for their murdered brother. Some of the chiefs, however, argued that Mr. Dean was an adopted son of their own tribe, and therefore not accountable to the tribe for the acts of the whites. The debate was long and earnest, and the first day's council broke up without coming to a decision, leaving the subject to be resumed the next day. In the mean time one of the number, who was particularly friendly to Mr. Dean, acquainted him with the nature of the debate in the council.

Surprised and pained at the information, he was at a loss what course to pursue. He had built him a house which he occupied, and he had a wife and two children. To attempt to abandon his home and flee from that part of the country would be almost equal to death; and besides, should he undertake it, the probability that he could escape with his family would be small. He resolved to remain and trust to Providence for a favourable issue in the council. The debate was resumed again the next day, and again he learned from his friend, that the question was still undecided. This delay strengthened his hopes that the debate would terminate in his favour. The council was continued for several days longer without coming to a decision, and he felt more and more assured of his safety.

At last in the dead of night, he was suddenly startled by a death-whoop near his dwelling, which he at once knew to be a warning of his approaching fate. He had hitherto kept the matter entirely from his wife, unwilling to give her cause of alarm while he had hopes of escaping. But he now informed her that he believed a party of Indians were approaching the house to take his life, and desired her to remain quiet with the children in their apartment, while he would meet the Indians at the door, and see if he could by any possibility turn them from their purpose.

The party soon came up to the door and entered the outer room. There were eighteen in number, all chiefs and head men of the tribe. After a brief pause, the principal chief gravely informed Mr. Dean of the nature of their errand. He alluded to the recent murder that had been committed on one of their nation, and told him plainly that their council after a long and deliberate discussion, had selected him as the most suitable person to be sacrificed as an atonement for the deed, and to appease the soul of their departed brother in the land of spirits. They had now come to execute the decree of the council, and he must prepare for immediate death.

Mr. Dean calmly commenced reasoning with them on the subject; urged the wrong it was doing to an innocent person to punish him for the acts of the guilty; and that especially, even according to their own laws, it was wrong for them to sacrifice him in this case as he was an adopted son of their own tribe. The chief replied that the whole matter had been discussed a long time and viewed in all its bearings, and that the decree

of the council could not be changed. Mr. Dean addressed them again, and enforced his arguments with all the skill he was master of; but still he could see no prospect of making any impression upon them or of averting the object of their visit.

In the midst of these arguments, the door suddenly opened, and a squaw with a blanket around her, entered the room. She was the wife of the head chief, and she it was who had adopted Mr. Dean as her son in his boyhood. The chiefs looked on with astonishment as she took her station calmly by the door, for no woman was allowed to enter their solemn councils. After a moment's pause the door again opened, and the wife of another of the chiefs came in, similarly attired, and took her station by the side of the former. In a moment more a third came in and took her silent stand by the others.

After the surprise occasioned by this strange occurrence had a little subsided, the head chief rebuked the women for coming to the solemn council, and bade them retire and leave the chiefs

to pursue their business. The first squaw replied firmly, that the council must change its decision. The blood of the white man must not be shed; he was her adopted son, and they must let him alone and not harm him. The chiefs with a more imperious tone bade them begone, for the council knew its own business. At once the three women threw their blankets from their shoulders, and each held in her clenched hand a long sharp knife, and each solemnly declared to the council, that if the least harm was offered to the white man, they would plunge the knives into their own hearts.

The effect was electric. The council regarded the strange scene as an indication of the will of the Great Spirit. They immediately came to the decision to reverse their former decree, and the white man's life was spared. Mr. Dean continued to occupy his dwelling in peace and safety, and lived to an advanced age an inhabitant of Westmoreland, where he died in eighteen hundred and thirty-two.

COMPARATIVE GRIEF.

BY GEORGE WATERMAN, JR.

* * * * Then farewell, thou earth,
And loveliest spot of earth! farewell Ionia!
Be thou still free and beautiful, and far
Aloof from desolation! My last prayer
Was for thee, my last thoughts save one were of thee!

Byron's Sardanapalus.

WELL might the Ionian maiden love
That loveliest spot of earth:
Well might her dying thoughts recall
The land that gave her birth.
No wonder that her mind reverts
To where her kindred dwell;
No wonder that her tears should fall
When called to say—"Farewell."

But what are all the ties that bind
The heart to patril soil;—
Or what the joys of maidenhood
Spent in that land of toil;—
Which could such parting grief produce,
Or cause such bitter sighs,
As when affection's cords are broke,
And sundered kindred ties.

Ah! who—unfelt—can know the pangs
Which pierce the inmost soul,
Or tell with what o'erwhelming force
The waves of sorrow roll;—
When from the heart's endeared embrace
Its second self is torn,—
By ruthless death's unsparing hand
Made desolate—forlorn?

But yet the heart bereaved may find
Some solace in the thought,
That earthly ties—by God approved—
In heaven are not forgot.
Beyond the tomb affection's seal
Awaits the absent one;
Where kindred spirits reunite—
Where parting is unknown.

But oh! a deeper pang is felt,
A keener blow is given—
With anguish unconceived before,
The stricken heart is riven—
When on the altar of its love
Its choicest gift is laid;
And then compelled to feel the pang—
Affection unrepaid.

The depths of feeling then are known,
What point below—above:
The heart's capacity of grief
But measures then its love.
Reciprocated love hath joys
As pure as seraphs know;
But oh! to love, and not be loved,
Is keenest earthly wo.

THE QUEEN OF CYPRUS.

A HISTORICAL TALE.

BY MRS. H. F. LEE, AUTHOR OF "THE HUGUENOTS," ETC.

ANDREW CORNARO, a Venetian nobleman of large property, inherited an estate in the Isle of Cyprus. In this beautiful residence he usually passed part of the year with his niece Catarina—training her young mind not only to useful accomplishments, but to a high sense of her own importance, derived from illustrious ancestors, and the aristocratic distinctions of Venice. She had a mind easily inflamed with the dignity of rank and birth, and though gentle and unassuming to the dependants of her uncle, she was scrupulously tenacious of her rights when they were in any way contested. The haughtiness of her demeanour operated powerfully as an antidote to the attractions of her beauty; and many a suitor, who sought her alliance, became fully reconciled to her rejection from the contemptuous indifference with which his suit was declined.

Cornaro was advanced in years, and he earnestly wished to see his darling niece well established in life.

"My dear Catarina," he would say, as he drew the young girl towards him, "what is to become of thee, when thy uncle sleeps in the tomb of his ancestors? Who will watch over thee and guard thee as I have done?"

"The spirit thou hast given me," Catarina would reply; "thinkest thou, dear uncle, that a descendant of thy noble house can forget what belongs to her race? sooner would I perish than ally myself beneath me, and where shall I find one whose claims are equal?"

"Nay, dear child," Cornaro would reply, "thou bearest thyself somewhat too loftily. Many who have sought thy hand may scarcely be called thy inferiors in rank, and possess far greater wealth than I can bestow on thee."

"It may be so, but I want not their wealth; secure to me, as thou hast often promised, the paradise of Asola in the Venetian territory, and I will live there and cherish thy memory."

"Thou wouldest be a queen, Catarina, and hold thy court," said the uncle, shaking his head mournfully.

"And why should I not?" said the young girl. "I ask no subjects but voluntary ones. My court should be composed of learning and talent. I would collect around me poets, painters, and sculptors. I would raise depressed merit and succour the indigent."

"But where wilt thou find talents, wealth, and high birth?" said Cornaro.

"Ah, uncle," replied Catarina, "I have thought

over all this. I do not undervalue the high birth I have derived from my ancestors, and the proud sense of it which I owe to thee; but there is another source of nobility which I honour still more."

"More!" exclaimed the Venetian, "what can'st thou honour more? speak!"

"The nobility which heaven bestows," said Catarina; "the nobility of talent—nay, more, of virtue. Think not I will ever disgrace my family by an alliance beneath them, neither will I disgrace myself by stooping to the unworthy and vicious, even though they may wear a ducal coronet."

"These are high-sounding words," said Cornaro, "too mystical for thy poor uncle; but, nevertheless, I will promise thee *Asola*; I cannot leave thee a revenue adequate to the support of thy imperial honours. Thou wilt be able to live like a noble lady of Venice, but not like an empress."

"Long may it be," said Catarina, embracing her uncle, "before either of us is left alone. I only ask to devote my life to thy comfort, and to such duties as spring from my situation; but I cannot encourage suitors who come merely to seek an alliance with the heiress of Cornaro; let me live for thee, and permit me to cultivate innocent and useful pleasures, and I ask no more."

Cornaro was but half satisfied with his niece. He saw that her sense of rank and high birth was such as he had wished to instil into her mind; but to the use of these advantages she seemed strangely obtuse. He had looked forward to a splendid alliance for her, but her own overweening pride, as he thought, would defeat this object.

"I had done better to have made her less assuming," was his natural conclusion; "but it is too late now to change her nature."

In the meantime Catarina felt as if she had fully explained her wishes to her uncle, and that he had acceded to them. She now cultivated what are usually termed the fine arts with new enthusiasm. Painters and sculptors soon found out where they might secure a protectress, and Catarina was already a little queen amongst them. Her fame for beauty and talent was widely circulated. As she became more and more engrossed in intellectual pursuits, she lost the haughty assumption of rank and high birth, and conducted with a gentleness and humility which arose from a sense of her own deficiencies.

Among her teachers in the beautiful science of music, was a youth who introduced himself by no

other name than Giacopo. He was peculiarly gifted, and Catarina soon discovered that he possessed what she considered the highest order of nobility, *that of talent*. He was too far beneath her in rank, to inspire herself or any one around her with distrust. And why should she distrust him? he asked nothing of her, he was wholly devoted to his pursuits, and had consented to take rather than sought the office of her instructor.

Week after week and month after month Catarina received his lessons. She often wondered that one so young—for he was near her own age—could have made such progress in knowledge.

"Why am I left so far behind this youth?" she asked herself. "Have I not had every advantage that wealth, society, and noble birth could bestow? Ah, here is the secret—while I have been dwelling on hereditary possessions, his mind has been growing in acquirements; my uncle, my kind uncle, has placed the chain around my neck which has bound me like a slave. It were far better for me had I been born of honest and humble parents, like Giacopo; then perhaps we might have pursued the same destiny."

But why was it that Catarina began to tremble and hesitate before her low-born teacher? Poor girl, she had suffered her mind to dwell on the nobility of talent till the nobility of ancestry was quite obscured. Her reveries became frequent—she imagined how blest she might be at Asola with such a teacher; and at length, she thought, with such a partner; and if she outlived her uncle, who was there to condemn? The world was nothing to her; in that paradise she could be happy with Giacopo.

And how felt the teacher of music? Perhaps the thought of inspiring Catarina with any thing more than a love for the fine arts had never entered his head, much less the idea of aspiring to her hand. He was respectful and attentive, but drew a line between the niece of Cornaro and himself, which he never passed.

Where now was Catarina's pride! She sought in a thousand ways to break down the barrier, to give him that encouragement which might induce him to speak. Perhaps the young man perceived her aim; for once, as they stood on the margin of the water, watching the seaweed, as it drifted along, he said,

"Lady, in that *drifting weed*, thou seest an emblem of myself. Like that, I am borne along on the ocean of life, I know not from whence I came, nor whither I tend."

Catarina was breathless with agitation. It was the first time he had ever alluded to himself. He proceeded—

"I am summoned hence,—I go to fulfil my destiny, whatever it may be. Noble lady, may I not carry with me your prayers?"

Unable to answer, the *noble lady* burst into a flood of tears.

Could any sanguine lover have needed more encouragement? For a moment it seemed as if

the youth thought so, for he placed one knee to the ground, and pressed his lips to her unresisting hand, but in a moment he arose.

"Farewell," said he; "you see before you, perhaps for the last time, one doomed to disgrace—born illegitimate!"

From this time he appeared no more. Their residence in Cyprus became hateful to Catarina, and she returned with her uncle to Venice! The bloom of her cheek faded away, her eyes grew languid, and a blight seemed to have come over her young days. Cornaro thought the change of air unfavourable, and proposed returning to Cyprus; but a new state of things had taken place in the Island—the throne had been degraded by its possessor, and the nobles had deposed him. Another competitor had come forward, and the crown was finally placed on the head of Lusignano.

"Let us remain where we are," said he, "my dear child; in our beloved Venice we are secure from war."

At the close of a beautiful day, Catarina sat in her boudoir, surrounded by the noblest specimens of art. The sun shed its crimson light on the statuary, giving it the hue of life, while the paintings of the first masters seemed varied with new colours. But no glow rested on the pale cheek of the young girl; her loose robe and flowing hair spoke a recklessness to her appearance.

One of her handmaids entered, bearing on a waiter a little tortoise-shell dressing-box, inlaid with gold, and on her arm an azure vest, with lacings of silver.

"Will my dear mistress," said the attendant, "prepare herself for the fête this evening?"

"Not yet, Mignon," replied Catarina, "let me see this glorious sun sink behind the mountain, and when it is gone, I will turn my thoughts to the festival."

"Nay, lady, it has already gone down—it is only the reflection you see. Your uncle will soon be here with his royal guest. I beseech you to let me perform my office."

"Well, do it, then," said Catarina, "since I must needs be a pageant of the show; but I care little for this new made king; and were it not the request of my dear uncle, I tell thee truly, Mignon, I would rather be in my bed."

"Look at these beautiful diamonds, madam," said the waiting-maid, opening a casket; "your uncle will take such pride in seeing them sparkling on your brow. Do you know, my lady, we all think there is something more in this than a mere entertainment for the new king of Cyprus."

"What do you mean?" said Catarina, roused from languor.

"Nay, madam, we have our own thoughts. Who is more worthy to be a queen than yourself, who would more successfully grace a regal diadem! nay, this is surely one," and she held the sparkling jewels before her eyes.

"Do your work," said Catarina, with some-

thing of former haughtiness. "I can dispense with your conjectures."

The toilette was completed, and setting aside the pale cheek and languid air, the tire-woman was satisfied.

At length soft music was heard on the water, and the gondolas neared the steps. In a few moments the halls resounded with festivity. Cornaro entered her apartment.

"All ready, my Catarina?" said he, "this is right; our royal guest is waiting for an introduction."

He took the hand of his niece, and proudly led her to the marble hall, blazing with light. Amidst the guests stood the Cypriote king. He came forward. With perfect self-possession Catarina raised her eyes to his face, and beheld Giacopo! She neither shrieked nor exclaimed, but sunk lifeless on the floor.

How little had been known of the depth of her feelings—of her days and nights of reverie. Giacopo, the low-born teacher, now stood before her, the Giacopo Lusignano of Cyprus; she comprehended the whole at once, with an emotion which seemed to threaten the springs of life.

The sparkling diadem was torn from her brow, and pale, apparently lifeless, she was borne to her apartment, while the half-distracted uncle hung over her with bitter agony.

Youth has its own restoring power. The next day Giacopo begged for an interview, and Catarina was able to receive him, though pale and trembling.

A few words of explanation were sufficient. Giacopo, the illegitimate son of the former king of Cyprus, had been called to the throne to succeed his unworthy brother.

"My years of wandering and obscurity have passed," said he to Catarina. "I can offer you a crown, but alas! I cannot obliterate the disgrace of my birth; be merciful, noble lady, and visit not the sins of my father on his innocent offspring."

The answer of Catarina may well be conjectured; she had loved too long and too faithfully to dwell on his crown or his ignoble birth; it was Giacopo, the hero of her imagination, that sought her hand, and she replied by placing it in his.

"For myself," said she, "I can answer; but my uncle, who has made *ancestral honour* the idol of his life, I know not how he will receive your proposal."

A smile passed over the countenance of Giacopo, which he immediately suppressed.

"Ah, Catarina," said he, "may it be long before you understand the distinctions of worldly honour. The birth which would have been criminal in a teacher of music will be pardoned in the illegitimate son of a king. But, believe me, my own feelings on the subject are not changed, and it is with diffidence I aspire to one, who has always spurned at any blot on her escutcheon."

"Ah, my friend," said Catarina, "you little know how my views have altered. I am no longer

the proud Venetian dame. Had you come to me as you did formerly, in the guise of a humble teacher, my vows would have been answered. I saw in you what I learned to prize above all other distinctions, true greatness of mind. What I had previously exulted in, rank and station, dwindled into insignificance before nobility of soul. Willingly would I have renounced all but my uncle, my kind uncle, to share what I believed your humble lot. But you asked no such sacrifice, you spoke not of love, and left me to despondence, and yet you must have seen that my heart was yours."

"I acknowledge," replied the youth, "that I perceived the power I had undesignedly gained over your affections; but the secret of my birth, instead of encouraging, weighed heavily on my spirits. To offer any claim on that score would have been base; and, as an humble instructor, it would have been equally so, to have tempted you to share my obscurity. The only measure to pursue, was flight from temptation, and I had resolution to accomplish it. Since then I have been called to honourable employment. I have been able to secure peace where civil war reigned, and the crown of my father is placed upon my brow; but it is valueless to me unless you will share my throne."

Catarina soon found Giacopo had judged her uncle justly; he was quite enchanted that this *regal* blot should be placed on his escutcheon, and the lovers parted full of hope and happiness.

When king Lusignano returned to Cyprus, he announced his intention of allying himself to the niece of the noble Venetian Cornaro.

The court rose in a body, and declared that it was an unheard of thing, for a king of Cyprus to unite himself to an *obscure* Venetian lady. Nothing short of a female sovereign could be received as partner of his throne.

How was the *high-born* Cornaro astonished to find his niece rejected! on account of her *obscure* birth. Again, clouds came over the union; but Lusignano had been trained in a school of discipline, and with judicious perseverance he pursued his object.

He represented to the Cypriotes the advantages which would accrue from a connection with Venice, and the Venetians on their side offered to remove all objections by declaring her a daughter of St. Mark. She was then married to Lusignano by proxy, and in the presence of the Doge and Signory conducted by the Bucentaur to the galley which awaited her in the port, and escorted by a squadron of ships of war, with becoming pomp, and a portion of 100,000 ducats, to the territories of her husband.

"The Venetian government foresaw numerous advantages which would arise from this connection. It was no small gain to open freely to their commerce an island which, after Sicily and Sardinia, ranked as the largest in the Mediterranean, while its delicious climate and fertile soil produced wine,

oil, and grain in profusion; which also contained rich copper mines, and a position with regard to Syria, offering unequalled facilities for traffic between Europe and the East.”*

The new king received his bride with every demonstration of delight. The Cypriotes likewise were eager to pay homage to the daughter of St. Mark, and Catarina had reached an eminence which the proud Cornaro had scarcely dared to hope.

Lusignano cultivated an intimate connection with the republic of which he had become son-in-law; he assisted her in the Turkish war, and his ports were always thronged with her vessels.

“There is a felicity too perfect to last.” However common-place this observation may be, experience confirms its truth. The cup of Catarina was filled to the brim. With the husband of her choice, and surrounded by such friends as she chose to select, she began to realize the plans she had described to her uncle. The satisfaction of the Cypriotes was great when it became known that an heir to the throne was expected, and this prospect added much to the joyful anticipations of the young king and queen.

In the midst of this happiness, Lusignano was attacked by a severe illness. He felt that his death was near, and sending for the Venetian admiral, Mencenigo, he consigned his weeping and agonized wife to his care, and to the especial protection of the republic of Venice.

After his death Catarina was proclaimed queen of Cyprus. The admiral waited till her confinement took place, and having offered her new-born son at the baptismal font, resumed his station on the seas.

He had no sooner departed than a revolt took place among the Cypriotes. They foresaw in this close connection with Venice the loss of national independence. A numerous party of the nobles addressed themselves to Ferdinand of Naples, who was a well-known foe to Venice, and proposed to him a marriage between one of his sons and a daughter of the deposed king, pledging themselves that the crown should devolve upon them jointly at the attainment of their majority. Ferdinand accepted most readily the proposal. All this had been so secretly conducted, that neither Catarina nor her uncle had any suspicion of the disaffection of the Cypriotes, till Cornaro was summoned to answer to an accusation of having poisoned Lusignano in order that the sovereignty might be transferred solely to his niece. The trial was but a mockery of justice, the aged man was assassinated, and with him the physicians who had attended the king. They then besieged the palace, and secured Catarina and her infant son. The concerted alliance with Naples was announced, and the son of Ferdinand proclaimed as the future king of Cyprus.

Catarina, imprisoned in her own apartment, bore

her sorrows with dignity; but a friend and protector was near. The tidings of this insurrection no sooner reached Mencenigo than he gathered his scattered cruisers and repaired to Cyprus. His unexpected arrival struck terror into the insurgents—the revolt was immediately quelled, the chief towns were occupied by Venetian garrisons, Cornaro’s death avenged, and Catarina proclaimed queen-regent during the minority of her son.

In the nurture of her child, and the thousand plans she formed for his education, her heart once more opened to brighter days; it was her earnest desire that he might resemble his father, and she carefully treasured in her mind the noble sentiments she had heard him utter, hoping one day to instil them into his heart, and to realize in him her beloved Giacompo.

But heaven had otherwise determined: again Catarina was called to relinquish what she loved best, and bury her darling boy in the tomb of his parent.

Amidst these heavy trials she preserved a fortitude, mingled with resignation, that inspired her subjects with respect and awe, and they no longer sought to transfer their allegiance to Naples.

The queen devoted herself to the happiness and prosperity of her kingdom, and by her judgment and firmness secured their rights against the encroachments of the Venetian republic.

In the desolation that had marked her path, one brother remained to her. Georgio Cornaro had been adopted, like his sister, to the patronage of St. Mark, and was now one of the most influential nobles of the republic.

He often visited his sister, and was deeply impressed by her grace and beauty—it was natural that he should speak of her in Venice—and the curiosity of the nobles became so much excited that Georgio prevailed on her to sit for her picture. To this she consented, for his sake, and he carried it back in triumph.

From this time the solitude of Catarina was constantly invaded; in that early age, the forms of society were often set aside, and the queen found it difficult to preserve the line she had marked for herself. Several years had passed since the death of the king, but she still continued to wear mourning, and though her aspect was cheerful, she declined all festivals, and devoted her time to the welfare of her subjects, and the cultivation of her own taste in music, drawing, and reading. She received many offers to *share her throne* from neighbouring princes, but she dismissed them as scarcely deserving an answer.

But, though the queen lived in tranquil retirement, from the time her portrait had been exhibited at Venice a constant anxiety pervaded the republic, lest she should form a foreign alliance; in that case, if she bore heirs, the crown would descend to *them*, and the fair Isle of Cyprus be lost to St. Mark. Fifteen years had passed away, when fresh excitement was given to Venice, by a new portrait of Catarina. It was executed by a

* History of Venice.

young painter, then little known, but patronized by the queen of Cyprus. She was still taken in widow's weeds, for she never had relinquished them; but her beauty remained in its early bloom—it had not been faded by dissipation—and the calm and holy expression of her countenance diffused over all her figure the grace and innocence of youth.

But it was not merely the beauty of the subject, but the wonderful execution of the artist, that became the theme of Venice. Then it was that the name of *Titiano** resounded through the halls of the nobles even to the borders of the Lagune.

The anxieties of the republic were excited with new vigour. "Such beauty, such attraction," they exclaimed, "united to the rich dowry of a kingdom, must yield to some one of her suitors."

Next, reports were in circulation, that the eldest son of Frederic of Naples was to bear off the prize, and Venice could no longer remain inactive. They declared with the utmost solemnity, that as the son of Giacopo Lusignano inherited the crown from his father, and had died a minor, it belonged of right to their daughter, Catarina Cornaro, and from her would descend to St. Mark.

"Might," in those early times, was "right," and the Cypriotes yielded to the assertion. But this was not sufficient for the intriguing Venetians. It was necessary for their security, that they should take possession of the kingdom, and poor Catarina be deposed.

Georgio Cornaro, the brother of the queen, was solicited to conduct the painful process.

When he first suggested it to her, she positively refused to abdicate the throne.

"I do not," said she, "lay any stress on the splendour of a court, and the homage paid to royalty; it has been worthless to me since the death of my husband, only as extending my means of usefulness, and preserving the arts of peace and prosperity to my kingdom; these duties I will not willingly resign, and throw them into other hands. Return to the republic, and bear them my answer."

"Not till you have thought further on the subject, my dear sister," said Georgio, "and listen to my representations. What is the peace of which you talk so much. Do not deceive yourself by thinking it is preserved by your own efforts; the Cypriotes have been held in obedience by Venice; let the republic withdraw its countenance, and you will again be assailed and deposed by a turbulent people. Venice opens her arms to you, it is your native land; there you may pass the remainder of your life in tranquillity, loaded with honours; and I am authorized to say that you may choose your own residence. Believe me, I would not have undertaken this office, if I had not seen that it was an inevitable measure. I know the power and inflexibility of the senate; they will

never rest till they have accomplished their purpose."

"It would please me far better," replied the queen, "if they would await my decease, before they took possession of my kingdom. To you, my brother, I must look for advice and counsel on this subject; tell me what method it were best to pursue."

"There is but one," he replied, "by which you can preserve the peace and prosperity of Cyprus. I say nothing of yourself, because I know that motive is secondary to the other. Relinquish the crown, and return to the arms of Venice."

"If such," she replied, as soon as her tears permitted speech, "be your opinion, I will regulate myself according to it; but it is more from you than myself, that Venice will obtain a kingdom. I will retire to Asola, and there pursue the plans of my youth."

Having thus given her reluctant consent, she took an affectionate leave of her friends and subjects, and commenced her progress to Famagosta. "Royal honours attended her," says the historian, "wherever she passed, and she signed a formal abdication in the presence of the council, at which the banner of St. Mark was consecrated, delivered that standard to the Venetians, and saw it raised above her own on the towers of the citadel. She then embarked for Venice, where she was received as a crowned head by the Doge and Signory, and in return for her sceptre she enjoyed a privilege never before or since accorded to any of her countrywomen, a triumphant entry to St. Mark's Piazzetta on the deck of the Bucentaur. A revenue of eight thousand ducats was assigned her, and the choice of her residence."

She adhered to her first decision, and declared that Asola, among the Trevisan mountains, would henceforth be her abode. To this spot she immediately repaired, and surrounded by such friends as she had previously selected, formed her little court.

Her first object was to raise a monument to the memory of her husband, her uncle, and her only child.* It was placed in a secluded spot, surrounded by foliage and flowers; here she passed hours in meditation; and gathered strength and cheerfulness for the duties of life.

It is seldom that the dreams of youth are realized in later days, yet so it was with the "un-queened queen." Her residence was styled "the Paradise of Asola." It became the resort of elegant literature, and her amusements were characterized by variety, taste and simplicity.

We cannot pass over a three days' fête given at the nuptials of a favourite of the queen of Asola. Music and conversation were introduced by turns, and diversified the amusements of riding, walking, tableaux, and ballets. A certain portion of each day was devoted to light and pleasant argument upon the subject of love. Perottino, a noble youth,

* This picture is still among the treasures of the Palazzo Manfrini, in almost its original freshness.

For a sketch of Titiano, see the "Old Painters."

* Some of the pillars of the monument are yet standing.

argues against the tender passion; Gismondo, on the second day, takes the opposite side; on the third day Lavinello acts as a moderator, and at the close a hermit suddenly appears, and directs their thoughts and affections to *amor divino*.

In this *peopled solitude* Catarina spent her last years. We have no particular records of her death, except that she passed tranquilly from this life to another. Those who live as they would wish to

die, no doubt experience less change when the eventful moment draws nigh that closes their earthly existence, than those whose minds are wholly engaged by the world. Her character resembles that of the good and virtuous of every age, and were it not for the historical events of her life, it would be difficult for us to place her in idea in the century in which she lived, 1489.

NOT ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT, AUTHOR OF "AIRS OF PALESTINE."

"To fall on the battle field fighting for my dear country—that would not be hard."

MS. in Miss Bremer's "Neighbours."

O, no, no,—let me lie
Not on a field of battle, when I die!
Let not the iron tread
Of the mad war-horse crush my helmed head;
Nor let the reeking knife,
That I have drawn against a brother's life,
Be in my hand, when death
Thunders along, and tramples me beneath
His heavy squadron's heels,
Or gory fellows of his cannon's wheels!

From such a dying bed,
Tho' o'er it float the stripes of white and red,
And the bald Eagle brings
The clustered stars upon his wide spread wings,
To sparkle in my sight,
O, never let my spirit take her flight.

I know that Beauty's eye
Is all the brighter where gay pennants fly,
And brazen helmets dance,
And sunshine flashes on the lifted lance:—
I know that bards have sung,
And people shouted, till the welkin rung,
In honour of the brave,
Who on the battle-field have found a grave;—
I know that, o'er their bones,
Have grateful hands piled monumental stones.
Some of these piles I've seen:—
The one at Lexington, upon the green,
Where the first blood was shed,
That to my country's independence led;
And others, on our shore,
"The Battle Monument" at Baltimore,
And that on Bunker's Hill.
Ay, and abroad, a few more famous still:—
Thy "Tomb," Themistocles,
That looks out, yet, upon the Grecian seas,
And which the waters kiss
That issue from the gulf of Salamis:—
And thine, too, have I seen,
Thy mound of earth, Patroclus, robed in green,
That, like a natural knoll,
Sheep climb and nibble over, as they stroll,
Watched by some turban'd boy,
Upon the margin of the plain of Troy.

Such honours grace the bed,
I know, whereon the warrior lays his head,

And hears, as life ebbs out,
The conquered flying, and the conqueror's shout.
But, as his eyes grow dim,
What is a column, or a mound to him?
What, to the parting soul,
The mellow note of bugles? What the roll
Of drums? No—let me die
Where the blue heaven bends o'er me lovingly,
And the soft summer air,
As it goes by me, stirs my thin white hair,
And, from my forehead, dries
The death-damp, as it gathers, and the skies
Seem waiting to receive
My soul to their clear depths!—Or, let me leave
The world, when, round my bed,
Wife, children, weeping friends are gathered,
And the calm voice of prayer
And holy hymning shall my soul prepare
To go and be at rest,
With kindred spirits—spirits who have blessed
The human brotherhood
By labours, cares, and counsels for their good.

And, in my dying hour,
When riches, fame, and honour have no power
To bear the spirit up,
Or from my lips to turn aside the cup,
That all must drink, at last,
O, let me draw refreshment from the past!
Then, let my soul run back,
With peace and joy, along my earthly track,
And see that all the seeds,
That I have scattered there, in virtuous deeds,
Have sprung up, and have given,
Already, fruits of which to taste is heaven!

And, though no crassy mound
Or granite pile say 'tis heroic ground,
Where my remains repose,
Still will I hope—vain hope, perhaps!—that those,
Whom I have striven to bless,—
The wanderer reclaimed, the fatherless,
May stand around my grave,
With the poor prisoner, and the poorer slave,—
And breathe an humble prayer,
That they may die like him, whose bones are mouldering
there!

Boston, Sept. 1843.

A PEEVISH DAY, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"It is too bad, Rachael, to put me to all this trouble; and you know I can hardly hold my head up!"

Thus spoke Mrs. Smith, in a peevish voice, to a quiet looking domestic, who had been called up from the kitchen to supply some unimportant omission in the breakfast table arrangement.

Rachael looked hurt and rebuked, but made no reply.

"How could you speak in that way to Rachael, Lucinda?" Mr. Smith said, as soon as the domestic had withdrawn.

"If you felt just as I do, Mr. Smith, you would speak cross too!" Mrs. Smith replied a little warmly. "I feel just like a rag; and my head aches as if it would burst."

"I know you feel badly, and I am very sorry for it. But still I suppose it is as easy to speak kindly as harshly. Rachael is very obliging and attentive, and should be borne with in occasional omissions, which you of course know are not wilful."

"It is easy enough to preach," retorted Mrs. Smith, whose temper, from bodily lassitude and pain, was in quite an irritable state. The reader will understand at least one of the reasons of this, when he is told that the scene here presented occurred during the last oppressive week in August.

Mr. Smith said no more. He saw that to do so would only be to provoke instead of quieting his wife's ill humour. The morning meal went by in silence, but little food passing the lips of either. How could it, when the thermometer was ninety-four at eight o'clock in the morning, and the leaves upon the trees were as motionless as if displayed in a vacuum. Bodies and minds were relaxed—and the one turned from food, as the other did from thought, with an instinctive aversion.

After Mr. Smith had left his home for his place of business, Mrs. Smith went up into her chamber, and threw herself upon the bed, her head still continuing to ache with great violence. It so happened that a week before the chambermaid had gone away, sick, and all the duties of the household had in consequence devolved upon Rachael, herself not very well. Cheerfully, however, had she endeavoured to discharge these accumulated duties, and but for the unhappy, peevish state of mind in which Mrs. Smith indulged, would have discharged them without a murmuring thought. But, as she was a faithful, conscientious woman, and, withal, sensitive in her feelings, to be found fault with worried her exceedingly. Of this Mrs.

Smith was well aware, and had, until the latter part of the trying month of August, acted towards Rachael with consideration and forbearance. But the last week of August was too much for her. The sickness of the chambermaid threw such heavy duties upon Rachael, whose daily headaches and nervous relaxation of body were borne without a complaint, that their perfect performance was almost impossible. Slight omissions, which were next to unavoidable, under the circumstances, became so annoying to Mrs. Smith, herself, as it has been seen, labouring under great bodily and mental prostration, that she could not bear them.

"She knows better, and she could do better, if she chose," was her rather uncharitable comment often inwardly made on the occurrence of some new trouble.

After Mr. Smith had taken his departure on the morning just referred to, Mrs. Smith went up into her chamber, as has been seen, and threw herself languidly upon a bed, pressing her hands to her throbbing temples, as she did so, and murmuring,

"I can't live at this rate!"

At the same time, Rachael sat down in the kitchen the large waiter upon which she had arranged the dishes from the breakfast-table, and then sinking into a chair, pressed one hand upon her forehead, and sat for more than a minute in troubled silence. It had been three days since she had received from Mrs. Smith a pleasant word, and the last remark, made to her a short time before, had been the unkindest of all. At another time, even all this would not have moved her—she could have perceived that Mrs. S. was not in a right state—that lassitude of body had produced a temporary infirmity of mind. But, being herself affected by the oppressive season almost as much as her mistress, she could not make these allowances. While still seated, the chamber bell was rung with a quick, startling jerk.

"What next?" peevishly ejaculated Rachael, and then slowly proceeded to obey the summons.

"How could you leave my chamber in such a condition as this?" was the salutation that met her ear, as she entered the presence of Mrs. Smith, who, half raised upon the bed, and leaning upon her hand, looked the very personification of languor, peevishness, and ill-humour. "You had plenty of time while we were eating breakfast to have put things a little to rights!"

To this Rachael made no reply, but turned away and went back into the kitchen. She had scarcely reached that spot, before the bell rang again, louder and quicker than before; but she

did not answer it. In about three minutes it was jerked with an energy that snapped the wire, but Rachael was immovable. Five minutes elapsed and then Mrs. Smith, fully aroused from the lethargy that had stolen over her, came down with a quick, firm step.

"What's the reason you didn't answer my bell? say?" she asked in a loud, angry voice.

Rachael did not reply.

"Do you hear me!"

Rachael had never been so treated before; she had lived with Mrs. Smith for three years, and had rarely been found fault with. She had been too strict in regard to the performance of her duty to leave much room for even a more exacting mistress to find fault; but now, to be overtasked and sick, and to be chidden, rebuked, and even angrily assailed, was more than she could well bear. She did not suffer herself to speak for some moments, and then her voice trembled, and the tears came out upon her cheeks.

"I wish you to get another in my place. I find I don't suit you. My time will be up day after to-morrow."

"Very well," was Mrs. Smith's firm reply, as she turned away, and left the kitchen.

Here was trouble in good earnest. Often and often had Mrs. Smith said, during the past two or three years—"What should I do without Rachael?" And now she had given notice that she was going to leave her, and under circumstances which made pride forbid a request to stay. Determined to act out her part of the business with firmness and decision, she dressed herself and went out, hot and oppressive as it was, and took her way to an intelligence office, where she paid the required fee and directed a cook and chambermaid to be sent to her. On the next morning, about ten o'clock, an Irish girl came and offered herself as a cook, and was, after sundry questions and answers, engaged. So soon as this negotiation was settled, Rachael retired from the kitchen, leaving the new-comer in full possession. In half an hour after she received her wages, and left, in no very happy frame of mind, a home that had been for three years, until within a few days, a pleasant one. As for Mrs. Smith, she was ready to go to bed sick; but this was impracticable. Nancy, the new cook, had expressly stipulated that she was to have no duties unconnected with the kitchen. The consequence was, that, notwithstanding the thermometer ranged above ninety, and the atmosphere remained as sultry as air from a heated oven, Mrs. Smith was compelled to arrange her chamber and parlours. By the time this was done, she was in a condition to go to bed, and lie until dinner-time. The arrival of this important period brought new troubles and vexations. Dinner was late by forty minutes, and then came on the table in a most abominable condition. A fine surlin was burnt to a crisp. The tomatoes were smoked, and the potatoes watery. As if this were not enough to mar the pleasure of

the dinner hour for a hungry husband, Mrs. Smith added thereto a distressed countenance and discouraging complaints. Nancy was grumbled at and scolded every time she had occasion to appear in the room, and her single attempt to excuse herself on account of not understanding the cook-stove, was met by—

"Do hush, will you! I'm out of all patience!"

As to the latter part of the sentence, that was a needless waste of words. The condition of mind she described was fully apparent.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, just as Mrs. Smith had found a temporary relief from a troubled mind and a most intolerable headache, in sleep, a tap on the chamber door awoke her, and there stood Nancy, all equipped for going out.

"I find I won't suit you, ma'am," said Nancy, "and so you must look out for another girl."

Having said this, she turned away and took her departure, leaving Mrs. Smith in a state of mind, as it is said, "more easily imagined than described."

"O dear! what shall I do!" at length broke from her lips, as she burst into tears, and burying her face in the pillow, sobbed aloud. Already she had repented of her fretfulness and fault-finding temper, as displayed towards Rachael, and could she have made a truce with pride, or silenced its whispers, would have sent for her well-tried domestic, and endeavoured to make all fair with her again. But, under all the circumstances, this was now impossible. While yet undetermined how to act, the street bell rung, and she was compelled to attend the door, as she was now alone in the house. She found, on opening it, a rough-looking country girl, who asked if she were the lady who wanted a chambermaid. Any kind of help was better than none at all, and so Mrs. Smith asked the young woman to walk in. In treating with her in regard to her qualifications for the situation she applied for, she discovered that she knew "almost nothing at all about any thing." The stipulation that she was to be a doer-of-all-work-in-general, until a cook could be obtained, was readily agreed to, and then she was shown to her room in the attic, where she prepared herself for entering upon her duties.

"Will you please, ma'am, show me what you want me to do?" asked the new help, presenting herself before Mrs. Smith.

"Go into the kitchen, Ellen, and see that the fire is made. I'll be down there presently."

To be compelled to see after a new and ignorant servant, and direct her in every thing, just at so trying a season of the year, and while her mind was "all out of sorts," was a severe trial for poor Mrs. Smith. She found that Ellen, as she had too good reason for believing, was totally unacquainted with kitchen work. She did not even know how to kindle a coal fire; nor could she manage the stove after Mrs. Smith had made the fire for her. All this did not in any way tend to make her less unhappy or more patient than be-

fore. On retiring for the night she had a high fever, which continued unabated until morning, when her husband found her really ill; so much so as to make the attendance of a doctor necessary.

A change in the air had taken place during the night, and the temperature had fallen many degrees. This aided the efforts of the physician, and enabled him so to adapt his remedies as to speedily break the fever. But the ignorance and awkwardness of Ellen apparent in her attempts to arrange her bed and chamber, so worried her mind, that she was near relapsing into her former feverish and excited state. The attendance of an elder maiden sister was just in time. All care was taken from her thoughts, and she had a chance of recovering a more healthy tone of mind and body. During the next week, she knew little or nothing of how matters were progressing out of her own chamber. A new cook had been hired, of whom she was pleased to hear good accounts, although she had not seen her, and Ellen, under the mild and judicious instruction of her sister, had learned to make up a bed neatly, to sweep, and dust in true style, and to perform all the little etceteras of chamber-work greatly to her satisfaction. She was, likewise, good-tempered, willing, and to all appearance strictly trustworthy.

One morning, about a week after she had become too ill to keep up, she found herself so far recovered as to be able to go down stairs to breakfast. Every thing upon the table she found ar-

ranged in the neatest style. The food was well cooked, especially some tender rice-cakes, of which she was very fond.

"Really, these are delicious!" she said, as the finely flavoured cakes almost melted in her mouth. And this coffee is just the thing! How fortunate we have been to obtain so good a cook! I was afraid we should never be able to replace Rachael. But even she is equalled, if not surpassed."

"Still she does not surpass Rachael," Mr. Smith said, a little gravely. "Rachael was a treasure."

"Indeed she was. And I have been sorry enough I ever let her go," returned Mrs. Smith.

At that moment the new cook entered, with a plate of warm cakes.

"Rachael!" ejaculated Mrs. Smith, letting her knife and fork fall. "How do you do! I am glad to see you! Welcome home again!"

As she spoke quickly and earnestly, she held out her hand, and grasped that of her old domestic warmly. Rachael could not speak, but as she left the room she put her apron to her eyes. Hers were not the only ones dim with rising moisture.

For at least a year to come both Mrs. Smith and her excellent cook, will have no cause to complain of each other. How they will get along during the last week of next August we cannot say, but hope the lesson they have both received will teach them to bear and forbear.

EUNICE ROOKLEY.

A SEQUEL TO THE STORY OF LEONILLA LYNMORE.

BY MISS LESLIE.

PART THE FOURTH.

HALLOW Eve arrived; and early in the afternoon, the company began to assemble at the hospitable mansion of Farmer Macrimmon. The guests were chiefly young people; gay, good-humoured, and well inclined to enjoy the diversions peculiar to this time-honoured festival.

It is well known that in old countries and old times, popular superstition designated the 31st of October (the eve of All Saints, or All-hallows day) as the annual period when demons, witches, fairies, &c. were permitted to hold their saturnalia, and exercise, uncontrolled, their supposed power over mortal events. This night therefore, was regarded as eminently propitious for trying spells and charms, for observing omens, and endeavouring to obtain glances into futurity. In many places, particularly in the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood," the custom has still lingered,

chiefly for the purpose of amusement. Still, there are some few people yet remaining (even in educated America) whose good sense and strength of nerve are not quite proof against a latent apprehension that there may be some truths in the absurd prophecies connected with those quaint and uncouth experiments that are made to characterize the night of Hallow Eve. Such, in truth, was the secret feeling of our heroine Eunice Rookley: though the Macrimmons and their friends considered all these feats as mere *badinage*, and too ridiculous to leave any impression beyond the present hour.

When the guests had all arrived, the females were placed at a very large table loaded with a profusion of good things, the nicest of which Eunice had rendered her valuable assistance in preparing. To do honour to the company, she had attired herself in her handsomest habiliments, notwithstanding that Mr. Longman would not

"be there to see." Mr. and Mrs. Macrimmon took their accustomed seats at their well-furnished table, and Sandy and Charlie, and the other young men waited with all their might on the ladies; none of the beaux sitting down to supper till after all the belles had finished their repast, and returned to the large front parlour.

Supper, at length being over, the first ceremony, or rather the first joke, was that of gathering cabbage stalks. For this purpose the girls proceeded to the garden in "the cold moonlight;" walking in couples, and hand in hand. Eunice Rookley, at first, made a feint of holding back: but curiosity prevailed, and she suffered herself to be pulled along by Miss Urgela Goahead, one of those young ladies who are upon all occasions "the foremost on the file."

On arriving at the cabbage-ground they all shut their eyes, or rather ought to have shut them. The heads of the cabbages had been cut off, and stowed away for winter use; but the stalks still remained standing in the bed, which looked like a miniature clearing, redolent of stumps. Each damsel groped in turn among the cabbage-stalks essaying to pull one up by the roots, and always succeeding. The stalks were considered as types of their future husbands; and there was great laughing and exultation if these prophetic emblems were straight and handsome; and almost as great if much earth adhered to them; earth signifying wealth. Eunice Rookley was somewhat disconcerted at pulling up a stalk that was singularly small, misshapen, and withered, though clodded with an unusual quantity of soil. She saw at once that this could not be Mr. Longman, the characteristics being in every respect the reverse of his; and her young companions advised her to hold out against fate, and never to marry a crooked little old man, however rich he might be.

The next thing was to taste the stalks; for as they were sweet, sour, or bitter, so would be the temper of the husband. Most of the girls declared their stalks to be sweet; others candidly confessed that theirs seemed rather sour; and one openly exclaimed that hers was "as bitter as gall!" As to Eunice she did not say.

On turning to go back to the house, the maidens found that all the youths (including the merry old farmer) had dishonourably followed them at a distance; and by the light of the moon witnessed the cabbage-pulling scene. It should be notified that the most ancient and therefore the most legitimate way of performing this spell, is to *steal* the cabbage-stalks from the ground of a neighbour. This secret robbery involves the proceeding in greater mystery, and therefore renders it more *piquant*, and doubtless more effective.

On returning to the house, the beaux were shut out, and made to stay in the porch, while the belles designated each her own cabbage-stalk, by marking it in certain notches with a knife. The stalks were then laid in regular order along the shelf beneath the four panes of glass that lighted

the top of the door. This being done, the door was opened, and the youths admitted one by one. According to the christian name of him that came in under a certain stalk, would be the christian name of the husband who was to belong to the fair owner of that same stalk. Some of the christian names were such that a foreigner would have thought it impossible there could ever be another of the same, and many of those were united to very appropriate surnames. An Englishman, for instance, would have looked askance upon Remembrance Bunker: a fine youth whose grandfather had fought his first revolutionary fight it is needless to say where. Then there was Supply Ham, an ever-welcome visitor; and Pardon Cook, whose presence would be an acquisition to a majority of boarding-houses; and Patchley Cribbings, who in spite of his cognomen was really a very well-drest young man, and of unblemished integrity; there was Hate-evil Goodge, the least popular youth in the settlement; and Smallhope Mendenhall, who was a universal favourite; and Moody Bellows, who sung remarkably well; and Dowse Buffum, very mild and gentle; and Happy Bliss, a dyspeptic bachelor, who having had his supper, and refusing to enter into any of the amusements of the evening, greatly relieved the company by departing to his solitary home at eight o'clock. There was, however, a sufficient assortment of Williams, Johns, Jameses, Franklins and Washingtons to furnish common indication-names for husbands from all parts of the Union; not to mention two or three classical Horaces, Ciceros, Tituses, and Deciuses; beside a due sprinkling of Abijahs, Gideons, Gamaliels, &c., usually called Bige, Gid, and Gam. There was much mirth, and many significant glances and laughing whispers as the beaux came in under the mystic cabbage-stalks; the name of the fair owner being always immediately promulgated. The face of Eunice Rookley brightened in spite of herself when on *her* turn coming, the youth that appeared was one who bore the appellation of Ebenezer Short; Ebenezer being the christian name of Mr. Longman. There was no Eliphalet among them; so Eunice felt certain that she could never by any chance become the fifth consort of Mr. Stackhouse. This in the present state of her feelings, was a great comfort to her.

Afterwards a basket of hazel-nuts was brought in, and Lizzy Macrimmon distributed them; allotting two to each person. One hazel-nut was to denote that person's self, the other the object of her chief regard. Some named their own partners, others laughingly allowed them to be named by their friends. Eunice tacitly fixed on a name for hers; but though no one said so, every one knew she had in her own mind designated Mr. Longman.

The nuts were ranged in pairs along the front of the capacious hearth; and Sandy kindled them by a live coal from the fire. Eunice's nut was a long time kindling: but when it caught the flame

it burnt clear, bright, and steadily. Mr. Longman scarcely took fire at all, but blackened and smoked, and finally rolled over to a distance, and his dim spark of fire then died out entirely. Eunice looked disappointed, murmured something like "What nonsense all this is"—tried to laugh, but seemed so truly disconcerted, that every one in kindness forbore to talk at her, or to make any comment, even in jest.—She began to fear that Mr. Longman's passion (if it had ever indeed existed) would not last long enough to bring him to a declaration.

Many other spells were tried and produced much amusement: but our heroine, fearing another discomfiture, declined joining in them, saying she would rather be a looker on. The young people, not considering the matter so seriously, went through them all with great zest: making themselves very merry with both their good and ill fortune.

Last of all was brought in a tin pan containing some fresh earth, and accompanied by a large basin of water; writing materials being also placed upon the table—sheets of letter paper were cut into small slips, and on each slip was written the name of a beau, past, present, or to come. Every slip was folded small and concealed in a ball of earth made up into the form of a mud dumpling about the size of a small walnut, and then put into the basin of water, where at first they sunk to the bottom. After awhile, they began to rise towards the surface, and then the ladies, in turn dipped in their fingers and fished out the balls—eagerly opening and examining the slips of paper enclosed within. If the balls in rising burst open at the top, (as they generally did) it was considered a most lucky prediction, denoting a happy marriage with him whose name it contained—but if they rose to the surface with the dark or close side uppermost, the omen was very unfavourable, and signified disappointment, a gloomy life, and perpetual celibacy. This last test Eunice could not forbear trying: and, to her manifest regret, her ball came up wrong: the dark side only appearing: and when she opened it, the paper was soaked to pieces, and the name (whatever it might have been) rendered illegible from immersion in the water which had now become very muddy.

Immediately after, there came up a ball which had split wide open at the top, and the name-paper had also unclosed itself. Miss Nettles snatched it hastily out of the water, and glancing at poor Eunice, read triumphantly from the paper the name of Ebenezer Longman. There was a faint murmur all round that sounded something like "shame! shame!" Our heroine made a violent effort to affect composure, and after a moment entered into a lively conversation with every body near her. Miss Nettles got into a coterie on the other side of the room, and talked of nothing but Mr. Longman, and the civilities she had at various times received from him; till one by one her auditors left her: the only hearer that remained being

Bethiah Broadhead, a silent and remarkably stupid girl of fifteen.

The experiments being over, some very good Scotch songs were sung by the young Macrimmons, and their father, whose voice was still excellent. The songs were succeeded by a second collation, and at ten o'clock the party broke up.

When Eunice Rookley had retired to her pillow and meditated upon the events of the evening the result was a sort of mixed feeling of three parts sorrow, and one part joy. The small crooked cabbage-stalk with a large portion of earth adhering to it, certainly did *not* designate Mr. Longman; but yet the man who came in at the door under that very cabbage-stalk bore the name of Ebenezer, and this last was the only favourable omen. The hazel-nut refusing to burn was certainly a very bad thing; and still worse was the unfortunate earth-ball or rather mud-ball that fell to her lot, while the most coveted one became the prize of Miss Naomi Nettles, the only member of the neighbourhood that our heroine disliked. Still, it seemed to her impossible that Mr. Longman would ever marry Miss Nettles, who had neither youth, beauty, fortune, or amiability. And yet, though most men set out with a determination to marry none but pretty, young girls, with sweet dispositions and respectable fortunes, we find them in numerous instances bestowing their affections and confiding their happiness to women who have none of the above recommendations. It is certainly amazing to see how many unbeautiful, unattractive and unamiable women make excellent matches, when their friends have always supposed it impossible they should ever get a chance of marrying at all.

That night, however, Eunice Rookley dreamed that she saw a large goose stalking up and down before her. To dream of geese signifies the return of absent friends.

Next day, Mr. Longman really did arrive from the city. In the afternoon he repaired to farmer Macrimmon, whom he found inspecting his large and well-filled barn. Mr. Longman announcing that he came on important business and that he desired a private audience, the farmer, (who chanced to be alone) drew forth a bench, and they seated themselves side by side—Longman then gave information, firstly, of having obtained a district school in Boston, according to the purport of his visit to that city—secondly, that the time had arrived when it would be prudent and proper for him to take a wife—thirdly, that as Boston was now to become his residence, it would be safest to choose a lady belonging to that city, as she could therefore have no possible prepossessions in favour of any other place—fourthly, he considered his chance of peace and comfort to be greater with a judicious woman who had passed the age of juvenility, than with one of those idle, giddy, giggling simpletons commonly called young girls—fifthly, he was convinced by long and strict observation, that there could be no happiness in married life

without a well-appointed household—sixthly, that whenever a man has the certain prospect of an income sufficient for his own wants, he may without falling under the imputation of mercenary motives, be permitted to select a woman of some fortune—seventhly, he had come to the resolution of marrying Miss Eunice Rookley.

“A capital plan!”—exclaimed the farmer—“But I suppose you will first ask her to have you.”

“That I believe is the usual mode of proceeding in those cases”—replied Longman.

“I should rather think it was”—answered the farmer.

“The proposal, I opine, is generally a mere ceremony”—observed Longman.

“Not always”—replied the farmer—“It *does* sometimes happen that a man gets refused.”

“Such an event has not come within my knowledge”—pursued Longman—“No man ever told me that a woman had declined his addresses.”

“Probably not”—returned the farmer—“for men generally keep such mortifications to themselves—as I did about thirty years ago when that saucy jade Faith Fibbins (who afterwards threw herself away upon Gomer Betts) wondered how I could ever have thought of such a thing as asking *her* to marry *me*—and assured me I was the last man that would ever come into her head as a husband—and when I ventured to represent that I had reason to suppose she had regarded me favourably for the last six months, she was astonished at my vanity, desired me never to speak to her again, and showed me the door.”

“Do you think it possible that Miss Rookley would behave in that manner to me?”—inquired Longman—apprehensively.

“Possible, but not probable”—replied the farmer.

“If I thought it likely”—said Longman, thoughtfully—“that such would be my reception on offering myself to this lady, I would put off the evil day to an indefinite period.”

“Then you deserve to lose her, to a certainty”—exclaimed the farmer—“Courage, man—the sooner, the better.”

“You have made me dubious”—said Longman.

“Dubious!”—reiterated Macrimmon—“dubious of what?—your own merits, I hope;—there I grant there may be some risk. But Eunice Rookley is not a handsome young flirt, and I don’t apprehend she will order you out of the house, even if she has no desire to change her condition. Now I think on it, if she *should* tell you *that*, you need not mind; for women who have arrived at years of discretion always say so, unless they happen to be widows. You must keep on persuading, all the same, and twenty to one she will first relent, and then consent; and never repent, unless you give her cause. To be sure I do remember hearing my father talk of his two maiden aunts, fine, smart, good-looking women that had plenty of offers, but always held out against marriage; and

when they died left all their money to him. Commendable women these! But it will be best not to mention them before Eunice.”

“It *might* have some bad effect!”—said Longman—musingly.

“And now, when are you going to begin?”—inquired the farmer—“I am sorry Eunice is not at home just now—she went out with the girls to gather frost-grapes. When do you *propose*, as they say now—a-days?”

“I hardly think I shall have time before Friday next!”—replied Mr. Longman.

“What—almost a week off!”—exclaimed the farmer—“Why this is Saturday—not till Friday, next week!”

“I rather think not!”—resumed Longman—“We shall know each other still better by that time. Besides, I have much to occupy my mind in relinquishing this school to my successor, and preparing to assume that in Boston. Perhaps it would be well for you to prepare Miss Eunice Rookley by giving her due notice of what she is to expect on Friday.”

“No such thing!”—replied the farmer, warmly—“the first notice must be given by yourself. Suppose you should change your mind, or get too frightened to come to the point, and so go off to Boston without asking her. A pretty fool I should look like, to be preparing her for nothing at all—remember, she is my relation, and my invited guest, and a woman beside, and I’ll have no trifling with her—not a bit of it—I am determined now that I’ll not mention a syllable of the business to any living creature; though it will be hard work to keep it from my wife. But I am sure if you see Eunice, as usual, every evening, you will not hold back till Friday.”

“I rather think I shall!”—replied Longman—“I must first get all my other business off my hands—and Friday was the day I calculated on attending to this.”

“Shall we see you this evening?”—inquired the farmer.

“I see no reason for staying away!”—replied Longman—“but as I have now finished my consultation, I will take my departure for the present. In most countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa, as I am informed, the relations of the parties undertake all the trouble of negotiating marriages.”

“Yes—but we do things differently in America!”—said farmer Macrimmon—“and I hope we always shall—provided, that there is no objection as to age, character and respectability, and that there is a prospect of something to keep house with, let every Jack choose his own Jill, and every Jill her own Jack.”

Mr. Longman now strode away down the lane, and was soon out of sight. We should have mentioned, long since, that his boarding-house was near his school, about a mile from Glenbucket, and in the centre of what in Yankee parlance was called the town; meaning the township.

In the evening, he came on his usual visit, bringing Eunice a letter from her mother, consisting of one page (for the old lady was no letter-writer) to which Miss Glaphyra Glapwell had added a postscript of two pages closely written, and crossed with other lines in red ink. Miss Glapwell communicated a full and true account of the Stackhouses' proceedings in Boston, of the parties at which she had met them, and of the old gentleman having taken to an auburn wig, and of his new wife's sporting a turban with tassels down to her feet—their behaviour to each other she described as "sickening"—which was a great comfort to Eunice.

Mr. Longman's conversation this evening turned chiefly on prudence, circumspection, and the advantages of being slow and sure. He spoke of Fabius "gaining by delay;" of Hannibal boring a passage through the Alps by dissolving the rocks with vinegar; of the propriety of persevering in sending out ships to the polar seas in search of the northeast passage; which passage, from the encouragement already received, he had no doubt would be discovered in ten or twelve voyages more. And he blamed the impatient disposition of his American countrymen, who insisted on every thing succeeding immediately, and were always pressing forward at full speed. Eunice assented to all he said,—and at parting he went so far as to compliment her openly upon the excellence of her understanding.

That night our heroine dreamed she was eating various nice things out of a wash-basin. This dream being a certain sign that the dreamer is in love, Eunice when she awoke was convinced of that fact, and of course she thought of Mr. Longman till she went to sleep again; and she then had a vision of clear-starching muslin with great success; a certain sign that she would next day receive a pleasant letter. It seemed to her perfectly natural that Mr. Longman should make his proposal in an epistolary form. But no letter came. And why it did not, she could only answer by saying to herself "We are not to know."

Several days passed on, during which the good farmer appeared strange and restless, and unlike himself: all owing to the secret he was keeping; and his family wondered what was the matter with him. Mr. Longman punctually made his evening visits, and punctually talked his evening talk, and Eunice became every night a better and better hearer,—so as to elicit compliments that grew absolutely frequent; not those delicate pretty things that are rather implied than expressed, but good broad praise, as plain as plain could be. On those occasions, Mrs. Macrimmon and the young folks contrived one by one to slip out of the room, and were astonished (and so indeed was Eunice), at the pertinacity with which the good farmer inconsiderately and unreasonably kept his seat. But Mr. Macrimmon knew his man; and felt perfectly sure that his cautious and methodical friend would not make the great love-speech before the

appointed Friday; and then, and not till then, it would be time enough to give him a clear field.

Eunice's dreams now came "fast and furious"—the more so perhaps as she kept them all to herself, feeling a natural repugnance to mentioning them in a family where nothing of the sort gained any belief. It was some consolation, however, that her visions, though not very agreeable at the time, were all emblematic of something good that was to happen; not dreams going by contraries. She dreamed of being surrounded by tombs, and this signifies a marriage; of thunder and lightning, which implies peace and happiness; of drowning, which denotes amazing good luck: of being pursued by snakes, which predicts sudden riches; and of extreme hunger, which means an unexpected pleasure. It is true she always awoke from these dreams in a sort of fright; but as soon as she was wide awake their excellent import gave her ample consolation.

On Thursday (the Thursday before the Friday) several untoward things occurred which Eunice had always considered ominous of evil: and that night her dreams took a turn the other way, and being all pleasant, gave her great uneasiness. It must be explained, that when Eunice's mind was perfectly tranquil and keeping the even tenor of its way, like most people in a state of ease, she rarely dreamed at all. The periods at which she had been most beset with visioned shadowings, was at the time of Mr. Stackhouse's various marriages; but now that she had absolutely come to despising him, she could scarcely venture to ask herself why she was unable to rest in peace.

Friday came; and as they quitted the breakfast table, Mr. Macrimmon could not forbear saying to her, unheard by the family—"Eunice, stay at home this morning, and make yourself look as handsome as you can." After this hint, and all her dreams, it was not surprising if our heroine felt as if something was going to happen. So she hastened up stairs, and began to beautify. Chancing to look towards the window, she saw Mr. Longman striding stiffly up the lane in an exceedingly long-tailed and glossy coat, and with his head elevated or rather held back under a very new hat, that being a little too large for him had an inclination to fall somewhat over his nose. She heard him inquire at the door for Miss Eunice Rookley.—"My visit!"—said he to the girl—"is to that lady only—therefore I request her to make no mistake, such as bringing some one else instead of *her*. Go then, and be correct."

"The time is now come!" thought Eunice in a great flutter—good dreams and bad dreams, and good signs and bad signs all went out of her head; and she began to prepare for reality. The girl came up and delivered the message—adding with wide open eyes, a gratuitous exclamation of—"Law! Miss Eunice!"

Though so early in the day, our heroine arranged herself *point device*, re-fixed her hair, and then re-fixed it again—and descended to the par-

lour, which had been vacated by all the family—their father having told them in high glee—“Now’s the day, and now’s the hour.”

Mr. Longman stayed about three hours;—during all which time especial care was taken that there should be no interruption. The first two hours he talked altogether of wives;—relating the stories of Artemisia, Alcestis, Penelope, Cornelia, Arria, Eponina, Eleanora of England, Lady Russel, and all the good married women celebrated in ancient and modern history. The last hour he came to the point,—and gave Miss Rookley sundry reasons why a union with him would be eligible for both parties—Miss Rookley thinking she ought to be shy at first, and that it was improper to consent immediately, assured him that “she had not the least idea of changing her condition, and that she was perfectly happy in her present state—perfectly so—no change could improve it.”

Mr. Longman then rose, and began slowly, and with difficulty to draw on a pair of tight new gloves,—saying—“I am sorry that I cannot prevail. But as I have now come to a conclusion to marry, and as I always keep my resolutions, I must look out for a wife somewhere else: though I wish it to be noticed that my first addressing Miss Eunice Rookley is a proof of my preference for her.”—He then took his hat, and began to brush the fur round with his handkerchief, saying—“I am then to consider myself refused?”

But Eunice replied—“Why—not exactly refused. Mr. Longman—not positively—really, you men are so hasty!”

Mr. Longman disclaimed this accusation, and begged her to remark that he had been a long time in making up his mind. Eunice then said that she also required some time to make up hers, being taken entirely unawares. This, he granted, was just, and said that he should allow her a week; during which time he would refrain from mentioning the subject to her; and, indeed, that he would stay away from the house, and leave her to her unblessed cogitations. Eunice thanked him for his generosity. He said he was happy to find her opinion of him in this respect (generosity) coincided with that of the rest of the world. He then took a solemn leave; but, paused near the parlour door, and turned back to say, that in case Miss Eunice should come to a favourable conclusion in a shorter time, he would thank her to let him know. This she promised, and he was again about to depart, when our heroine kindly hinted, that, in consideration of Mr. Longman’s great merit, she might possibly conclude in three days; and that he might renew the subject on Monday.—Mr. Longman now remembered, for the first time, the farmer’s advice. He resumed his seat in front of the lady,—and much time and trouble was saved by her consenting in the course of another ten minutes. So Mr. Longman departed as the husband elect of Miss Eunice Rookley,—who, as soon as he had gone, held a confidential

confabulation with the Macrimmon family, and informed them all of the fact,—laying on them her positive injunctions to keep it a profound secret.

In the course of the afternoon, the news had spread all over that town and the next. The following morning, it was known throughout the county; by evening it had reached Boston; and before Madam Rookley had finished the fifth reading of the letter in which Eunice announced the intelligence, it was publicly discussed even beyond the precincts of the North End.

As he returned home from getting engaged, Mr. Longman excited the surprise of every one who met him on the road; he stepped so high and lightly;—poising his cane with such new motions; and kept such a pleasing smile continually on his countenance: sometimes, indeed, breaking out into something, which to those who passed very near him, sounded rather like humming a tune.

Though he had already been at Glenbucket in the morning, he made Eunice an evening visit all the same; but the affair being now settled, he did not continue to wear his best suit. As may be supposed, all the family shook hands with him, and congratulated him warmly. His conversation that evening turned upon the marriage ceremonies of the ancients.

Next day, Eunice Rookley took leave of her kind friends the Macrimmons, who rejoiced that her visit to their house had obtained for her an engagement to an excellent man,—for so Mr. Longman really was, in spite of his peculiarities. She was again escorted by the good farmer, who determined to deposit her safely at the home from whence he had taken her,—and on arriving he presented her to her happy mother, as Mrs. Longman that was to be. He returned to Glenbucket on the following day, with pressing solicitations to bring all his family to the wedding.

Miss Glaphyra Glapwell took to herself all the credit of Eunice Rookley’s conquest, from having advised her to adopt a more fashionable costume, and to wear curls. And Charty imputed it entirely to having thrown her shoe after Miss Eunice to bring her good luck.

The two old ladies, Mrs. Prosy and Mrs. Dozey, while guests at the Rookley House had joggled on together tolerably well: though Mrs. Prosy privately complained that poor Mrs. Dozey was so stupid as always to fall asleep when she was talking: and Mrs. Dozey complained (as privately) that long talks always made her sleepy; Mrs. Prosy’s most of all.

Charly described to Eunice all the nice things she had cooked for the benefit of the old ladies; and how they seemed to enjoy them. But she entered a confidential complaint against Miss Glapwell (notwithstanding her liveliness) for the great additional trouble she had given to the house in various ways.

The day after our heroine’s return, the two old ladies, laudably scrupulous about farther encroach-

ment, finished their visit, and were taken back to their humble homes with nearly a carriage load of jars, and baskets, filled with cakes, sweetmeats, and pickled oysters.

Miss Glapwell, hinting that it would be very beneficial for herself to remain at the Rookley House, and assist her dear friend Eunice in choosing her wedding paraphernalia, was invited to prolong her visit.

Mr. Longman went to town, established himself in his new school, and made his usual evening visits to Eunice; the back parlour being appropriated to their dialogues, or rather to his monologues. The parlours, by the advice of Miss Glapwell, were newly furnished.

On the day before the wedding, Mr. Longman made a morning visit,—and Eunice stopped him in the act of twirling a chair while he stood talking to her. Her pretext was that this act, though sport to him might be death to the new carpet, or at least to that part of it; but in reality it alarmed her, because of a belief that twirling a chair is ominous and denotes a quarrel. And she declined from him a present of a handsome pen-knife; desiring him to keep it himself, as in future she should depend on him for all her pen-making. He then spoke favourably of his skill in that art. As she refused the pen-knife, alleging that she should have no use for it, he went out directly, and bought her a beautiful pair of silver-handled scissors,—which she was obliged to accept, being unwilling to explain to him that “as scissors cut as well as knives”—there was the same risk of their dividing two loving hearts. Notwithstanding that our heroine was well aware of the ingratitude and impropriety of giving away a present, she could not forbear taking means to get these ominous scissors out of her possession, by privately presenting them to the mantua-maker's girl who brought home her wedding-dress. And the girl imputed and related this act of generosity as a proof of Miss Eunice's happy frame of mind at the present juncture.

“Well, Miss Eunice”—said old Charty,—after admiring the new gown which Eunice had given her—“you can't but say that I helped every way to get this here husband for you. Besides throwing my shoe, you know I made the wedding-cake that had the ring in it, when Miss Merial was married; and it was you that happened to get the ring-piece, a certain sign you'd be married yourself—I said nothing but I thought it very strange—I hope Miss Gofrer Clapwell will get it this time, and then she'll have a house of her own to

stay in)—Now all things is proofs, that strange out-of-the-way happenings what happens at weddings, always comes true. So look out to-morrow.”

Next day, the numerous unfavourable prognostics of the old black woman, added new fuel to the diminished flame of our heroine's superstition, and indeed gave her much gratuitous uneasiness. The Macrimmons arrived in the afternoon,—and in the evening the ceremony took place in presence of a select company, including poor Mrs. Dozey and poor Mrs. Prosy, who were invited because they were so rarely asked to any festivity. Miss Glaphyra Glapwell figured as first bridesmaid;—and under *her* auspices Eunice's wedding-attire was so remarkably becoming that she looked almost young, and almost handsome.

They stood up to be married, and just as the ceremony commenced, they were all startled by a report resembling that of a pistol, occasioned by the new mantel-glass cracking entirely across. A yell was heard from the servants who formed a group near the door; and Charty called out “stop the wedding.”—Order was soon restored, for it was immediately discovered that the accident was caused by the lighted candle-branches being placed too near the mirror: but Eunice still looked pale and trembled. The next accident was that of Mr. Longman tearing his right hand glove to tatters in attempting to take it off. But this was nothing to finding that he had forgotten to bring with him the wedding-ring; an astonishing lapse of memory in so methodical a man. Madam Rookley substituted her own marriage-ring, but it being too large, it slipped from Eunice's finger during the ceremony of saluting the bride, and fell to the floor, without being immediately missed. When found again, after a long search, it was broken by the trampling of numerous feet.

When Charty went up at the head of the servants to congratulate Mrs. Longman, she said in a low mournful voice—“Ah! Miss Eunice!—you've had a dreadful wedding, and you'll have dreadful luck before the end of the year—quarrelling and parting, perhaps; and death for certain.”

The year passed over, and other years have succeeded it—yet in spite of omens, the happiness of the Rookley family remains undisturbed. The superstitious tendencies of Eunice have all given way before the influence of her husband, and the conviction that on looking back we never find that what are called signs and tokens have been realized: and that dreams, instead of “going by contraries,” go by nothing at all.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"I could not help thinking with the philosopher, how many things I saw to day that could be done without," was the very sensible remark of an English authoress. This learning to look on the beautiful articles displayed in the shop windows of the merchant, as merely pleasant sights, like the flowers by the way-side, or the foliage of an autumn forest, is a lesson very indispensable in these days. Never, within the memory of woman, (which should never be taxed to look backward more than five lustres,) was the display of showy materials for dresses equal to the present time. The shop windows are gay with all the colours of the rainbow, and not a few of the fair promenaders look like walking flamingoes.

We are not, however, among the number of those who would proscribe variety of colours in our clothing. We like to see that ingenuity and taste have been exerted in fabricating the materials. After all the care and pains of the artists and manufacturers, the work of man's device will never rival the skill of the Great Architect, who decks the earth with beauty, and ornaments the shells of the ocean with a thousand curious tints. We were by

Him endowed with the capacity of enjoying pleasure from the sight of delicate and varied hues; and we would as soon wish for a black rainbow in the sky, or brown flowers in spring, as to see the young and happy in the human family always arrayed in those dull, sombre colours. But then great care must be taken not to allow the taste for colours to degenerate into the vulgar love of finery. The difference between a woman appropriately dressed, and one merely fine, is like that between a rose and a poppy.

The origin of those fashions which, after they have gone by, appear most fantastic and extravagant, has almost always been an endeavour to conceal some deformity of the inventor. It was for this purpose, no doubt, that cushions, ruffs, hoops, and other monstrous devices have been invented; and these fashions of 1788 show that the reigning belles, or at least some one among them, must have had the spine complaint, or some deformity of person, which required the continuance of the hoops and bishops which their ancestors had invented.



Nor have the men been at all more independent in their fashions of dress than the women. They both follow their leaders, and in this way adopt the most inconvenient and ridiculous modes. Thus the full-bottomed wigs were invented by a French barber to conceal an elevation in the shoulder of the dauphin. Shoes with very long points—full two feet in length—were invented by Henry Plantaganet, Duke of Anjou, to conceal a large excrescence on one of his feet. Many other instances of the folly of those who have no deformities to conceal in adopting preposterous fashions of dress, might be given; but these will suffice for the present.

Throughout the old world, the fashions are set by the courts, and those who consider themselves the porcelain

towers of society. Whatever of censure or ridicule these fashions deserve, the people should be exonerated. But here, in our Republic, on each man and woman rests the responsibility which free citizenship imposes. Here we have the opportunity of consulting individual taste, with out reference to any arbitrary standard of high rank to sanction the adoption of extravagant, inconvenient, or immodest modes, and we should be careful that our fashions are not inconsistent with good sense and pure morals. No doubt some inconsistencies may be detected in the present fashions of dress, the true refinement of civilization has not yet overcome the barbarian desire for useless and gaudy ornaments. Still there have been great improvements in these matters. The bonnets and head-

dresses now worn are surely less fantastic than these, which were the rage fifty-five years ago.



We have constantly endeavoured to improve the taste of our countrywomen by the influence of the "Lady's Book," and we trust not in vain. These "minor morals of life," the fashions and their changes, are too often considered by those who claim the office of public instructors or censors, as beneath their notice. They seem to think, in carrying onward and upward the career of improvements, we should always deal with great objects and

make a great noise. They forget that gravitation, the most powerful agent in nature, can neither be seen nor heard; and that light which may be called the life of the world, which moves swift as a wish, is also noiseless as a dream. As the gentle dews are more fertilizing to the earth than violent showers, so we strive to render the constant influence of the work under our care a source of pure, gentle, and healthful improvement of the whole character of our sex. We do not aim to form or encourage Amazons to go forth as champions against existing evils; but good, intelligent, true-hearted women, who will make their own homes the abodes of virtue and happiness, and thus root out the love of display, that foolish vanity which destroys domestic peace and social enjoyment.

The close of the twenty-seventh volume of the Lady's Book admonishes us that we owe a volume of thanks to our steadfast friends, both readers and contributors, who have so long sustained and assisted our efforts. We feel sure that this pleasant connection will still continue. The coming year is full of promise for our work, for never were the arrangements to insure its superior excellence, so fully in progress. We intend the "LADY'S BOOK" shall be worthy of its title;—need we say more to insure for it the support not only of our own sex, but of all good men?

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

"*A Treatise on Domestic Economy*, by Miss Catharine E. Beecher." This is a revised edition, with numerous additions and illustrative engravings, prepared with great care, and designed for the use of young ladies at home and at school. We think it a valuable accession to the useful literature of our times. The publishers, Thomas H. Webb & Co., of Boston, have wisely added this book to the series of their School Library, and we need not say to any one who has examined their unrivalled selection that the work thus endorsed is good. The same publishers have also issued—"Outline of Human Physiology," another of the useful works now prepared for schools. Dr. George Hayward, of Boston, the author, stands high in his profession, and the book will, no doubt, be widely circulated. It is intended for those who have no knowledge of the structure of the human body, and all the topics introduced are treated with that propriety and delicacy which are required in the studies of the young, and in which both sexes should be instructed.

"*English Songs, and other small Poems*," by Barry Cornwall. The productions of this writer, whose real name is William Proctor, are generally familiar to Americans, through the English periodicals. This is the first time a selected volume has been offered to us—it is a nice-looking volume, containing many sweet flowers of feeling and bright gems of thought, and will be a pretty and valuable present for Christmas and New Year. Published by Wm. D. Ticknor, Boston, pp. 228.

"*The Life of George Washington*," by Jared Sparks." We have before noticed this work, which has been issued in numbers. It is now completed. All who desire—and what American that can read does not!—to possess a correct and most interesting history of our country's hero—the greatest MAN which the world ever saw—should procure this work. Boston: Tappan & Dennet. Philadelphia: Burgess & Zeiber.

"*The Literary Souvenir, a Christmas and New Year's Present*, for 1844, with ten engravings," has just been published by Messrs. Carey & Hart, of this city. This will be one of the pet annuals of the season. It is really *multum in parvo*. Of a size not larger than the London

Literary Souvenir, it contains a larger number of literary pieces of first rate merit than one usually finds collected in much larger volumes; and it has no less than ten steel plate engravings of the first class. "*Isabel*," (the frontispiece,) is Cheney's plate from Chalon's picture. It is of course one of the loveliest creations of art. The female head on the title-page is another of Cheney's plates, from Sully's design, a vision of beauty. The eyes, nose, and mouth harmonize in the expression of spirit and intellect; perhaps a "leetle" too much spirit—rather a lady that one would recommend her friend to marry in preference to marrying her herself. She is, nevertheless, capital in a picture, whatever she might be in a parlour or nursery. "*The Farmer's Boy*," is one of Tucker's silvery plates, from Shayer's design—a sunshiny spot from English rural life. "*The Story Book*" is another of Sully's exquisite pictures, engraved by J. B. Forrest, in the stippled or dotted style, a very effective engraving. "*Greek Fugitives*," a spirited battle-field scene of Stephanoff's, also done by Forrest, partly stippled and partly in the line manner. "*Sunrise among the Alps*," is a landscape of Doughy's, engraved by Graham, a fine bold picture, full of poetry. "*The Fright*," is engraved by Pease, from one of the best designs of the unfortunate and lamented genius, G. H. Comegys. "*Hit or Miss*," is one of the humorous delineations of Mount, engraved by A. Lawson, the American Wille, who gives the most exquisite finish to every plate he touches. "*The Long Yarn*," is another of Mount's designs, engraved by Pease, in his best style. Among the stories, our favourites are "*Rebut, the Ambitious*," "*The Hero of the Coliseum*," "*Zamor*," "*The First Settlers on the Ohio*," "*Red Eechan, the Hunter*," "*The Premier and his Wife*," and "*The Long Yarn*." Among the poetical contributions, "*Greek Fugitives*," by Miss Marion H. Rand, is touching and spirited; and "*Sunrise among the Alps*," by Henry S. Hazert, is graphic and highly spirited.

"*Primary Reader*," a selection of easy lessons, by William Russell, appears well adapted to its object. "*Lessons on the Book of Proverbs*" is another interesting book for the young, and which every mother will find an

excellent assistant in her moral teachings; both works published by Tappan & Dennet.

"*Poems on Man, in his various aspects under the American Republic*," by Cornelius Mathews." New York: Wiley & Putnam, pp. 112. This book is handsomely got up. The publishers have done their part well, and the author has given us many noble thoughts and just reflections. We wish, however, that he had not chosen verse as the vehicle of his reflections to the public. He appears much more at home in prose. But this is the land of liberty, and the age of new fancies; so perhaps some may fancy this rough, unsteady, windmill sort of versification, and they are at liberty so to do. They will find some of its nuts of wisdom rather hard to crack, and also to digest, but there is much good meat notwithstanding.

Mr. John Owen, of Cambridge, has just published "*The Huguenots in France and America*," by the author of 'Three Experiments in Living,' 'Life and Times of Martin Luther,' 'Life and Times of Thomas Cranmer,' &c. Mrs. Lee, the author of these works, is one of the best and most useful writers of the present day. In point of utility she may be compared with the most influential of American writers, Dr. Franklin. When our country was in the state of colonial dependence on Great Britain, Franklin observed a tendency among his compatriots to run into useless extravagance in their attempts to imitate the luxury of the mother country. His "Poor Richard" was written expressly for the purpose of counteracting this tendency; and he was successful, not only in effecting this object, but in instilling into his countrymen those habits of thrift which are at once the subject of reproach with foreigners, and the foundation of our national prosperity. When the same tendency to imitation of European extravagance had brought thousands to ruin in recent years, Mrs. Lee published her celebrated "Three Experiments in Living," pointing out the evil and its remedy so clearly and satisfactorily, that the excellence of her work was at once acknowledged; and the sale of some hundred thousands of the little book showed that the moral was felt and applied. In fact the present return to prosperity is solely attributable to the application of those principles of which this admirable writer was the successful advocate. Her subsequent works display more learning, research, and refinement; but the extent of their influence has been not so great as that of her first unpretending little volume. Her fame, however, is securely established, and she ranks among the ablest writers of the country. It is therefore no small gratification to us to number her among the contributors to the *Lady's Book*, where a new field is opened for the exercise of those talents which have already accomplished so much; and which, we believe, are destined to accomplish still more in the great cause of human improvement.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have published a new and cheap edition of "*Pierciola*." The object of this book is to illustrate the truths of natural religion by a tale. It is very eloquently written, and the leading idea is worthy of a first rate original genius. This touching story will reach many a heart on whom the elaborate reasoning of Butler and Paley would produce no effect. The same publishers have issued the conclusion of the very interesting "*Life of Frederick the Great*," which our readers will recollect is edited by Thomas Campbell, the poet of Wyoming. This is by far the ablest and most satisfactory biography we have ever seen of the Napoleon of Prussia.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have commenced the publication of Milman's edition of "*Gibbon's Rome*," with notes, maps, &c. This eloquent and classical history of the decline and fall of the Roman empire, will now be brought within the reach of all readers. Messrs. Carey & Hart receive orders for the work in Philadelphia. The edition of "*Hannah More's Works*" by the Harpers has reached the 6th number, and "*McCulloch's Gazetteer*" the 8th. This firm has also commenced publishing in numbers a "*Life of Andrew Jackson, private, military, and civil, with illustrations*," by Amos Kendall." The first number is splendidly printed, and has a steel-plate full-length likeness of the general, by Prudhomme, and a

map of the neighbourhood in which he was born. This work will sell very extensively.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have now completed the "*Farmers' Encyclopedia*" and can receive orders for the whole in numbers or bound. It fills 1200 pages.

Mr. Colon sends us "*The Rorer*," the "*Biblical Journal*," and "*Scenes in Indian Life*." The latter is now completed, with an engraved title-page, &c. The etchings are exceedingly spirited, and indicate talents of a high order in the artist who designed them, Mr. Felix O. C. Darley.

"*The Boys and Girls Magazine*" is conducted with the same spirit which marked its outset. The agents for our city are Zieber & Co., No. 3, Ledger Building.

Mr. Henry F. Anners has published "*Stories for Adelaide*," by Miss Leslie, an invaluable present for young people, the stories being intended for the improvement and instruction as well as the amusement of youth.

Mr. James M. Campbell, of this city, has lately published "*The Huguenot Captain; or, the Life of Captain Theodore Agrippa D'Aubigne, during the Civil Wars of France, in the Reigns of Charles IX., Henry III., Henry IV., and the minority of Louis XIII.*" This is a most lively, graphic picture of a stirring age in the world's history—the age of Coligny, the Great Conde, *Henri Quatre*, and a host of others, the favourites of chivalry, the heroes of the League Wars. D'Aubigne's position gave him opportunities of knowing every thing that was going on in the camp, the court, or the council chamber; his integrity was unimpeachable, and consequently his testimony is always cited by historians with the utmost confidence. This account of his life is one of the most valuable additions to biographical literature which has been made for some time. It is published in the fashionable cheap form. We wish, for the sake of our library, that it were in a handsome and costly binding.—The same publisher has issued the Rev. Mr. Anthon's "*True Churchman Warned*," an able polemical brochure on the subject which divides the Episcopal Church at present. Without taking the questionable step of espousing either side in this remarkable controversy, we certainly may be permitted to feel an interest in it. That religion or morals, under any aspect, should be a paramount object of attention and interest with the public, is a good sign of the times. We recommend to the combatants in this affair, courtesy and good feeling, and we trust the interests of truth will be advanced by bringing the ablest intellects of the country in contact with the subject in its various aspects.

Messrs. Appleton have just published "*Paget's Village Tales*," in three exquisite little volumes, with many beautifully engraved ornaments. The "Tales" are of a moral and religious cast, and are written with signal force and ability. The same publishers have issued a pocket edition of Thomas a Kempis on the "*Imitation of Christ*," one of the most celebrated of all devotional and religious works. Its merits are familiar to divines of every Christian communion; and it is equally prized by Catholic and Protestant. Such works are not common.

One work published recently by the Appletons, will attract much attention, on account of its extraordinary merits as a book of instruction. As an aid to every class of writers and speakers who write and speak for effect, in its best sense, it will be invaluable. It is entitled "*Ecclesiastes Anglicanus; being a Treatise on Preaching, as adapted to a Church of England Congregation: in a Series of Letters to a Young Clergyman, by the Rev. W. Gresley, M. A.; with Notes by the Rev. B. I. Haight, M. A., Professor of Pastoral Theology and Pulpit Eloquence*," &c. In giving instructions to ministers how to write and deliver sermons, the reverend author has gone so much into general principles and practical lessons, that he has really furnished one of the best books of rhetoric which has appeared since the time of Quintilian. It is decidedly better than Whateley, and almost as full as Blair, who, by the way, copies with an unsparing hand from Quintilian. Who the Rev. W. Gresley may be, how old or how much experienced in oratory, does not appear by any notice or biography in the book, but it is certain

that this is the work of a practical man, who understands the whole art and mystery of eloquence, and who draws his rules from actual practice. There is a vigour, freshness, and originality in the work which will commend it to every person of common sense who is desirous to learn the true secret of *eloquent writing and eloquent speaking*.

Mr. Herman Hooker, of Philadelphia, has published the first and second series of Mr. Tupper's famous "*Proverbial Philosophy; a Book of Thoughts and Arguments originally treated*,"—certainly one of the most curious and remarkable books of the present day. For richness of imagination and command of figurative language, it surpasses any thing written since Spenser's *Fairy Queen*. The style is so rich that a single page fills the mind of the reader with thoughts and images, setting the imagination in a perfect whirl of excitement. It is a book for one's centre-table, to be taken up at odd moments, when one wants food for reflection. The English author, we observe, in the absence of an international copyright, has given Mr. Hooker his *Imprimatur*. We trust it will be respected.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have just published the sixth volume of Mrs. Strickland's "*Lives of the Queens of England*," of which we have already had occasion to speak in the highest terms of commendation. The present volume is entirely devoted to the Life of Queen Elizabeth. It is very full and anecdotal, more so even than Miss Aikin's "*Court of Queen Elizabeth*." The volume is done up in a style for sending by mail.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have just issued the long desired number five of "*Madame D'Arblay's Diary and Letters*." It will be sought with much eagerness; and its readers will be gratified to find in it the Maid of Honour at length released from her bondage at the Court of George III., and restored to her family.

"*The United States Almanac; or, Complete Ephemeris for 1847*," published by E. H. Butler, of this city, is a volume of 316 pages, 12mo, splendidly printed, and afforded at fifty cents. It contains the astronomical matter required by surveyors, astronomers, engineers, and navigators, complete lists of the principal officers of the United States, the civil list, with the salaries, the army and the navy; statistics of population, a commercial retrospect extending back to 1815, commercial statistics; accounts of the structure of each of the state governments, with the civil list of each state; and the returns of the last presidential election in each state. It is one of the most valuable and cheapest books of reference we have ever seen.

"*Frost's Pictorial History of the United States*," published by the same house, has now reached its 9th number. It continues to be executed with the same spirit and intelligence as hitherto. The embellishments are beautifully done, and increase in interest as we come upon the more stirring events of the Revolution.

"*Frost's American Naval Biography*," is now complete, the work having been extended to seven numbers. It is embellished by nearly a hundred engravings on steel and wood. The lives of our distinguished naval commanders having never been collected before, this volume is quite a desideratum and will be very extensively circulated.

Mr. James M. Campbell, of this city, has published "*Letters to the Laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church*," by a Protestant Episcopalian, a tract which should be read by all churchmen, high and low, and by all Americans who suppose that there may possibly be some connection between civil and ecclesiastical liberty.

"*Bell Martin, a Tale*," by T. S. Arthur, is now republished. It is written in the author's best style, and is full of that valuable moral instruction which the author knows full well how to convey in the most pleasing and attractive form. His new story, "*Making a Sensation*," has met with the same remarkable favour from the public, which has marked the previous efforts of the author. It is well when so able a pen is enlisted in the cause of the best interests of humanity.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published "*Nina*" and

"*The President's Daughters*," translated from that delightful Swedish writer, Frederika Bremer, by Mary Howitt. They are in 8vo form, to match "*The Neighbours*" and "*The Hom*," previously published by the same firm, as a portion of their Library of Select Novels. It is superfluous at this time of day to commend the writings of the "world-renowned Bremer."

Messrs. Harper & Brothers continue "*Brande's Cyclopaedia*," "*Mculloch's Gazetteer*," "*Alison's History of Europe*," and the "*Works of Hannah More*." Their latest volume of the "Family Library," are "*Russell's Polynesia*," a capital account of the islands of the Pacific, and "*The American Poultry Book*," a first rate practical treatise on the management of Domestic Poultry, which comes out with an unqualified and decisive recommendation from the Board of Agriculture of the American Institute, who commend it to all the farmers of the country, as the best book of its kind extant.

Messrs. Nafis & Cornish of New York, have just published Mrs. Hoffman's "*Farewell Tales*," embellished with coloured engravings. Mrs. Holland is one of the best writers of the present day. Her "*Son of a Genius*," and her "*Czarina*," evince a range of talent which places her in the same rank with Edgeworth and Sedgwick. There is no higher rank. The same publishers have issued "*Scripture Stories*," by the author of the "*American Popular Lessons*," one of our most successful writers for the entertainment and instruction of young people. The work is handsomely embellished with engravings. They have also published "*The Orator's Ladder*," a little book, which, notwithstanding its quaint and whimsical title, contains much excellent instruction for the young. The plan of marking the inflections of the voice is very useful. The voice requires this kind of training, in order to show its capabilities and develop its powers in elocution.

Messrs. Appleton of New York and Philadelphia have just published, "*Practical Instruction in Animal Magnetism*," by J. P. F. Delucze, translated by T. C. Hartshorn, with descriptions of Cases in the United States." Whoever wishes to have the most comprehensive and practical view of this curious subject, and to make experiments for his own satisfaction, will find in this volume all that is required for the purpose. The book should have been entitled "*Animal Magnetism made Easy*."

Our readers will notice with gratification that we have secured as a regular contributor to the *Lady's Book*, that accomplished and highly original writer, JOSEPH C. NEAL, Esq., author of "*Cherry-street Sketches*," "*In and About Town*," &c. Mr. Neal is justly acknowledged to be in the very foremost rank of our native writers. We have on a former occasion noticed the resemblance between the reflective portion of his admirable sketches and the celebrated essays of Elia. This resemblance probably arises from the circumstance that Neal, like Charles Lamb, has always resided in town, surrounded by all the luxuries of literature and art—familiar from his childhood with the best productions of the pen, the pencil and the lyre. It is not surprising, therefore, that in exquisite finish of style and refinement of thought, these two writers should be so strikingly alike. It is the result of similar education and habits of thinking, not by any means the result of imitation. Those who undertake to imitate Charles Lamb, make the most deplorable exhibitions of affectation and bad taste. In the piece published last month, entitled "*Black Maria*," our readers will find an apt illustration of our remarks; and they will also notice that when our correspondent's pen is engaged in the delineation of the graver scenes of life, it exhibits moral pictures, which, like those of the poet Crabbe, are wrought up with such fearful *raisemblance*, that they take hold of the imagination and the heart with a force that cannot be resisted. No reader of the sketch we have just referred to, will ever be able to obliterate the recollection of its pictures or its moral. Such a pen is indeed a powerful instrument in the cause of virtue. The benefits it confers on our race can cease only when the language in which it writes has perished.

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